

## AMERICAN REVIEW:

## A WHIG JOURNAL

OF

## POLITICS, LITERATURE, ART AND SCIENCE.

VOL. VI.

DECEMBER, 1847.

NO. VI.

## MR. CLAY'S RESOLUTIONS.

THE imposing and impressive re-appearance, quite recently, of such a man as HENRY CLAY on the political scene—his stepping forward as a volunteer from private life, again to raise his eloquent voice in behalf of the true interests of his country, which he looks upon as in great jeopardy by reason of the Mexican war, and its apparent aim of boundless conquest and comprehensive annexation; such an apparition, at any moment fitted to arrest the attention and command the interest of all his countrymen, derives special weight and gravity from the circumstances in which it is presented, and the motives that may be assigned for it.

When it was announced, only a week in advance, that upon a subsequent day *Henry Clay* would address his fellow citizens of Lexington—all who might desire to attend—on the subject of the Mexican war, so great was the anxiety exhibited in all quarters to hear what this eminent citizen might say on this engrossing topic, that the more enterprising portion of the New-York city press immediately took measures to relieve this anxiety, by organizing, through the almost marvelous agency of the Magnetic Telegraph, which now extends to Cincinnati, the transmission, by express, of the reported proceedings of the day. What was undertaken in so liberal a spirit, was accomplished with surprising and most gratifying success. It is not, indeed, unworthy of the dignity of this great incident in our political annals, to

pause for a moment upon the details of this unprecedented transmission of intelligence from the interior heart of our vast country to its sea-washed circumference, in a space of time, and with a detail and accuracy, which seem to leave nothing to be supplied.

On Saturday, 13th October, at 12 M., Mr. Clay met an immense concourse of his fellow-citizens in Lexington, Kentucky, and after presenting a series of resolutions, which we shall presently reproduce, addressed them for about two hours, in an earnest, frank and eloquent illustration of the views embodied in his resolutions.

At 2 P. M., then, on the afternoon of the 13th, (at the earliest,) the courier who was to convey the reported proceedings to Cincinnati—a distance of 84 miles—left Lexington, and through a storm of rain, and roads much cut up, reached Cincinnati in five hours. There they were taken up by the Magnetic Telegraph, and sent forward with the speed, and it may also be said, literally “on the wings of the lightning,” to Pittsburgh, from which station they were reported to Philadelphia, and from the Philadelphia station to this city, so as to be ready for the press on Sunday afternoon. That is, in 24 hours from the time when Mr. Clay began to speak at Lexington, his resolutions and remarks were received by the press in New-York, distant about *one thousand* miles from the spot where the proceedings took

place! We might well pause awhile to moralize on such a result, but that we are circumscribed both as to space and time, in embodying for the eyes of the readers of the Review, the principal occurrences of that day, and the reflections that they so forcibly and naturally suggest. But we could not forego the satisfaction, almost indeed a duty, of putting upon record in connection with this meeting, which is an epoch in our politics, the extraordinary success of the first attempt to throw simultaneously before the public mind of New-York and of Lexington the details of an event which both were on the stretch to obtain.

Mr. Clay, when he appeared upon the stand, was received with tumultuous and long-continued acclamation. He stood for a while, erect and silent, gathering himself up, as it were, and concentrating his force for a great occasion. His first utterance was to ask, that—in justice to him as an old public servant who desired to be always right, and valued right more than power, or place—the words he was about to utter might not be reported, lest they should be reported inaccurately. He desired not to shun—he never had shunned—the responsibility of what he said or did; but on topics so deeply interesting as those he was about to treat, and in relation to which misapprehension was so easy and might be so injurious, he confessed his anxiety to stand before his country only in the exact light of truth. He promised to give to the public press without reservation, and accurately, a full copy of what he meant to say; but he was most solicitous that what he did say should not in any other manner be published. Hence no report was attempted of the speech, which occupied, as has already been said, two hours; for a hasty letter writer's sketch, purporting to give its points, is too bald and barren to afford any conception of the great argument, and should, indeed, in compliance with so reasonable a request as that of Mr. Clay, have been withheld altogether. In regard to the resolutions, the case is different. In respect to these there could be no mistake, for they could be copied word for word from the original, and then be transmitted, with the unerring certainty of machines which cannot make a mistake, to the most distant points. Hence we propose to reproduce in these columns the resolutions only; and in the remarks we shall annex, shall in like manner confine ourselves to them,

and make no reference whatever to what purports to be a sketch of the points made by Mr. Clay in his speech. Here are—

*The Resolutions as offered by Mr. Clay at a Public Meeting in Lexington, Kentucky, on the 13th November, and unanimously adopted by the Meeting:*

“1st. *Resolved*, as the opinion of this meeting, That the primary cause of the present unhappy war existing between the United States of America and the United States of the Republic of Mexico was the annexation of Texas to the former; and the immediate occasion of hostilities between the two Republics arose out of the order of the President of the United States for the removal of the army under the command of General Taylor from its position at Corpus Christi, to a point opposite Matamoras, on the east bank of the Rio Grande, within the territory claimed by both Republics, but then under jurisdiction of Mexico, and inhabited by its citizens; that the order of the President for the removal of the Army to that point was improvident and unconstitutional, it being without the concurrence of Congress, or even consultation with it, although it was in session; but that Congress having by its subsequent acts recognized the war, thus brought into existence without its previous authority or consent, the prosecution of it became thereby national.

“2d. *Resolved*, That in the absence of any formal and public declaration by Congress of the objects for which the War ought to be prosecuted, the President of the United States, as Chief Magistrate, and as Commander-in-chief of the Army and Navy of the United States, is left to the guidance of his own judgment to prosecute it, for such purposes and objects as he may deem the honor and interest of the Nation to require.

“3d. *Resolved*, That, by the Constitution of the United States, Congress being invested with power to declare war and grant letters of marque and reprisal, to make rules concerning captures by land and water, to raise and support armies, to provide and maintain a navy, and to make rules for the government of the land and naval forces, has the fullest and most complete war-making power on the part of the people of the United States, and so possessing it, has a right to determine upon the motives, causes and objects of the war when once commenced or at any time during the progress of its existence.

“4th. *Resolved*, in the farther opinion of this meeting, That it is the duty of Congress to declare, by some authentic act, for what purposes and objects the ex-

isting War ought to be farther prosecuted; that it is the duty of the President, in his official capacity, to conform to such declaration of Congress; and if after such declaration the President should decline or refuse to endeavor, by all the means, civil, diplomatic and military, in his power, to execute the announced will of Congress, and, in defiance of its authority, should continue to prosecute the War for purposes and objects other than those declared by that body, it would become the right and the duty of Congress to adopt the most efficacious measures to arrest the farther progress of the War, taking care to make ample provisions for the honor, the safety and security of our armies in Mexico in every contingency; and if Mexico should decline or refuse to conclude a treaty with us, stipulating for the purposes and objects so declared by Congress, it would be the duty of the Government to prosecute the War with the utmost vigilance until they were attained by a Treaty of Peace.

"5th. *Resolved*, That we view with serious alarm and are utterly opposed to any purpose like the annexation of Mexico to the United States in any mode, and especially by conquest; that we believe the two nations could not be happily governed by one common authority, owing to their great differences of race, law, language, and religion, and the vast extent of their respective territories, and the large amount of their respective populations; that such a union, against the consent of the exasperated Mexican people, could only be effected and preserved by large standing armies, and the constant application of military force; in other words, by despotic sway exercised over the Mexican people in the first instance, but which, there would be just cause to apprehend, might, in process of time, be extended over the people of the United States; that we deprecate, therefore, such a union as wholly incompatible with the genius of our Government and with the character of our free and liberal institutions; and we anxiously hope that each nation may be left in the undisturbed possession of its own laws, language, cherished religion and territory, to pursue its own happiness according to what it may deem best for itself.

"6th. *Resolved*, That, considering the series of splendid and brilliant victories, achieved by our brave armies and their gallant commanders during the War with Mexico, unattended by a single reverse, the United States, without any danger of their honor suffering the slightest tarnish, can practice the virtues of moderation and magnanimity towards their discomfited foes. We have no desire for the dismemberment of the Republic of Mex-

ico, but wish only a just and proper fixation of the limits of Texas.

"7th. *Resolved*, That we do positively and emphatically disclaim and disavow any wish or desire on our part to acquire any foreign territory whatever for the purpose of propagating Slavery, or of introducing Slavery from the United States into any such foreign territory.

"8th. *Resolved*, That we invite our fellow-citizens of the United States who are anxious for the restoration of the blessings of Peace, or, if the existing War shall continue to be prosecuted, that its purpose and object shall be defined and known; who are anxious to prevent present and future perils and dangers with which it may be fraught; and who are also anxious to produce contentment and satisfaction at home and to elevate the national character abroad; to assemble together in their respective communities and express their views, feelings and opinions."

These, it must be confessed, are most pregnant and significant resolutions, which approach the subjects they treat of with all frankness and all boldness.

Do they or do they not, in reference to acts, express the truth? As to motives, do they reason fairly?

We have no hesitation in answering both questions affirmatively.

The first resolution affirms what has again and again been affirmed in this Review, and we derive gratification from the perfect identity between the views put forth by such a man as Henry Clay, as to the origin, inception, and subsequent character of this untoward Mexican war, with those that have been reiterated in these columns.

What does the first resolution assert? 1st, That the annexation of Texas was the primary cause of the war. 2d, That its immediate occasion was the march ordered by President Polk of General Taylor to the Rio Bravo. 3d, That such Executive order, Congress being in session, was unconstitutional; but, 4th, That Congress having subsequently recognized the war, it became thereby constitutional.

Upon each of these propositions our opinions entirely coincide with those of Mr. Clay, and are on record in the Review, and we hold them to be demonstrable as any proposition in Euclid.

The second resolution is alike true, and is mainly significant as implying an omission thus far on the part of Congress—which the Congress now about to meet will, it may be hoped, supply—that of for-

mally declaring the objects of the war, and the terms upon which it may, and should, cease.

The third resolution asserts a great constitutional principle, which, in the proclivity of the public mind to look upon the Executive Department as emphatically *the* Government, needs to be reinforced and reasserted with all energy and directness. To Congress, and to Congress alone, belongs the war-making power; and in virtue of its constitutional omnipotence in that behalf, Congress may and should direct the Executive as to the conduct of a war, as well as to the time and mode of commencing or terminating it. Commander-in-chief the President undoubtedly is, but only Commander-in-Chief of the armies and navies authorized by Congress, and in conformity with the laws which Congress ordains for their government, but he is *not* Commander-in-chief *over* Congress. He is as subordinate to them, as much bound to respect and obey their instructions, delivered in the form of resolutions, and officially communicated to him, as any officer commissioned by a President, is bound to obey his lawful orders. We rejoice that Mr. Clay has so distinctly made this point; the time has come when, if it be not made and sustained, the halo of military success may be held to justify the most dangerous usurpation of Executive power; that which in a Republic would give the Commander-in-chief of the armed force of the nation, the unchecked control of the whole of that armed force, after war was once *recognized*—the word is significant and carefully chosen by Mr. Clay—*recognized* and not declared by Congress.

Already from the organs of the so-called democracy, have arisen expressions of dissent from the sound constitutional doctrine inculcated in this resolution; already is refuge taken from the obvious import of the whole provision which assigns to Congress exclusively the power to make war, in the mere title of Commander-in-chief of the armies and navies of the United States, which is assigned to the President of the United States. Commander-in-chief as he is, what would there be for him to command without the action of Congress, which levies, imbeds and pays armies—makes rules and regulations for their government—and increases or disbands them at pleasure? It is therefore idle—it is worse—it is dishonest, and dangerous to liberty, to en-

deavor to mislead public opinion by such a mere verbal argument, and, on the strength of a title which Congress may render wholly unmeaning, to found a hypothesis that would make the Congress subordinate to the title. The ground now taken by the so-called democracy—which purports to be the inheritor in a direct line of the principles and the virtues of the anti-federalists of our early history—is strangely in contrast with that on which their prototypes made strenuous opposition to this clause among others of the Constitution of the United States. The sensitive and jealous patriots of that day objected most zealously to this authority of Commander-in-chief, as designed by the Constitution to be given to the President, insisting that in virtue of such authority, he would be invested with power and prerogatives equal to those of a King of Great Britain. It was in answer to such chimerical apprehensions that Alexander Hamilton, in No. LXIX. of the *Federalist*, thus states the discrimination between the case of the President of the United States and the King of Great Britain, as Commander-in-chief:—

“The President is to be the Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy of the United States. In this respect the authority would be nominally the same with that of the King of Great Britain, but in substance much inferior to it. It would amount to nothing more than the supreme command and direction of the military and naval forces, as first general and admiral of the Confederacy; while that of the British King extends to the *declaring* war, and to the raising and *regulating* of fleets and armies, all which by the Constitution under consideration would appertain to the Legislature.”

It is, nevertheless, men claiming to inherit the name and principles of the doubting, jealous anti-federalists of other days—who were so much afraid of Executive abuse and usurpation, that they were for reducing the Executive authority of the Union to a mere abstraction—that are now loud-mouthed and zealous to claim, in virtue of a title—limited as we see by those who proposed it, and caused it to be adopted, and made subordinate for the essential powers connected with it to the National Legislature—the full and plenary authority over the armed force and military operations, possessed by the King of Great Britain, and which when imputed as the attribute of



the title in a President of the United States, and therefore objected to, was shown to be a very different and much more innocent authority.

It will be one of the benefits resulting from the third resolution of Mr. Clay, that while establishing a vital political truth, it will serve to expose in all its nakedness, the political inconsistency of the self-styled democracy.

The fourth resolution, a corollary in some sort of the preceding one, points out the course which Congress should take to reassert its control over the war, and to place this nation in a right point of view before the eyes of the civilized world. We are in the midst of a bloody and costly war with our nearest neighbor. The two great Republics of this continent are in a fierce and relentless conflict with each other, and the civilized world *know not why*. The nations look with uncomprehending astonishment, upon a struggle for which no motive has been avowed, or if avowed, adhered to, and for the conclusion of which no conditions have been put forth, but the assertion of the most sweeping right of conquest on the one hand, and the exaction of the most abject submission from the weaker party. The war, it is professed, or *was* professed in the beginning by the administration, was undertaken on account of Texas. But the very legislation whereby Congress consented to the ill-omened annexation of that country of unascertained limits, expressly stipulated, that any controversy which should arise with Mexico concerning those limits, should be made the object of negotiation. Mr. Polk preferred the arbitrament of the sword; yet still Mexico, after all her humiliation, and when our conquering armies were at the gates of her capital, declares herself ready to treat for the cession of the territory thus claimed, and consequently brings herself thereby within the very letter as well as spirit of the resolution of annexation. But our appetite for conquest and territorial aggrandizement, has grown by what it feeds on; and Mr. Trist would not listen to this proposition, nor even refer it to his government at home, unless Mexico would consent to part with a much larger portion of her territory, never originally claimed by us, and to which no pretext other than that of conquest, and its great value to us, was set up. We will not go again over the ground taken in our last number, concerning the negotiation between Mr. Trist and the Mexican commissioners, the fail-

ure of which through our inordinate claims, led to the fierce and fatal battles that preceded the occupation of the capital by our decimated but unconquerable troops, "few and faint but fearless still;" but in the reasons then put forth, we have the most abiding confidence, and if an analogous reasoning shall find favor and utterance in the next House of Representatives, it must move that body and its co-ordinate body the Senate, as we trust, to adopt the course pointed out in the resolution under consideration.

We can indeed conceive of no reasonable objection to such a course, unless it be intended to claim for the President of the United States, uncontrolled discretion to make war and continue war, without any avowed object, or any explanation to the Representatives in Congress of the people, of the motives of such war, or of the conditions on which it is expected to terminate it. There will doubtless be those among the democracy who, regarding the Executive as the entire government, will resist every constitutional exercise of power, to limit and check Executive usurpation; but if the Representatives themselves be faithful to their mandates, they will have to assert their own powers in the premises, and protect at once the country and the Constitution from the prolonged evils of this Executive war.

We anticipate that, as a matter of course, the cry will be raised by the interested partisans of power, by the greedy and obscene host of war contractors and furnishers, that any such restraint attempted to be laid upon Executive usurpation, will be tantamount to aiding and abetting the enemy; and the men who shall be exerting all their influence and eloquence in vindication of the Constitution which our great forefathers made for us, and confided to our care, will be denounced as "Mexicans;" but for all such men there is a voice far more potent than that of the angry and unreasoning zealots of party, the voice of duty, of conscience, of enlightened patriotism; and where this bids them on, they will not hesitate to follow. If indeed, the President, intoxicated with power, and seduced by flatterers, should persist in disregarding the deliberate injunctions of Congress, and set at nought what they require, the course would be more difficult for them, but not less imperative. The integrity of the Constitution is of more value than conquest, and if Congress, by reason of the obstinate presumption of the Executive, be driven

to choose between the one and the other, they must, as we cannot doubt they would, decide to preserve the Constitution, and let go their hold upon conquest. They would say to the President, you must recall the armies; and to that end we will vote supplies—but only to that end. If indeed, after every legitimate indication on the part of Congress, of a disposition to bring the war to a close on terms of moderation and reasonable settlement, Mexico should still persist in obstinate hostility; then indeed the whole power of the nation should be put forth, with the concurrence of all the departments of government, and of the whole people, summarily to terminate a state of things, which cannot be permitted to endure without the greatest evils to both parties.

The fifth resolution takes ground irrevocably, and for reasons assigned which are irrefutable and conclusive, against the annexation of Mexico in any event to this Union. It can scarcely be needful to intelligent readers, that we should dilate upon the pregnant suggestions of this resolution. With annexation, the future of both countries would be, as is foreshadowed in the eloquent language of the resolution itself, full of woe and blood—discord of races, of language, of religion—the discord yet deeper of a conquered and a conquering people—of the utter dissimilarity heretofore of habits, manners, institutions—these altogether would make one wild chaos, where, in our portion at least, all now is order, beauty and harmony. Such a chaos could only be prevented, or, if occurring, could only be reduced to order, by the constant pressure of the armed hand of a military ruler, presented possibly in the first instance, in the person of a proconsul over the newly acquired and distant provinces, and ultimately, as in ancient Rome, to bring back to a free capital itself the manners, the habits, the license, the servility, and above all the contempt for the equal rights of the citizen, acquired by long unchecked abuse of a military colonial proconsulate. May the gods avert the omen! But we see, or seem to see—as already in the prophetic foreshadowing of Mr. Clay—the downfall of our Republic, as the sure though not immediate consequence of the possible annexation to it of Mexico, with its inferior and unequal population, its total disorganization, its total ignorance alike of the form and substance of liberty and equality, as protected, enjoyed, and secured in these United States.

The sixth resolution states truly our

position before the world, as to military prowess. Never certainly in the annals of warfare have such brilliant results been accomplished, by forces so small against obstacles so great, of number, of climate, of position, of superiority of artillery and cavalry. With 6000 effective men—with only 6000—General Scott took possession of the city of Mexico, numbering now more than 150,000 inhabitants, and holds it in peace; and while he holds the enemy population in check, he maintains the most exact discipline among his own troops. The inhabitants of the capital, abandoned without any terms being proposed by its own natural defenders—nay, worse, surrendered to the tender mercies of some 2000 felons and convicts, whose prison doors were opened by Santa Anna, before he himself fled ingloriously from the city, in defence of which he had sworn to lay down his life, rather than give it up to the invaders, and in whose hands armies were placed by the same inglorious chieftain—a capital city thus situated is at ease and in safety under the rule of a conquering general. Commencing with Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, to the final close of the most successful and skillful campaign which, opening at Vera Cruz, was pursued with unfaltering success, though at a most bloody sacrifice, to the fall of the city of Mexico, no annals present, we make bold to say, a finer display of the highest military virtues and attainments, in every branch of the art of war. Yet brilliant as is the mere military display, it is ever exalted by the moral grandeur, the self-restraint, the self-command, the humanity of the American troops and commander, under all temptation to lust and rapine, under repeated provocation of treachery, under habitual exposure from the bands of the enemy, to assassination of the invalids and the stragglers of our own army. The heroism of the field—valor when the conflict is poised and the blood is up, and victors are looking on—these are the common heritage of our race; but the sense of discipline, nay, higher yet, the self-respect and respect for the moral law, which, when opportunity favors and power permits, are yet potent to restrain from the commission of cruelty and crime against the conquered and the powerless—these are proofs of moral courage and moral principle far more rare and far more precious than the more daring bravery on the battle-field. Of both of these, our armies in Mexico have given brilliant example, and therefore is it well said in the resolution under consideration, that by

the conduct and gallantry of these armies we are placed in a position before the world, to take any step that may be deemed expedient, either in recalling altogether our troops, or withdrawing them within specified limits, or offering any terms of moderation to Mexico, without laying ourselves open to the possible suspicion of being actuated by other than motives of magnanimity.

With right-thinking men in this Republic, there can be "no desire for the dismemberment of the United States of Mexico." We aim only—the honest and considerate portion of the American people—at a fair and permanent settlement of the boundaries of Texas, as our right; for Texas is now ours irrevocably, and we must in justice to her, to ourselves, to Mexico, and to the preservation of future harmony between us, stipulate definitely the boundaries which are to divide our respective countries.

This is indispensable. We may claim, too, as a matter of expediency, and for value to be paid for it, such port or ports, with the requisite contiguous territory to make the use of such ports advantageous and valuable, in Upper California, as would be useful and desirable for our commerce; and the acquisition of such territory and sea-ports, albeit now ours by the hand of war, should still be matter of negotiation and compromise. By the laws of war indeed—which are simply the laws of might—we may retain what we have conquered in California, and defy the former possessors of that region to recover their lost dominion. But such a course would not make for peace, nor redound to our reputation, and less still to enduring friendship between Mexico and the United States. Weakness and political disorganization may indeed forbid any hope in a Mexican administration or government—if there exist any organization deserving such a name—of successfully coping with us in arms at present; and their despair may induce concessions, which hereafter their pride and strength, renovated by peace, and influenced by the spectacle of our prosperity, in a region which, while theirs, was little more than a barren possession, will impel them to withdraw; and new contests may again lead to new victories for us—but victories won all too dear, at a cost of such precious blood—and the interruption of those relations of friendship and good will, which should prevail between two neighboring republics, and in the preservation of which both have

a deep interest. Well, then, upon every ground of self-interest—of duty—of magnanimity—can we or should we say to Mexico, "Peace, peace with us on your own terms, so only that they leave no topic unadjusted—no loophole for future misunderstanding."

The seventh resolution is deduced logically from all that precede. Having before expressed the conviction that in general principles and in the interest of these United States, it is not desirable to acquire new territory, the meeting, in adopting the seventh resolution, made the emphatic disclaimer—all the more emphatic and reliable as coming from a slave-holding State—of all desire whatever to acquire any territory "for the purpose of therein propagating slavery, or of introducing slaves from the United States." This is frank, honest, and most significant. Kentucky will not go for a war of conquest, with a view to the extension of slavery, as well as for the acquisition of territory; and what Kentucky, a slave-holding State, will not do, assuredly the free North, and East, and West, and centre, will not do. This disclaimer of Kentucky will have a sound and significance, an echo and an influence, from the *St. Croix* to the *Nueces*; and the testimony thus borne, on the motion of Henry Clay, by the slave-owners of Kentucky, against a war by this model Republic for the extension of slavery, will silence the taunts and the cavils of traducers, while it renders hopeless the intrigues and plots of slave-traders and disunionists wherever they be.

The eighth and last resolution calls upon the people of the United States, who may approve the principles and opinions set forth in these resolutions, "to assemble together in their respective communities, and to express their views, feelings and opinions" in relation to the great interests at stake in this war.

Such is the true mode in which popular feeling can be made manifest; such is the usual mode with us in all emergencies of great interest. The example comes well from Kentucky. The first step in this popular protest, as it were, against a war of oppression, conquest, and slavery-propagandism, is as filly taken, as it is boldly taken, by the man who was the right hand of the Executive in the war of 1812, and who cannot therefore be suspected or denounced as afraid of war when necessary and just; by the man who sent his son to die beneath the flag of his country in this pres-

ent war, because by the executive mandate that flag was far advanced in hostile array into a foreign land thereby made hostile, and left there without adequate support; by the man, in fine, who, through a long and arduous political career, has never, in great political emergencies, held back his counsel from his fellow-citizens, however the utterance of that counsel might affect his own political fortunes. He has frankly spoken. As yet, indeed, we have but the abstract and brief chronicle of his thoughts and arguments in the resolutions embodied and commented upon in this article; but in these there is enough to warrant the belief that the call thus made will be responded to, and that the Congress which is to assemble will, on its part, give heed, and give answer too, to and in harmony with the general tone, the wise forbearance, the magnanimity, and the lofty principles of these resolutions. We may not all agree in all the details; but in the general results arrived at, in the indisputable truths uttered, and in the patriotic motives with which the whole are imbued, all will find grounds for commendation and admiration, and for the expression of like sentiments—to the end that public opinion being ascertained, it may be respected and deferred to by those intrusted with the government of this Republic.

While, however, we thus express our general assent to the propositions put forth at Lexington by Mr. Clay, and the manliness with which—"a public servant no longer," yet not unmindful of the obligations which former honors impose upon every rightly constituted mind not to be wanting to any great occasion—he has stepped forth from private life to assert high public principles, to denounce great national wrong, and to vindicate before the world the character of this Republic from the stain which threatens it, of being made to appear as a grasping, slavery-propagating and vindictive conqueror, rejecting all law but that of the sword, and too sadly verifying the Horatian description of the fierce Achilles—"Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer, Jura negat sibi nata, nihil non arrogat armis."

We honor Mr. Clay for this moral heroism, so much more rare, of so much higher order than the mere heroism of the battle-field; and we feel that no tem-

porary loss of popular favor (if loss of popular favor is to be incurred by resolute and manly assertion of principles) can take away from the enduring renown which is to wait upon Henry Clay, for this manifestation, among many others, of his uncalculating patriotism. It may be, it probably will be, that in the heated atmosphere of war, the high moral and Christian sentiments embodied by Mr. Clay in his resolutions will find little acceptance; that the self-denial which they inculcate, the respect for the opinions of mankind, and the regard for the rights of the conquered and the helpless, will fall powerless, if not repulsively, upon ears habituated to tales of battle and of blood, of triumphant entries over slaughtered thousands into captive cities; and that when Mr. Clay says to the popular craving for extended territory, "Peace, be still!" he addresses himself to ears of more than adder deafness. If all this be so, Mr. Clay will still have the approval of his own heart, that highest of earthly considerations and rewards, the sympathetic admiration of good men everywhere, and a place, enduring as time, among the names of the benefactors of their race and nation. In the words of one who knows him, "He would rather be right than be President;" and the day may come, when, if his counsels are neglected or despised—when, from the depths of national humiliation and suffering, and the wreck of the free institutions which now constitute at once our ornament and safety, many a voice of lamentation shall arise over the misguided and bloody fanaticism which persevered in a war of conquest and far-spreading aggression, until this now contented and virtuous people, who have heretofore only cultivated the arts of peace, shall have been so thoroughly corrupted with the lust of military glory and the coveting of others' goods, that peace and its homely virtues and forecast, and the industrious toil which secures at once independence and contentment, shall cease to have attractions for them; and following in the path trodden by all the republics of other days, they shall exchange self-government for the armed hand of the military despot, and the peaceful, simple and quiet honors of a republic of plain and equal citizens, for the gilded trappings and obsequious deference of a people in uniform and in arms.



## OUR FINNY TRIBES.—AMERICAN RIVERS AND SEA-COASTS.

BY CHARLES LANMAN.

## PART SECOND.—THE PIKE.

THE Pike is a common fish in all the temperate, and some of the northern regions of the world; but in no country does he arrive at greater perfection than in the United States. For some unaccountable reason he is generally known in this country as the pickerel; and we would therefore intimate to our readers that our present discourse is to be of the legitimate pike. In England, he is known under the several names of pike, jack, pickerel and luce. His body is elongated and nearly of a uniform depth from the head to the tail; the head is also elongated, and resembles that of the duck; his mouth is very large and abundantly supplied with sharp teeth, and his scales are small and particularly adhesive; the color of his back is a dark brown, sides a mottled green or yellow, and belly a silvery white. The reputation of this fish for amiability is far from being enviable, for he is called not only the shark of the fresh waters, but also the tyrant of the liquid plain. He is a cunning and savage creature, and for these reasons even the most humane of fishermen are seldom troubled with conscientious scruples when they succeed in making him a captive. Pliny and Sir Francis Bacon both considered the pike to be the longest lived of any fresh water fish, and Gesner mentions a pike which he thought to be two hundred years old. Of these ancient fellows, Walton remarks, that they have more in them of state than goodness, the middle sized individuals being considered the best eating. The prominent peculiarity of this fish is his voraciousness. Edward Jesse relates that five large pike once devoured about eight hundred gudgeons in the course of three weeks. He swallows every animal he can subdue, and is so much of a cannibal that he will devour his own kind full as soon as a common minnow. Young ducks and even kittens have been found in his stomach, and it is said that he often contends with the otter for his prey. Gesner relates the story that a pike once attacked a mule while it was drinking on the margin of a pond, and his teeth having become fastened in the snout of the astonished

beast, he was safely landed on the shore. James Wilson once killed a pike weighing seven pounds, in whose stomach was found another pike weighing over a pound, and in the mouth of the youthful fish was yet discovered a respectable perch. Even men, while wading in a pond, have been attacked by this freshwater wolf. He is so much of an exterminator, that when placed in a small lake with other fish, it is not long before he becomes "master of all he surveys," having depopulated his watery world of every species but his own. The following story, illustrating the savage propensity of this fish, is related by J. V. C. Smith. A gentleman was angling for pike, and having captured one, subsequently met a shepherd and his dog, and presented the former with his prize. While engaged in clearing his tackle, the dog seated himself unsuspectingly in the immediate vicinity of the pike, and as fate would have it, his tail was ferociously snapped at by the gasping fish. The dog was of course much terrified, ran in every direction to free himself, and at last plunged into the stream. The hair had become so entangled in the fish's teeth, however, that it could not release its hold. The dog again sought the land, made for his master's cottage, where he was finally freed from his unwilling persecutor; but notwithstanding the unnatural adventure of the fish, he actually sunk his teeth into the stick which was used to force open his jaws.

The pike of this country does not differ essentially from the pike of Europe. His food usually consists of fish and frogs, though he is far from being particular in this matter. He loves a still, shady water, in river or pond, and usually lies in the vicinity of flags, bulrushes and water-lilies, though he often shoots out into the clear stream, and on such occasions frequently affords the rifleman a deal of sport. In summer he is taken at the top and in the middle, but in winter at the bottom. His time for spawning is March, and he is in season about eight months in the year. In speaking of the size of this fish, the an-

glers of Europe have recorded some marvelous stories, of which we know nothing, and care less. In this country, they vary from two to four feet in length, and in weight from two to forty pounds; when weighing less than two pounds, he is called a jack. As an article of food he seems to be in good repute; but since we once found a large water snake in the stomach of a monster fish, we have never touched him when upon the table. He suits not our palate, but as an object of sport we esteem him highly, and can never mention his name without a thrill of pleasure.

In this place we desire to record our opinion against the idea that the pike and maskalounge are one and the same fish. For many years we entertained the opinion that there was no difference between them, only that the latter was merely an overgrown pike. We have more recently had many opportunities of comparing the two species together, and we know that to the careful and scientific observer, there is a marked difference. The head of the maskalounge is the smallest; he is the stoutest fish, is more silvery in color, grows to a much larger size, and is with difficulty tempted to heed the lures of the angler. They are so precisely similar in their general habits, however, that they must be considered as belonging to the pike family. They are possibly the independent, eccentric and self-satisfied nabobs of the race to which they belong; always managing to keep the world ignorant of their true character, until after their days are numbered.

Before wandering any farther off from the character of the pike, I must mention one or two additional traits, which I had nearly forgotten. The first is, that the pike is as distinguished for his abstinence as for his voracity. During the summer months, his digestive organs seem to be somewhat torpid, and this is the time that he is out of season. During this period he is particularly listless in his movements, spending nearly all the sunny hours basking near the surface of the water; and as this is the period when the smaller fry are usually commencing their active existence, we cannot but distinguish in this arrangement of nature the wisdom of Providence. Another habit peculiar to this fish, is as follows:—During the autumn, he spends the day-time in deep water, and the nights in the shallowest water

he can find, along the shores of river or lake. We have frequently seen them so very near the dry land as to display their fins. What their object can be in thus spending the dark hours, it is hard to determine: is it to enjoy the warmer temperature of the shallow water, or for the purpose of watching and capturing any small land animals that may come to the water to satisfy their thirst? We have heard it alleged that they seek the shore for the purpose of spawning, but it is an established fact that they cast their spawn in the spring; and, besides, the months during which they seek the shore as above stated, are the very ones in which they are in the best condition, and afford the angler the finest sport. Autumn is the time, too, when they are more frequently and more easily taken with the spear, than during any other season. And as to this spearing business, generally speaking, we consider it an abominable practice, but in the case of the savage and obstinate pike, it ought to be countenanced even by the legitimate angler.

We have angled for pike in nearly all the waters of this country where they abound. The immense quantity of book lore that we have read respecting the character of pike tackle, has always seemed to us an intelligent species of nonsense—a kind of literature originally invented by tackle manufacturers. Our own equipment for pike fishing we consider first-rate, and yet it consists only of a heavy rod and reel, a stout linen line, a brass snell, a sharp Kirby hook, and a landing-net. For bait we prefer a live minnow, though a small shiner, or the belly of a yellow perch, is nearly as sure to attract notice. We have taken a pike with a gaudy fly, and also with an artificial minnow, but you cannot depend upon these allurements. Sinkers we seldom use, and the fashionable thing called a float we utterly abominate. We have fished for pike in almost every manner, (*excepting with a mule*), but our favorite method has ever been from an anchored boat, when our only companion was a personal friend, and a lover of the written and unwritten poetry of nature. This is the most quiet and contemplative method, and unquestionably one of the most successful ones; for though the pike is not easily frightened, it takes but the single splash of an oar when trolling, to set him a-thinking, which is quite as unfortunate for the angler's success

as if he were actually alarmed. Another advantage is, that while swinging to an anchor you may fish at the bottom, if you please, or try the stationary trolling fashion. To make our meaning understood, we would add, that an expert angler can throw his hook in any direction from his boat, to the distance of at least a hundred feet, and in pulling it in, he secures all the advantages that result from the common mode of trolling. The pike is a fish which calls forth a deal of patience, and must be humored; for he will sometimes scorn the handsomest bait, apparently out of mere spite; but the surest time to take him is when there is a cloudy sky and a southerly breeze. Live fish are the best bait, as we have before remarked, though the leg of a frog is good, and in winter a piece of pork, but nothing can be better than a shiner or a little perch; and it might here be remarked, that as the pike is an epicure in the manner of his eating, it is invariably a good plan to let him have his own time, after he has seized the bait. As to torchlight fishing for pike, though unquestionably out of the pale of the regular angler's sporting, it is attended with much that we must deem poetical and interesting. Who can doubt this proposition, when we consider the picturesque effect of a boat and lighted torch, gliding along the wild shores of a lake, on a still, dark night, with one figure noiselessly plying an oar, and the animated attitude of another relieved against the fire-light, and looking into the water like Orpheus into hell; and remember, too, the thousand inhabitants of the liquid element, that we see, and almost fancy to be endowed with human sympathies? What a pleasure to behold the various finny tribes amid their own chosen haunts, leading, as Leigh Hunt has exquisitely written,

"A cold, sweet, silver life, wrapped in round waves,  
Quickened with touches of transporting fear!"

But it is time that we should change the tone of our discourse and mention the favorite waters of the American pike. The largest we have ever seen were taken in the Upper Mississippi, and on the St. Joseph and Raisin rivers of Michigan, where they are very abundant. They are also found in nearly all the streams emptying into Lakes Michigan, Erie, and Ontario;—also, in

the Ohio and its tributaries. We have heard of them in the Upper St. Lawrence, and know them to abound in Lake Champlain, and in a large proportion of the lakes and rivers of New-England. A very pretty lady once told us that she had seen a pike taken from Lake Champlain, which was as long as the sofa upon which we were seated together, and conversing upon the gentle art of fishing, and the tender one of love. Pike fishing with the hook we have not practiced to a very great extent. Our angling experience has been chiefly confined to the smaller lakes of Connecticut, particularly those in the vicinity of Norwich. Our favorite resort has been Gardner's Lake, whose shores are surrounded with pleasant wood-crowned hills, teeming with partridge and woodcock, and the Sabbath stillness which usually reigns about it is seldom broken, save by the dipping oar or the laugh of light-hearted fishermen. Dearly indeed do we cherish the memory of the pleasant days spent upon this picturesque lake; and we hope it may never be used for any other purpose than to mirror the glories of heaven, and never be visited by any but genuine sportsmen and true-hearted lovers of nature. Preston Lake is another beautiful sheet of water near Norwich, which reminds us of a night adventure. A couple of us had visited it for the purpose of taking pike by torch-light, having brought our spears and dry pine all the way from Norwich in a one-horse waggon. It was a cold but still autumnal night, and as we tied our horse to a tree in an open field, we had every reason to anticipate a "glorious time." So far as the fish were concerned we enjoyed fine sport, for we caught about a dozen pike, varying from one to four pounds in weight; but the miseries we subsequently endured were positively intolerable. Not only did we work an everlasting while to make our boat seaworthy, but in our impatience to reach the fishing grounds, we misplaced our brandy bottle in the tall grass, and were therefore deprived of its warming companionship. About midnight a heavy fog began to arise, which not only prevented us from distinguishing a pike from a log of wood, but caused us to become frequently entangled in the top of a dry tree, lying on the water. Our next step, therefore, was to go home, but then came the trouble of finding our "desired haven." This we did happen to find, for

a wonder, and having gathered up our plunder started on our course over the frosty grass after our vehicle and horse. We found them, but it was in a most melancholy plight indeed. Like a couple of large fools, we had omitted to release the horse from the wagon as we should have done, and the consequence was that he had released himself by breaking the thills and tearing off the harness, and we discovered him quietly feeding a few paces from the tree to which we had fastened him. What next to do, we could not in our utter despair possibly determine; but after a long consultation we both concluded to mount the miserable horse, and with our fish in hand we actually started upon our miserable journey home. Our fish were so heavy that we were compelled at the end of the first mile to throw them away, and as the day was breaking we entered the silent streets of Norwich, pondering upon the pleasures of pike fishing by torch-light, and solemnly counting the cost of our nocturnal expedition.

But the most successful pike fishing we ever enjoyed was at Crow Wing, on the Upper Mississippi. We were spending a few days with an isolated Indian trader of the wilderness, around whose cabin were encamped about three hundred Chippewa Indians. Seldom was it that we allowed a night to pass away, without trying our luck with the spear, and as a dozen canoes were often engaged in the same sport, the bosom of the river often presented a most romantic and beautiful appearance. Each canoe usually contained two or three individuals, and our torches, which were made of dried birch bark, threw such a flood of light upon the translucent water, that we could see every object in the bed of the river with the utmost distinctness. Beautiful indeed were those fishing scenes, and when the canoes had floated down the river for a mile or two, the homeward bound races that followed between the shouting Indians were exciting in the extreme. And what added to our enjoyment of this sporting was the idea that to grasp the hand of a white man, (besides that of our host,) we should have to travel one hundred miles through a pathless wilderness. We seldom took any note of time, and sometimes were throwing the spear even when the day was breaking. The largest fish that we saw taken at Crow Wing weighed upwards of forty pounds, and we have

known five spearmen to take seventy pike and maskalounge in a single night.

But we must curtail our pike stories, for we purpose to append to our remarks a few interesting observations upon that fish which have been kindly furnished to us by an accomplished scholar, a genuine angler and a much loved friend.

The pike bears the same relation to the finny tribes that the hyena and jackall do to animals, the vulture to birds, or the spider to insects—one of the most voracious of fishes. He feeds alike on the living or dead; and even those of his own brethren which are protected by nature against the attacks of other fish, find no protection against him. It is remarkable in the economy of animals, that while nature provides her weaker and smaller creatures with the means of defence against the stronger ones, she has, at the same time, furnished some of the latter with weapons, apparently for the very purpose of overcoming the feeble, however well they may be guarded. Thus, the pike, with its immense jaws, armed with innumerable teeth, is able to seize and crush every kind of fish. Its own kind do not escape, for instances are frequent when a pike of three or four pounds is found in the stomach of one of twelve or fifteen pounds weight.

It is interesting to notice the habits of the pike, which an angler may easily do in still, clear water. They have been characterized as a solitary, melancholy and bold fish. Never are they found in schools or even in pairs, as most other fish are, nor are they often seen in open water, where other fish would discover them and avoid their grasp. When in open water they lie very near the bottom, quite motionless, appearing like a sunken stick. Their usual and favorite place of resort is among the tall weeds where they cannot be seen. Here they lie, as it were, in ambush, waiting the approach of some innocent, unsuspecting fish, when they dart forth with a swiftness which none of the finny tribe can attain, seize their harmless victim, and slowly bear it away to some secluded spot. Here they crush their prey with their immense jaws, and leisurely force it into their capacious stomachs. Often, when angling for the pike with a live perch, from a wharf so far raised above the water that I could see every object for twenty feet on either side, a pike has so suddenly darted from a cluster of weeds, beyond the range of my vision, that the first intimation I had of



his presence was, that he had seized my bait.

On one occasion, when angling on the St. Lawrence, I put a minnow on my hook, and threw my line towards a mass of weeds, in the hope of tempting a perch to take it. Not many minutes had elapsed before my silvery minnow had tempted the appetite of one which soon conveyed him to his maw. Knowing that my game was sure, I let him play about, first allowing him to run to the extent of my line and then drawing him towards me, when on a sudden a pike shot from his hiding place and seized my perch. I was obliged to let the fellow have his own way, and give him all the time he wanted to swallow the perch, when, with a good deal of difficulty, I succeeded in disabling him and towed him in triumph to the shore. The perch weighed a pound and a half; the pike ten pounds.

The long and slender form of the pike, tapering towards the head and tail, enables him to move with great rapidity through the water, while his smooth and finless back facilitates his movements through the weeds or marine plants. Thus has nature provided this fish with a form adapted to its habits, and with large and well-armed jaws, to give it a pre-eminence among the finny tribes which inhabit the same waters. I have often thought why so great an enemy, so great a devourer of his race, should be placed among them, favored by so many advantages. May it not, nay, must it not be for some wise purpose? It is known how very prolific fishes are, and unless some way was provided to lessen the number, our inland waters could not contain the vast numbers which a few years would produce. Most fish live on each other, others on decomposing substances floating about. It is not always the largest that prey on each other, for the sturgeon is one of the largest fresh water fish, and he subsists on decomposing matter, or minute fish. A few pike placed in a lake, would very effectually prevent an over-population. May it not, then, be so ordered, that the inhabitants of the seas which are not so favored as those who dwell on the earth's surface, and who have a great variety of food to supply their wants, may have the means of providing their own sustenance by an immense increase of their own species?

Blair observes that "the abstinence of the pike and jack is no less singular than their voracity; during the summer months

their digestive faculties are somewhat torpid, which appears a remarkable peculiarity in pike economy, seeing it must be in inverse ratio to the wants of the fish, for they must be at this time in a state of emaciation from the effects of spawning. During the summer they are listless, and affect the surface of the water, where in warm sunny weather they seem to bask in a sleepy state for hours together. It is not a little remarkable, that smaller fish appear to be scarce when this abstinent state of their foe is upon him; for they who at other times are evidently impressed with an instinctive dread of his presence, are now swimming around him with total unconcern. At these periods, no baits, however tempting, can allure him; but, on the contrary, he retreats from everything of the kind. Windy weather is alone capable of exciting his dormant powers. This inaptitude to receive food with the usual keenness, continues from the time they spawn, until the time of their recovery from the effects of it."

The peculiarity above noticed does not entirely apply to the pike of the northern States, and particularly of the great lakes and rivers, whose waters are not so sensibly affected by the heat of summer as shallow water is. In the smaller streams he lies in the listless state described by Mr. Blair, but when he can reach the deep water he always does so.

Pike are found in all the lakes and inland waters of the northern and middle States of the Union. In the great lakes they grow to an enormous size. No fish is better known throughout Europe and the northern parts of Asia. In colder climes he attains the largest size, and is said by Walkenbarg to disappear in geographical distribution with the fir. In our waters they are taken of all sizes, from four or five pounds to fifty or sixty. Their haunts are generally among the weeds or marine plants near the shore, or in deep bays where the water is not made rough by winds, and in all parts of rivers. They are rarely found on rocky bottoms or bars. A high wind and rough sea often drives them from their weedy haunts into deeper water. I have noticed this particularly on Lake Ontario. From wharves where bass are only taken on ordinary occasions, pike will bite with avidity when a severe gale is blowing and the water is in a disturbed state.

This fish, according to Donovan, attains a larger size in a shorter time, in propor-

tion to most others. In the course of the first year it grows eight or ten inches; the second, twelve or fourteen; the third, eighteen or twenty inches. Some pike were turned into a pond in England, the largest of which weighed two and a half pounds. Four years after, the water was let off, when one pike of nineteen pounds, and others of from eleven to fifteen, were found. Mr. Jesse, in his *Gleanings of Natural History*, relates certain experiments by which he shows that the growth of pike is about four pounds a year, which corresponds with the growth of those before stated.

The various books on sporting give numerous instances of pike weighing from thirty to forty pounds, taken in England, though an instance is mentioned in *Dodsley's Register* for 1765, of an enormous pike weighing 170 pounds, which was taken from a pool near Newport, England, which had not been fished in for ages. In Ireland and Scotland, they are found larger than in England. In the Shannon and Lough Corrib, they have been found from seventy to ninety-two pounds in weight. At Broadford, near Limerick, one was taken weighing ninety-six pounds. Another was caught by trolling in Loch Pentuliche, of fifty pounds; and another in Loch Spey, that weighed 146 pounds. But these are small in comparison with a pike, which is stated by Gesner, (and from him quoted by most writers on fish,) to have been taken in a pool near the capital of Sweden, in the year 1497, which was fifteen feet in length, and weighed 350 pounds. Under the skin of this enormous fish was

discovered a ring of cypress brass, having a Greek inscription round the rim, which was interpreted by Dalburgus, Bishop of Worms, to signify: "I am the fish first of all placed in this pond, by the hands of Frederic the Second, on the 5th of October, in the year of grace 1230;" which would make its age 267 years. The ring about his neck was made with springs so as to enlarge as the fish grew. His skeleton was for a long time preserved at Manheim.

During the past summer, which I spent on the banks of the St. Lawrence, I had frequently tried the spool trolling, and always with success. Sometimes I would use two lines, one 70, the other 120 feet in length. On the larger one I had the best success, and my bait would be seized three times, when on the shorter one it would be but once; it being farther from the boat, the movements of which through the water, and the noise of the oars, drove the fish off. From experience I am satisfied that long trolling lines are the best. Bass will seize a fly or spoon at a few feet distance, but a pike will not. I have tried the experiment, when trolling for pike, to attach to one hook a bait of pork and red flannel, a very common bait, and to the other a brass spoon. The latter was invariably seized first, for the only reason, I suppose, that it made more show in the water. Neither resembled a fish, fly or any living creature, but curiosity or hunger attracted the fish to the strange bait gliding through the water, which they seized, paying with their lives the penalty for so doing.

## AMAZONIAN WANDERINGS.\*

BY JOHN ESAIAS WARREN.

It is with pleasure that we proceed to review, in an impartial manner, the pleasing narrative of Mr. Edwards's voyage up the Amazon river. Among the many books which have been issued from the American press during the past season, this is by no means the least instructive or entertaining. Treating, as it does, of a country surpassing in natural resources any other on the face of the globe—of the manners and customs of a people different in every respect from our own—of bright birds which fly and curious insects which gleam only in the sunlight of the tropics—of dense forests, clothed with perennial verdure, and palmy groves, abounding in singular trees, shrubs of the most grotesque form, and flowers of dazzling hues—it commands itself at once to the attention of every intelligent reader, as a source, however humble, from which new and valuable information may be derived. The book, however, has its faults, but of these we purpose to say little. The writer confines himself rather too closely to minute descriptions of the birds and animals which he encountered in his wanderings, and fails to give an adequate idea of human life in that part of the world which he visited. Aside from these defects, which are those of youth and inexperience, the work has considerable interest, and will reward one for his time spent in perusing it.

It was in the month of March that Mr. Edwards arrived at the city of Para. The rainy season was nearly past, and everything around—the air, the earth and the water—appeared to be teeming with life, animation and beauty.

The Indian name of the Amazon is "Para-na-tinga," which signifies the "King of Rivers;" from this, the name Para, given to the province, the city, and the southern branch of the river, which winds around Marajo, is derived.

The city is located about sixty miles

from the ocean, and has from fifteen to twenty thousand inhabitants. It is situated on a little eminence on the banks of the Para river, and is much the largest town in the entire province.

The harbor is safe and commodious, but the river below abounds in rocks and shoals, on account of which, many fine vessels, in attempting to ascend the river without a pilot, have been destroyed. Within a few miles of the city, the river is filled with a number of small islands, which are covered with a luxuriant vegetation, and decorated with lofty palm trees, looking like tufts of waving green in the distance.

The shores on either side of the river (which at Para is no more than four miles in width, from the intervention of islands) are lined by a dense and nearly impenetrable wilderness, composed of towering trees of the most graceful and striking forms, interlaced together by creeping vines, and surrounded by shrubs and plants of extraordinary forms and gigantic proportions.

The first discovery of the Amazon was made by accident, in the year 1499, by Vincente Yanez Pinzon, the same individual who had previously accompanied Columbus on his voyage to America, as commander of the *Nina*. He merely landed at one of the islands near its mouth, which he believed to be a part of India, beyond the Ganges, and inferred that he was but a short distance from the far-famed city of Cathay. Under this strange delusion he sailed for Spain, where he gave an account of his supposed discovery. Returning to take possession of the imaginary country which he believed he had found, he was unable to find the mouth of the river, and was obliged to return once more to Spain, without having accomplished anything to strengthen the expectations in which he had indulged.

It was about this time that the gorgeous

\* A Review of Mr. Edwards's "Voyage up the River Amazon." D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway.

fable of "El Dorado," or the "City of the Gilded King," began to agitate the public mind. Many expeditions were fitted out to seek for this splendid city of gold, and hundreds of eager adventurers, inflamed by a spirit of cupidity, engaged in the pursuit of this brilliant phantom.

In 1541, Gonzalo Pizarro set out from Quito with an army of four thousand Indians, two hundred foot soldiers and one hundred horse, in quest of a country rich in gold and spices, which he imagined to exist to the eastward of Peru. Having proceeded for thirty leagues or more, he fell in with Francisco de Orellana, a knight of Truxillo, who joined him with a small reinforcement of troops and Indians. Pressing onward for days and weeks incessantly, they suffered inconceivable hardships. Their provisions being nearly exhausted, they were threatened with all the miseries of famine. The density of the forest obliged them to cut down heavy trees in their march—to climb steep precipices, and to wade through deep lagoons and marshes. Besides, they were subjected to all the inconveniences of sleeping in the open air, in a miasmatic wilderness, exposed to the continued annoyance of various noxious reptiles, and myriads of stinging insects. Many of the Indians died, others deserted; and when at last they reached the banks of the river Coca, they were in a deplorable condition, and almost famished for want of sufficient food.

Here Pizarro encamped, and dispatched Orellana in a small brigantine, with fifty men, to course down the river in search of a fertile country, and to return as soon as possible with provisions for his starving army.

Sailing down the river, the knight encountered numberless perils and disasters; until at length, having proceeded so far in vain that he deemed it useless and even hazardous for him to return, he gave up the design; and being probably stimulated by ambitious desires of renown, he determined to press forward in defiance of all dangers, until he should reach the great river, whose existence had been foretold to him by the natives; the discovery of which, he believed, would crown him and his companions with immortal glory.

Great were the vicissitudes and arduous the labors which they were forced to encounter. Sometimes they met with friendly Indians, who encouraged them to proceed; at other times, they were ob-

liged to fight their way through hosts of enemies. Their numbers rapidly decreased, and many fell victims to famine and disease. Finally, to their infinite joy, they sailed out of the river, and the boundless ocean, in all its grandeur, was once more before them.

Proceeding immediately to Spain, Orellana gave an exaggerated account of his wonderful voyage; and among other fabulous incidents, he stated that he had seen an army of Amazons or fighting women on the banks of the river, with whom he had several serious conflicts. They were represented as having fine forms, olive complexions, and long tresses of raven blackness. The story created a profound sensation at the time; and although it has long since been exploded and is universally disbelieved, yet the fiction has given a name to the river, which will live for ages after that of its discoverer shall have sunk into oblivion.

In the year 1615, the city of Para was founded by Caldeira, a native of Portugal. Previous to this, a settlement had been established by the Dutch on the northern bank of the Amazon, but the Portuguese forced them to abandon it, drove them out of the country, and remained sole masters of the province.

In October, 1637, an expedition was fitted out at Para, under the command of Pedro Teixeira, and dispatched on a voyage of exploration up the Amazon. The number of persons engaged in this enterprise was about two thousand, of which twelve hundred were native bowmen, the remainder, slaves and women. They embarked on the 28th of the month, in forty-five canoes, and after voyaging for rather more than twelve months, they at length reached Quito, where they celebrated their arrival with bull-fights and processions.

The Viceroy of Peru having inspected the journal and map of Teixeira, ordered him to return with competent persons, to make a correct survey of the river. Two persons eminent for their skill and learning were selected, Acuna and Actieda, who gave the first authentic accounts of the Amazon to the world. On the banks of the river Negro they met with a singular tribe of Indians, called Encabellados, or long-haired, on account of the extreme length of their hair, which in both sexes extended below the knees. Journeying down the river, they arrived at the country of the Omaguas or Flat Heads. These are described as being altogether the



most rational and docile of all the Amazonian tribes. They grew and manufactured cotton, and from them the use of the seringa or India-rubber was first acquired. They were engaged in a continual warfare with the Urinas, a tribe of cannibals living on the opposite side of the river. This remarkable tribe "shaved the crown of the head, and wore feathers of macaws in the corners of their mouths, besides strings of shells pendent from ears, nostrils and under lips." Says Mr. Edwards :—

"The number of tribes was estimated at one hundred and fifty, speaking different languages, and bordering so closely, that the sound of an axe in the village of one, might be heard in the village of another. Their arms were bows and arrows; their shields of the skin of the cow-fish, or of plaited cane. Their canoes were of cedars, caught floating in the stream. Their hatchets were of turtle shell; their mallets, the jawbone of the cow-fish; and with these, they made tables, seats, and other articles of beautiful workmanship. They had idols of their own making, each distinguished by some fit symbol; and they had priests or conjurers. They were of a less dark complexion than other Brazilian nations; they were well made, and of good stature, of quick understanding, docile, disposed to receive any instruction from their guests, and to render them any assistance."

Alluding to the paucity of the tribes now inhabiting the Amazon, he thus eloquently soliloquizes :—

"The Amazon, in its natural features, is the same now, as when Acuna descended; and the rapturous descriptions which he has given of these wild forests and mighty streams, might have been written to-day. But where are the one hundred and fifty tribes, who then skirted its borders, and the villages so thickly populated?"

But not to fatigue the reader with historical associations, we will revert to the period of Mr. Edwards's arrival, and accompany him in imagination throughout his various peregrinations, noticing only such spectacles and circumstances as particularly struck his attention.

As we have before remarked, it was in the rainy season that he reached the city of Para. This season is not so unpleasant as one would suppose, for the rain rarely falls in the morning, and seldom continues for more than an hour or two at a time. So far from incommoding

one, the rain is rather a convenience than otherwise; for as it generally falls late in the afternoon, it produces a refreshing blandness in the atmosphere, which in that voluptuous climate never fails to secure delicious repose.

Our entertaining traveler says very truly that "it would be impossible to conceive a more utterly novel tableau," than is presented on landing at the wharf at Para. Files of the most fantastic-looking canoes may be seen congregated together throughout the whole length of the pier. Numbers of strange animals, such as sloths, monkeys and pacas, and beautiful birds of the parrot and toucan kind, are constantly exposed for sale on the dock, together with baskets of crabs, strings of fish, and various descriptions of fruit. Moreover, says Mr. Edwards,

"Oddly dressed soldiers mingle among the crowd; inquisitive officials peer about for untaxed produce; sailors from vessels in the harbor are constantly landing; gentlemen from the city are down for their morning stroll; beautiful Indian girls flit by like visions; and scores of boys and girls, in all the freedom of nakedness, contend with an equal number of impudent goats for the privilege of running over you."

On entering the city, the stranger is astonished at the curious and constantly changing spectacles which are presented to his eye. He sees people of every grade and every shade of complexion thronging the narrow streets; military guards, stationed before the palace and several other public buildings of the city; fruit women, marching about with immense trays of fruit and sweetmeats poised on their heads; water carriers, distinguished by coarse straw hats of prodigious dimensions, walking slowly along by the side of their jar-laden mules; ladies, taking their morning rides in gay-curtained palanquins, or prettily woven hammocks; and hundreds of children of both sexes, playing and frolicking with each other, in a state of perfect nudity. These are the principal sights which the stranger encounters in the thoroughfares of Para.

The festa days of the province are numerous. On these occasions there is a great deal of pomp and parade. The bells of the different churches are kept ringing throughout the day; a gorgeous procession moves through the streets; and the evenings are celebrated by a dis-

play of fireworks, and a general illumination of the whole city. The processions are exceedingly novel, and deserve particular notice. First comes a fine military band, followed by a number of penitents, wearing long black veils, and having their heads surmounted by rude crowns of thorns. After these several loose-robed friars generally succeed. Then follow beautiful little girls, in white gauze dresses: these are prettily decorated with flowers, have wings on their shoulders, and are designed to represent the purity and innocence of the angels.

The Christ comes next, tottering beneath the weight of the heavy cross. Then the Host, over which a splendid canopy is supported: as this passes by, the crowd fall simultaneously on their knees, while the foreigners testify their respect by raising their hats and retiring a few paces.

After this, succeed the soldiers and citizens—the latter bearing on their heads gorgeous images of the saints, on platforms, strewed with flowers.

The procession then closes with a heterogeneous collection of pretty Indian maids, clothed in their richest finery, and wearing massive chains of gold around their necks; fruit and confectionery venders, and a host of naked children, running about with the greatest freedom and delight!

Among the chief edifices of the city are the custom-house, the president's palace, the arsenal and the cathedral—the latter being the longest building of its kind in the empire. It has two steeples, and a musical chime of bells, which may be heard ringing at almost all hours of the day. The churches of Para, as well as most other principal buildings in the city, are constructed of solid stone. The former are large, and are named after the different saints. They are all handsomely ornamented with images and pictures, and have numerous altars of curious formation, constructed of stone, and skillfully carved.

The inhabitants of Para are of three general kinds—the whites, blacks, and Indians. Owing, however, to the promiscuous mingling together of all classes, a variety of strange intermixtures occur; so much so, that one sees as many shades in walking through the streets of the city, as in rambling through an American forest in autumn. Indeed, it is almost impossible to find two persons of exactly

the same shade of complexion. This singular fact may be traced to the gross licentiousness and ignorance of the people, and the disregard which they manifest for the sacred institution of matrimony.

According to the law of the land, every one who is not a priest must perform military duty. Consequently, (as may be supposed,) the number of priests or *padres* is enormous! The reader would doubtless like to know how all these pious hypocrites earn a livelihood. They do so principally by consecrating small stones, shells, and other baubles, and selling them to the superstitious natives, as sovereign charms against the influence of physical maladies and evil spirits. Sometimes ten or fifteen of these *holy trifles* may be seen suspended from the neck of one individual. So wonderful, too, is the credulity of the natives, that even should they be attacked by one of the very diseases for which one of their "charms" is a pretended antidote, their belief in its efficacy would in no wise be diminished, but they would rather consider the malady as a merited punishment brought upon themselves for their lack of faith.

The first excursion that Mr. Edwards made from the city, was to the American rice mills at Maguary. These are situated on the bank of a small stream, in the depth of the forest, about twelve miles from Para. A small vessel is kept constantly plying between the city and the mills, engaged in the transportation of rice. There is also a path leading through the forest, from three to four feet in width, so completely arched by the boughs of overhanging trees, as to be almost precluded from the light of the sun. Throughout this sylvan avenue the deepest solitude prevails, interrupted only by the notes of noisy birds, or the garrulous chattering of frolicksome monkeys.

Mr. Edwards and his companions, it seems, did not take the forest route, but embarked one delightful afternoon in a small canoe, preferring to make the journey by water. So extremely slow was their progress, that when evening arrived they were still some distance from the mills, and were obliged to anchor near the mouth of a lovely stream, where they passed the night. Says Mr. E. :—

"The stream, where we anchored, was narrow; tall trees drooped over the water,

or mangroves shot out their long finger-like branches into the mud below. Huge bats were skimming past; night birds were calling in strange voices from the tree-tops; fire-flies darted their mimic lightnings; fishes leaped above the surface, flashing in the starlight; the deep, sonorous baying of frogs came up from distant marshes, and loud plashings in shore suggested all sorts of nocturnal monsters. 'Twas our first night upon the water, and we enjoyed the scene, in silence, long after our boatmen had ceased their song; until nature's wants were too much for our withstanding, and we sank upon the hard floor, to dream of scenes far different."

At eight o'clock on the following morning, our traveler arrived at the mills, and was just in time to partake of a breakfast of a piscatory character. The fish, however, was so remarkable for the cohesive attraction of its parts, that mastication was entirely out of the question.

The principal mill was a large antique-looking building of solid stone, and the scenery surrounding it was exceedingly wild and beautiful. In front of the building ran the small stream, completely embowered with overhanging shrubbery. Beyond this, the dark and gloomy forest rose in solemn and inspiring grandeur. In the rear of the mills, at the distance of a hundred rods or more, the silvery waters of a miniature lake glistened among the trees. A low meadow intervened, covered with low bushes, a tall coconut lifting its feathery head here and there above the foliage. The whole scene was bounded by a dense wilderness, from out whose recesses the nocturnal cries of night birds and prowling animals nightly fell upon the listening ear. A more sequestered and lonely, yet charming and interesting spot, for the lover of nature, or the votary of sporting pleasure, cannot be found than Maguary. It is a little hidden paradise, which has been discovered by but few.

The forest, adjacent to the mills, is rich beyond description. In fact, it is utterly impossible for any one to form an adequate conception of the gorgeousness of the Brazilian wildwoods, who has not himself wandered through their inviting shades. Every tree is an object of interest—so curious in form, and different from those which adorn our own native woods; so towering too—blooming with fragrant parasites, and girded with creeping vines, which find their way up into

the topmost branches, and fall down again in gay festoons, hanging in mid air, and blooming with flowers of every hue. Alluding to the animation which always pervades these evergreen solitudes, Mr. E. prettily remarks:—

"Monkeys are frolicking through festooned bowers, or chasing in revelry through wood arches. Squirrels scamper in ecstasy from limb to limb, unable to contain themselves for joyousness. Coatis are gamboling among the fallen leaves, or vieing with monkeys in nimble climbing. Pacus and agoutis chase wildly about, ready to scud away at the least noise. The sloth, enlivened by the general inspiration, climbs more rapidly over the branches, and seeks a spot, where, in quiet and repose, he may rest him. The exquisite tiny deer, scarcely larger than a lamb, snuffs exultingly the air, and bounds fearlessly, knowing that he has no enemy here."

Bright and beautiful birds also inhabit this sylvan paradise. Flocks of noisy parrots may be heard chattering on the tops of the loftiest trees—yellow and white-breasted toucans may be seen, with their prodigious beaks, perched on the upper branches, and crying Tucano, Tucano, with human-like accent. Gay-crowned manakins, superb-plumaged chatterers, and pheasants of a dozen varieties, fly amid the foliage, while the atmosphere itself is alive with dazzling humming-birds, butterflies of extraordinary size and splendor, and myriads of shining bugs, "glittering as with the light of gems."

Snakes, although not very abundant, are occasionally seen of a gigantic size in the vicinity of the mills. Mr. E. alludes to one, (which by the way was encountered by the writer of this article,) who, having been surprised, disgorged himself, in his fright, of an immense muscovy duck. The serpent was of the amphibious kind, and appeared to be from twenty to twenty-five feet in length.

The scarcity of flies in the forest, is amply compensated by the extraordinary number of ants, which may be seen moving over the surface of the ground in endless files, and animating the leaves of every tree. Sometimes a flourishing plantation is thoroughly divested of its foliage in a few weeks by these destructive insects. Indeed, I have myself seen a large and beautiful orange tree, one day blooming in the richest luxuriance, the next, entirely stripped of its verdure—leafless and bare! Not unfrequently,

persons living in the country are literally driven out of their houses by these insects. At the expiration of a week or two, having cleared the house of every species of vermin, the ants take their leave, much to the joy and satisfaction of its proprietors. But these are not the extent of their depredations: they sometimes insinuate themselves in such incredible numbers into the *tipa* walls of the building, that they become at last undermined, and fall for want of support to the ground.

When engaged in stripping a tree, they act with the greatest unity and system. A regular file of ants may be seen marching up in perfect order on one side of the trunk, while another file is descending on the opposite side, each one of the insects bearing a piece of a leaf as large as a sixpence in his mouth; while a number of others are located up amid the branches, busily employed in cutting off the leaves with their teeth.

Bats, too, are numerous, not only at the mills, but in fact in every part of the province. Among the different species is the giant vampire, so well known for the deadliness of its bite. It has been fabulously stated by various travelers, that this animal lulls its unconscious victim into the deepest repose by the fanning of its wings, while it is extracting the life-blood from his veins. All this is fable. No case has ever occurred at Para of any person having sustained any serious injury from their bite, although numbers of unsuspecting sleepers have been "phlebotomized" in their big toes by them.

Two or three miles below the mills is a little settlement, called very appropriately "*Larangeira*" or "orange grove." It is composed of about a dozen or more leaf-covered habitations, and is very prettily situated on a rising bank of the stream. This place abounds in flourishing orange trees, which are noted for the deliciousness of their golden-colored fruit. Here are stationed an "old commandante" and a few beggarly troops, for the better security of this part of the province. The old fellow was at least sixty years of age, yet at the period of our departure, he had a lovely wife, with jet-black eyes and raven hair, whose senior he must have been by nearly forty-five years.

It was on a glorious morning that Mr. E. took his final departure from Maguary. Passing through the forest, says he—

"We collected specimens of a great variety of ferns, calandrias, telanzias and *maxillarias*, and observed many rich flowers, of which we did not know the names. But we did recognize a passion flower, with its stars of crimson, as it wound around a small tree, and mingled its beauties with the overshadowing leaves."

Our traveler made his next visit to Caripe. This is a neglected estate, situated on a small island, about thirty miles from Para. He embarked with his companions at midnight, in a small canoe, manned by two stout negroes. Through the quiet hours of night they slowly proceeded on their noiseless journey; and when the bright sunlight again illumined the emerald foliage around them, they were still several miles distant from Caripe. But we will give the reader Mr. Edwards's own pretty description:—

"Morning dawned, and we were winding in a narrow channel, among the loveliest islands that eye ever rested on. They sat upon the water like living things; their green drapery dipping beneath the surface, and entirely concealing the shore. Upon the mainland, we had seen huge forests, that much resembled those of the north magnified; but here, all was different, and our preconceptions of a forest in the tropics were more than realized. Vast numbers of palms shot up their tall stems, and threw out their coronal beauties in a profusion of fantastic forms. Sometimes the long leaves assumed the shape of a feather-encircled crest, at others, of an opened fan; now, long and broad, they drooped languidly in the sunlight; and again, like ribbon streamers, they were floating upon every breath of air. Some of these palms were in blossom, the tall sprigs of yellow flowers conspicuous among the leaves; from others depended masses of large fruits, ripening in the sun, or attracting flocks of noisy parrots. At other spots, the palms had disappeared, and the dense foliage of the tree-tops resembled piles of green. Along the shore, creeping vines so overran the whole, as to form an impervious hedge, concealing everything within, and clustering with flowers."

Caripe is a beautiful place, but exceeding wild and lonely. It commands a fine view of the river in front, it being ten miles across to the next intervening island. Fish are caught here abundantly by the natives, in a very simple manner. The water in the streams rises and falls with the river, and some of them are left almost entirely dry by the ebbing



tide. The Indians take advantage of this circumstance in the following curious manner: having constructed a simple apparatus of long reeds, from six to eight feet in length, and matted together by thongs of grass, they stretch it across the mouth of one of the streams at high tide, having taken the caution to secure it properly. The water passes out through the rushes without any difficulty; but alas! all the innocent little fishes are left behind.

Returning to the city, we soon after find our traveler voyaging in a canoe by starlight, to another estate, bearing the name of Tanau. At this place is one of the most extensive pottery establishments in the province. It is located on the brow of a small hill, and the buildings are almost concealed from view by the trees and surrounding shrubbery. This estate is an extremely interesting one on account of its associations, having been laid out many years ago by the unfortunate Jesuits. There are about eighty slaves stationed here, engaged either in cultivating the plantation, or in working in the kiln. During the heat of the day they are not obliged to perform any severe labor, but are kept busily employed at both morning and evening.

Among the many vegetable productions of this place, may be named the castania or Brazil nut. This delicious fruit grows on very tall trees, and is one of the principal exports of the province. Immense quantities of them are annually brought down from the interior for the purpose of trade.

Shortly after our traveler's return from Tanau, he made an excursion to Vigia, a pretty little village, situated on the Para river, about ten miles from its mouth. As the route by the river was less interesting and somewhat hazardous, Mr. Edwards preferred the inland course, which, although much the longest, is one of the most charming trips that can be taken from the city. How truly delightful must it have been for our adventurer—sailing down those lovely embowered streamlets—winding among the little islands—listening by starlight to the sweet songs of Faustino, or to his legendary stories, so romantic and wild. Oh, it must have been blissful indeed! Throughout the day Mr. Edwards amused himself in firing at the monkeys gamboling among the trees, or in shooting the various birds which he saw running among the mangroves along the shore.

The mangroves, with which many of the Para streams are skirted, constitute certainly a very interesting feature. These curious trees are low and have a main stem, from which numbers of others radiate in every direction, taking root in the mud. They subserve a useful purpose, in binding together the soil, and increasing the body of the island, by catching and adding to it all manner of drift. Says Mr. E.:—

“Indeed, whole islands are thus formed; and within the memory of residents, an island of considerable size has sprung up within sight of the city of Para. In a similar way, the thousands of islands that dot the whole Amazon have been formed.”

Arriving at Vigia, our canoe voyagers anchored for the night, and in the morning crossed over to the Roscenia of Senhor Godinho, to whom they had letters of introduction. Here they were well received, and treated with that cordiality and hospitality for which southern planters are so remarkable. Our friends, it seems, were not very epicurean in their diet while on this plantation, and did not scruple to eat monkeys, iguanas, and other “choice animals,” from which we northerners are forever precluded.

After a pleasing visit of several days, during which time they collected quite a number of new birds and animals, they took leave of Senhor Godinho, and returned to the city, where they began to make immediate preparations for ascending the Amazon.

In order that they might enjoy perfect independence, and have the power of stopping wherever they pleased, they purchased a river craft for their own accommodation.

The boat was of singular construction, being thirty feet in length, with a round curved bottom, entirely destitute of a keel. The cabin was in the after part, and provided with lockers for provisions, and berths for sleeping. The greatest width of the boat was seven feet. The forward part of the craft was appropriated to the luggage, over which was a matting covering, of a semi-circular form. On either side of this the deck extended out for a foot or more, on which the Indians sat while engaged in paddling. The boat was moreover furnished with a small square sail.

Having procured the requisite passports, our adventurers started one fair

May morning on their interesting voyage up the river. When opposite Caripe, the Galliot sprang a leak, and was in danger of being swamped. In order to repair damages, it was found necessary to take out all the cargo, which of course subjected them to considerable trouble and delay.

In three days, all damage having been repaired, they hoisted their new big sail, and away sped the little Galliot from the quiet waters of Caripe.

On account of the strength of the current and the changes of the tide, their progress was exceedingly slow. Besides, they were generally obliged to anchor during the night, whatever might be the state of the tide, on account of the great number of small islands, which rendered the navigation quite dangerous.

In a few days they crossed the mouth of the river Tocantius, one of the grandest of the Amazon branches. This river is navigable for an immense distance, and has a number of flourishing settlements on its banks. It takes its rise in a mineral district, remarkable for its precious stones and wild mountain scenery. The principal town on its banks is Cameta, a village containing near twenty-five hundred inhabitants.

By way of amusement and variety, Mr. Edwards and his companions frequently went ashore on the different islands, in quest of game, and many were the bright-plumaged birds which they killed on these sporting occasions. In their rambles on shore they often witnessed interesting pictures of Indian life—a group of natives, seated around a blazing fire and roasting fish in the flame; others lounging in their hammocks, suspended between a couple of slender palms, or roving about with their guns in search of feathered prey.

*Braves* was the name of the first town where our travelers landed. This place has few attractions, being composed of a scanty number of mud houses, thatched with a species of palm. The scenery around is beautiful, and the forest is well supplied with India-rubber trees. In front of a certain store, they saw a number of "leisurely gentlemen" engaged in rolling balls at a single pin; at another place, they observed some natives occupied in painting plates and small pans of white clay, the workmanship of which was very commendable.

Continuing their course up the river, they wound around innumerable small

islands, covered entirely with flourishing groves of palms. Of these remarkable trees, more than a hundred kinds are known to exist in Brazil. Besides these, our voyagers occasionally saw groups of *seringa* trees, near which were located the leaf-covered dwellings of the "gum collectors."

Entering one of the direct channels of the Amazon, called the Tapajana, they were serenaded by troops of guaribas or howling monkeys, whose voices, horrific beyond description, Mr. E. graphically likens to "the roaring of mad bulls and the squealing of mad pigs" mingled together.

One evening they surprised a flock of macaws, who were roosting among the trees. Flying quickly from their place of concealment, they circled in large numbers over the heads of our adventurers. They were immediately saluted by a simultaneous discharge of fire-arms from the boat, which brought down one of their number in a dilapidated condition to the ground. He proved to be one of the blue and yellow variety.

On the 6th of June, the Galliot was opposite the village of Garupa. This is a place of but little importance at present, containing but a few hundred inhabitants, and having but a trifling trade. The town itself is pleasantly situated, on a small eminence, and is fronted by a pretty little island, called the "Isle of Paroquets."

Soon after passing Garupa, our travelers crossed the mouth of the Xingu, a large river, almost equal to the Tocantius in length. On its banks are a number of Indian settlements, which derive their support chiefly from the India-rubber they manufacture, it being considered the best in the province. The scenery, although mountainous, is singularly beautiful.

Among the many annoyances to which our friends were subjected in ascending the river, those which they experienced from the multiplicity of biting insects were decidedly the most perplexing and disagreeable. Above the Xingu, mosquitoes are wonderfully numerous, and are exceedingly vindictive and blood-thirsty in their dispositions—indeed, they are a serious drawback to the pleasures of voyaging on the Amazon.

In traveling in the wilds of Brazil, one has to accustom himself to eat every kind of food, and witness many singular epicurean spectacles. Says Mr. E.:—

"Our macaws, fricasseed with rice, made a very respectable meal; but what then, many a more reputable fowl has that disadvantage. The Indians shot a small monkey, and before life was out of him, threw him upon the fire. Scarcely warmed through, he was torn in pieces, and devoured with a sort of cannibal greediness, that made one shudder."

On the 11th, the *Galliota* sailed by the little town of *Pryinha*, situated upon the northern shore. The land was here low and swampy, and covered with a forest of extraordinary magnificence. The palm trees were to be seen no longer; but in their stead, tall mullato, mangahira and cotton trees were abundant, giving a peculiar character to the woody landscape. The former is one of the handsomest of Brazilian trees. It is very lofty, and is surmounted with a spreading top, which, at certain seasons of the year, is profusely decorated with clusters of snowy flowerets. It derives its name from the yellow color of its bark. The most valuable tree, however, which grows on the Amazon, is the cedar. This is very abundant on the *Jupura*, one of the upper branches, and is frequently found floating in immense quantities in the river. Had the inhabitants of *Para* one third the enterprise of the "Yankees," rafting on the Amazon might be made extremely profitable.

On the 12th, the town of *Monte Alegre* was in sight. This place is particularly noted for its manufacture of *cuyas* or painted gourds, some of which are quite handsome, both in form and coloring. The surrounding scenery is diversified and beautiful, and the banks of the river are overhung with thick clustering vines, gaily decorated with flowers of pink and blue. Within a short distance of the town, a tall peak lifts up its green-mantled head, constituting a prominent landmark for many miles around. Near this place the river makes a bold curve, and expands to a width of from fifteen to twenty miles. The land on the southern shore is high.

On the 14th, our friends made a halt at a cocoa plantation, where they witnessed the following dramatic scene. Says Mr. E. :—

"While here, a montaria arrived, containing a sour-looking old fellow, and a young girl seated between two slaves. She had eloped from some town above with her lover, and her father had over-

taken her at *Monte Alegre*, and was now conveying her home. She was very beautiful, and her expression was so touchingly disconsolate, that we were half tempted to consider ourselves six centuries in the past, toss the old gentleman into the river, and cry, *St. Denis to the rescue!* Poor girl! she had reason enough for sadness, as she thought of her unpleasant widowhood, and of the merciless cowhide in waiting for her at home. Some one asked her if she would like to go with us. Her eyes glistened an instant, but the thought of her father so near soon dimmed them with tears."

On the 15th, the *Galliota* arrived at *Santarem*. With the exception of the city of *Para*, this is the largest town in the province. It is situated on the banks of the *Tapajos* or *Reto* river, and commands an extensive trade with the interior. The population of the town is near four thousand.

The scenery of the *Tapajos* is extremely picturesque and beautiful. About two hundred and fifty miles above, the mountains lift up their towering peaks in majesty to the sky. Near here, the mineral region commences, which is not only remarkable for its precious stones, but also for its rare animals, richly plumaged birds, and splendid flowers. A little farther up is an Indian settlement, where large numbers of feather-embroidered dresses and hammocks are annually manufactured and brought down to *Para* for sale.

Getting once more under weigh, the *Galliota* pursued its course up the Amazon. This mighty river gradually narrowed, as our adventurers proceeded onward. Previous to their arrival at *Santarem*, it had averaged from eight to ten, and sometimes fifteen miles. Between this town and *Para* it has been estimated that there are more than twelve hundred islands, none of them very small, and all covered with the richest verdure. The distance is about six hundred miles.

The country immediately above *Santarem* abounds in groves of cocoa trees. These are low, being seldom above fifteen feet in height. The tops of the trees become so matted together, that the grove itself looks like an immense *banyan*, being one dense mass of rich and clustering foliage.

On the 19th, our travelers landed at *Obidos*. This is a place of considerable trade, and contains upwards of a thousand inhabitants. The river is here contracted

in width to a mile and a half. Through this narrow space the waters boil and dash furiously like those of a whirlpool. The position of the place is indicated by two high hills, which stand like faithful sentinels continually watching over it.

On the 23d, the Galliota sped quickly by the lofty bluff, which rises in its solitary and imposing magnificence, a distinguishing monument between the waters of the upper and lower Amazon; marking the district of Para, from that of the Rio Negro.

On the evening of the same day, our friends arrived at Villa Nova, just in time to witness a brilliant illumination and torch-light procession, which was then taking place in the village, in commemoration of St. Juan, one of its patron saints. Succeeding the procession, says Mr. E.,

"Were ingeniously preposterous angels, some overtopped by plumes several feet in length; others winged with a pair of huge appendages, looking like brown paper kites; and others still, in parti-colored gauds, suggestive of scape angels from Pandemonium. Behind these loitered the tag, rag and bobtail, or the black, red and yellow, in the most orthodox Tammany style."

On the 26th, our travelers resumed their journey, keeping ahead of the Galliota in a small montaria, which they had purchased at Villa Nova for sporting purposes. They created sad havoc among the egrets, cranes, and other long-legged birds, which frequented the shores of the small streams and igaripes. Thus they whirled away the days. At night, says Mr. E.,

"It was our custom to gather upon the cabin and while away the hours in singing all the psalms, and hymns, and social songs, that memory could suggest. Old Amazon was never so startled before; and along his banks, the echoes of Old Hundred and Lucy Long may be traveling still."

Stopping at a certain plantation, Mr. Edwards had an opportunity of seeing a large and highly cultivated tobacco field. The Rio Negro tobacco is considered superior to any raised in the United States, being quite mild and of a pleasant flavor. It is put up in long rolls, and is wound with rubber, to protect it from the influence of the weather. Every one smokes in Brazil—both men, women and children; and it is not an uncommon spectacle to see a boy of six or seven years

of age, lolling as complacently in his hammock as an old Turk, and luxuriating in the fumes of a formidable pipe.

At Serpa our travelers witnessed a singular Indian dance. The men were dressed in shirts and pantaloons, and the maidens clad in white gowns, prettily decorated with gay-colored ribbons and flowers. The music on this occasion consisted of a one-sticked drum and wire-stringed guitar, which undoubtedly chordeed most mellifluously together. The dance was a kind of "cheat," in which the men were coquetted most wickedly by the heartless damsels, who skipped about in a manner most difficult to be conceived. To add to the ridiculousness of the scene, all parties kept time with the music by a spasmodic snapping of fingers and loud shuffling of feet on the floor, as they rapidly approached and receded from each other.

The dancing was kept up as long as the liquor lasted, when all who were able went away to their several homes, leaving their inebriated comrades, who lay stretched out on the floor, to recover their equilibrium *at leisure*.

Drawing near the Barra of the Rio Negro, our travelers noticed that the water of the river became gradually darker and darker in color. Finally it appeared intensely black, yet still clear and limpid; the rippling wavelets sparkling in the sunlight, like crystal gems! On either side, towering bluffs, covered with luxuriant verdure, rose in imposing beauty, while green gulfs, festooned with flowering vines, lay between, giving a character of exceeding richness and variety to the enchanting landscape.

At last, on the evening of the fifteenth day, our adventurers arrived at the Barra, having accomplished a voyage of near twelve hundred miles. This was the termination of their interesting journey. Having taken a house, they prepared for a stay of several weeks on shore.

Barra is the chief town of the Rio Negro district; but aside from the barracks and the house of the Assembly, there are no buildings here deserving of notice; and even these are but miserable structures.

The scenery has much interest and beauty. The river in front stretches out like a lake, while a glistening stream, embowered with verdure, circles around the upper portion of the town. As far as the eye can reach, the gorgeous forest extends, looking like one vast sea of foli-



age, as it rises and falls with the gentle undulations of the land. On the bank of the river stands an old ruin, which in its better days was used as a kind of fortification, but which is now so overgrown with moss and clambering vines, as to be hardly distinguished from the surrounding foliage. Says Mr. E.:—

"Here the secluded inhabitants live, scarcely knowing of the rest of the world, and as oblivious of outward vanities as our Dutch ancestors, who in by-gone centuries vegetated upon the banks of the Hudson. Here is no rumbling of carts, or trampling of horses. Serenity, as of a Sabbath morning, reigns perpetual, broken only by the rub-a-dub of the evening patrol, or by the sweet, wild strains from some distant cottage, where the Indian girls are dancing to the music of their own voices."

How pleasantly did the days glide by at Barra! The mornings were probably spent in wandering in the forest, in quest of natural specimens,—bright-winged birds, shining insects and curious shells! The evenings, too, were not without their amusements. Roving carelessly about the town by starlight—swinging in their comfortable hammocks—mingling in the dances of the natives—inhaling the fumes of a soothing cigar or wreathing circles of smoke from long Indian pipes—listening to the sweet tinkling of a merry guitar—and chatting familiarly with the pretty damsels, who haunt these wild woods with their beauty and their song, were the chief delights of our romantic adventurers while at Barra. Oh, most enviable William! do you not wish that you were back once more?

The birds of Barra are of numberless varieties and of the most exquisite plumage. All day long may be heard the boisterous cries of parrots and jays, while occasionally the plaintive notes of the solitary troquis fall upon the ear. Manakins, with glowing crests, flit from bush to bush; fly-catchers flutter in the air, and motmots and curious pigeons sit silently on the branches, almost concealed from view by the clustering leaves. But the most splendid of all the forest birds, are the chatterers. These birds in size are somewhat smaller than a robin, and their colors are white, crimson, purple and ultramarine blue, strikingly blended together in the different species.

Within two or three miles of Barra is

a small waterfall, having a descent of about twelve feet. Advantage has been taken of this by the construction of a saw-mill just below. During the rainy season, the water of the river is so high, that the fall is hardly perceptible—consequently, it is then impossible to work the mill. Both seasons, however, have their peculiar advantages. While the water is low, (which is the case throughout the dry season,) the mill is kept in constant operation; and when it is high, sufficient employment is afforded in floating down logs from above.

Mr. Edwards is quite eulogistic concerning the delicious water of the Rio Negro, which he declares, for bathing purposes, to be superior to any with which he is acquainted. It produces a pleasant exhilaration, such as those only are able to appreciate, who have themselves bathed in it, or in the waters of a mineral spring.

The people generally are very cleanly, and bathe regularly every day. Says Mr. E.:—

"The women were usually in before sunrise; and we never saw, as some have asserted in the case, both sexes promiscuously in the water."

This may be the case at Rio Negro, but we ourselves have frequently seen both sexes bathing together, not only in the remote islands which we visited, but even in the public wharves of the city. This we assert to be a *positive fact*.

Here is a passage from Mr. Edwards's book, which shows, after all, that there is but little more modesty at Barra, than at Para and other places of which we might speak. Referring to a certain bathing scene, he says:—

"While the gentlemen were in the water, the ladies upon the bank were applauding, criticising and comparing styles, for there were almost as many nations of us, as individuals; and when, in *their turn*, they darted through the water, or dove, like streaks of light, to the very bottom, they were in no wise distressed that we scrupled not at the same privilege. They were all practiced and graceful swimmers, but the Senhora particularly, (referring to the wife of Senhor Henriquez,) as she rose, with her long hair, long enough to sweep the ground when walking, enshrouding her in its silken folds, might have been taken for the living new world Venus."

The Rio Negro country abounds in a variety of beautiful and valuable cabinet woods. Here is found the prettily mottled "turtle wood," resembling mahogany in appearance, and the delicate satin wood, so remarkable for its lustre and susceptibility of polish; also, the pau santo or sacred wood, excellent cedar, and many kinds of superior timber. A company, formed of active and energetic men, who thoroughly understand the practical part of their vocation, might do an extensive and profitable lumbering business, by establishing themselves at some convenient settlement on the Amazon. The expense of the enterprise would be but trifling, and there would be but little probability of failure, provided the individuals were duly qualified for the undertaking. The wood might be floated down the current on rafts to Para, and from thence exported to the United States at very little cost. Who'll go?

The productions of the district are exceedingly valuable, and of many kinds. Balsam copaiva is floated down in hollow logs, in large quantities, to Barra. Sarsaparilla bushes grow so plentifully on the banks of some of the streams, as to affect the water which bathes their roots. Vanilla grows spontaneously in the forest, and by a little cultivation, might be made a very valuable product. Tonga beans are also exported from here, as well as indigo and rubber.

A brief notice of some of the principal towns and rivers above Barra may not prove uninteresting to the reader.

The first town worthy of notice is Ega. This place contains about a thousand inhabitants, and is situated near three hundred miles above Barra. It is located on the banks of a river of clear water, which is navigable for several hundred miles.

The Japura is a large river, which takes its rise among the mountains of New Grenada, and flows into the Amazon from the north. During the prevalence of the rains, this is a mighty stream, with a powerful current and broad channel. It is filled with myriads of small islands, and abounds in shoals and sandbars, which being uncovered during the dry season, render navigation impracticable. This river forms the boundary line between the Spanish and Brazilian provinces, and is said to have a communication with the Rio Negro. The banks of this river are very little settled by the whites.

About a hundred miles above Ega, is situated a small village called Fonteboa. A number of rivers flow into the Amazon in its vicinity, which (Mr. E. states) are very incorrectly laid down on the maps.

The most remote town on the Amazon is Tabatinga, a small place, having but a few hundred inhabitants. It is near eighteen hundred miles from the city of Para. This is the termination of the Brazilian territory.

The tributaries of the Rio Negro are said to be at least forty in number, most of which have been settled upon by the whites. At forty days' journey from Barra, is the stream which connects the Rio Negro with the Orinoco. It is called by the natives the "Casiquiari." By means of this, an inland communication exists between Angostura and Para.

On the 28th of July, our adventurers started from Barra on their homeward voyage down the Amazon. Being bearers of his Majesty's mail, they were treated with considerable attention at the different places at which they stopped. Mr. E. speaks of the mail as an important acquisition, and advises all travelers on the Amazon to seek the office of carrier, as it affords one many advantages.

Early on the morning of the 30th, the Galliota arrived at Serpa. Here they anchored for the purpose of obtaining additional men; but it was found that with the exception of one petty officer and a few ragged soldiers, that all the other men were absent from the place. This being the case, Senhora Jochin offered to enlist a number of women in their stead; but this proposition, says Mr. E., was too dreadful to be thought of for a moment.

At Villa Nova our friends spent a week, during which time they paid their respects to the commandante; took a peep at the village school; visited a beautiful lake, and shot several handsome birds; witnessed the process of constructing a river craft of the largest size; feasted on tomatoes for the first time since their arrival in Brazil; and finally, procured a number of Indians of the tribe of the Gentios, to officiate in the capacity of sailors.

Stopping at Santarem, they breakfasted on beef, which is here of excellent quality. Before leaving this place, they procured an addition to their live stock, in the shape of two parrots and a sun bird. As soon as it was discovered that the latter was a passionate lover of cockroaches

and flies, it became quite a popular pastime among the crew, to put this feathered biped into one of the lockers and then stir up the game; which, says Mr. Edwards, "we had no difficulty in finding, nor he in catching."

Being now assisted by a powerful current, the Galliot glided on with increasing rapidity. Occasionally they verged into small streams, for the purposes of safety and repose, and shortening the voyage by a directer line. Here is a sketch in point, which the reader will agree with us in pronouncing very pleasing, both in word and sentiment:—

"Towards night we left the Amazon for a narrow passage, which led into the river Xingu; and for several hours, our course was in the clear waters of that river, among islands of small size and surpassing beauty. Just at sunset, as we were proceeding silently, there came floating over the water, the rich, flute-like notes of some evening bird. It was exactly the song of the wood-thrush, so favorite a bird at the north; and every intonation came freighted with memories of home, of dear ones, far, far away. Even the Indians seemed struck with an unusual interest, and rested upon their paddles to listen. We never had heard it before; and so strangely in unison was the melody with the hour and the scene, that it might well have seemed to them, the voice of the *spirit* bird."

Sailing noiselessly and quickly down the current of the mightiest of rivers, the Galliot was now drawing near the end of its long and adventurous journey. At last, on the morning of the 25th, the tall steeples of Para were seen looming up in the distance. On approaching the land, the sound of music and the ringing of bells fell upon the ear; a number of friends were waiting on shore; a motley crowd were assembled also to hear the news from the interior; and our happy travelers, eager to rejoin their friends and revisit old scenes, felt as if they were at home once more!

A few weeks after, we find Mr. E. seeking fresh adventure on the island of Marajo. This island is about one hundred and twenty miles in length, and from forty to eighty in breadth. It is a perfect little paradise in itself, and has been called by the natives "The Isle of Flowers."

A considerable portion of Marajo is composed of vast meadows, covered with low bushes and a kind of coarse grass. The remaining part is wooded

with a dense and magnificent forest, abounding in many splendid flowers, beautiful birds and delicious fruits, which are not to be found elsewhere. The atmosphere is salubrious, and fragrant with the aroma of the sweetest flowers. Marajo is greatly celebrated for the abundance and quality of its wild cattle. There are several estates on the island, at each of which a certain number of slaves are kept constantly employed in catching the cattle and sending them to the Para market. The proprietors of these different estates derive an immense revenue from the business, and keep a number of good-sized vessels continually engaged in transporting the cattle from the island.

"Jungal" was the name given to the estate at which Mr. E. and his companions remained while on Marajo. Here are about a dozen leaf-thatched habitations, in which the blacks and Indians reside. A few tall trees throw their long shadows over them. To the right the landscape is bounded by a dark forest; in front, a winding stream runs quickly along the borders of an impenetrable thicket of bushes and gigantic shrubs, while away off to the left, the boundless meadow extends, dotted here and there with groves of palms, waving their feathery branches in the fragrant breeze.

Wild horses, as well as cattle, are often captured at Jungal. Sometimes they are caught with the lasso; at other times a herd of them is surrounded and then driven into pens constructed especially for the purpose. As many as are wished are then chosen, and the rest are turned again at large. It has been conjectured that there are at least half a million of wild cattle on Marajo. Jungal alone possesses thirty thousand, all of which have been branded and are marked in a peculiar manner.

"Oncas" and jaguars are frequently encountered in the forest, and monkeys and other small animals are exceedingly numerous. Alligators, too, of huge dimensions, are daily seen floating down the stream, looking more like lifeless logs of wood, than living and ferocious animals. Huge and venomous snakes glide through the shrubbery, and many kinds of pernicious insects fill the air. Yet, in spite of all the hazards and inconveniences to which one is subject on Marajo, life at Jungal is much pleasanter than the stranger would be inclined to suppose.

Hunting and fishing constitute the chief amusements. Alligators are sometimes killed with harpoons, and fierce "oncas" caught with lassos. Not unfrequently the latter is attacked by a single native, armed with an iron-pointed javelin: sharp fighting ensues, but the Indian always comes off victorious!

The roseate spoonbills and scarlet ibis are found abundantly on the grassy campos. The nesting places of the latter are called "rookeries," and are generally situated in the midst of a dense and almost impenetrable thicket, composed of bamboos, canes, and several varieties of bushes and thorny cactus. Mr. E. visited one of these ornithological settlements, and having created sad havoc among its feathered inhabitants, he returned "laden with spoils." A more gorgeous spectacle than a flock of ibis, sailing in mid-air like a crimson cloud, can hardly be conceived.

The days are delightful indeed; but who can adequately portray the exquisite beauty of the moonlight evenings at Jungca! Solemn and inspiring, but beautiful as Eden, appears the scenery around, when illumined by the flickering light of the stars; but when the lovely queen of night arises from her golden couch, and sheds her effulgent rays over the hallowed scene, the landscape is far too enchanting and magnificent for either the pen of the poet, or pencil of the painter, to describe! Swinging in their hammocks under their snug little verandahs, the natives were accustomed to spend their evenings in chatting with each other, telling strange stories, and singing love ditties to the accompaniment of their rude guitars!

Finally our adventurers became satiated with the attractions of Marajo, and returned once more to the city. Shortly after this, they bade a final adieu to Para, and set sail for the United States.

With a few general remarks, we will soon take leave of the reader. No country possesses greater natural advantages or more extensive resources for carrying on an important commerce with all parts of the world, than Brazil. The common people, however, are wonderfully deficient in education and necessary intelligence, and are, consequently, very superstitious and perverse. The government, too, is feeble, and is placed in the hands of men, influenced more by avarice and cupidity than by patriotism and right, and who are sadly lacking in that energy of purpose and unity of action, which are

so absolutely essential in the management of national affairs.

In provincial matters, Para has more license than any of the other provinces, owing probably to the greater distance which it lies from the seat of the general government. The principal officer is called a "presidente," and is appointed by the emperor. Assemblies of deputies are elected at particular seasons by the people, who have power and jurisdiction over most matters of provincial importance. In the imposing of tariffs and some other public measures, they have greater authority than our State governments, but all their acts are referred to Rio de Janeiro for confirmation.

The justices of the peace are also elected by the people, but the district judges receive their appointments from Rio.

Although the province offers tempting inducements to immigrants, yet the legal disabilities to which they are subject, in being precluded from the rights of citizenship, by the stupidity of the government, has prevented many, who were so disposed, from taking advantage of them. Besides, both the import and export duties are so enormously high, that by the former, tools and machinery are almost prohibited, and by the latter, the price paid for labor is rendered so trifling that it acts as a preventive to cultivation.

But we forbear to censure more the government, or notice the counteracting influences of Para, which it is to be hoped time and experience on the part of the rulers, will eventually rectify and amend. Then will commence a brilliant epoch in the history of the country. Educate the people; impose severe penalties on the violation of the law, and see that they are enforced; put restrictions on vice and immorality in all their varied forms; encourage the sacred institution of marriage; hold out rewards to industry and merit; and then, this beautiful province, blessed as it is with a soil of extraordinary fertility, and abounding in commodities of wonderful utility to mankind, will become one of the principal marts of the torrid zone; and the city itself, from the incalculable advantages of its situation, will become an important metropolis, teeming with inhabitants—rich in her public institutions—surrounded by flourishing plantations and smiling gardens—proud of her sons and rejoicing in her daughters—the Queen City of Brazil—the "El Dorado" of the southern continent.



## MACBETH.

THE celebrated William Hunter, while lecturing on the process of digestion, after reviewing the various theories on the subject, is said to have remarked, that, after all, a stomach was a stomach; and that digestion was the result, not of a chemical nor of a mechanical process, but simply of a digestive process: and the still more celebrated John Hunter, in a similar spirit, took the ground, that the phenomena of organic nature were referable to an unexplained and unexplainable principle, called the principle of life. These positions, assuredly, are as much more philosophical as they are less difficult, than the theories they are designed to supersede. There is often more of wisdom in knowing how to stop, than in knowing how to proceed, in our investigations.

Modern science has been more vitiated, perhaps, by attempts to trace all the phenomena of nature up to one principle, and all the phenomena of mind up to one faculty, than by all other causes put together. Metaphysicians, for example, endeavoring to account for all our ideas by the understanding, have ended in materialism. Moralists, undertaking to explain all our moral sentiments by the understanding, have ended in expediency. Theologians, undertaking to teach religion altogether through the understanding, have ended in orthodoxism. Critics, endeavoring to account for our perceptions of beauty by the understanding, have ended in utility. In like manner, naturalists, attempting to explain the phenomena of animal and vegetable life by a common principle, have ended in mechanism. Such are some of the evils resulting to science, from too great a rage for simplification. One of the great faults in modern teaching is, the trying to give and get a knowledge of everything through the understanding. In attempting to teach or to learn through one faculty what is addressed to another faculty, we are in danger of spoiling both the mind studying and the subject studied. The man in whom reverence is not developed, of course finds no sacredness anywhere, because he has no eye to find it with; and all attempts to give him a knowledge of it through the understanding, will but tend to convince him that no such thing exists. The ear alone cannot possibly

distinguish the color of scarlet from the sound of a trumpet; neither can the mere understanding distinguish virtue from utility, nor duty from expediency. By the time we have got the nature of beauty, or virtue, or religion fully explained to the understanding, there ceases to be any such thing as beauty, or virtue, or religion. The fact is, these things all require special developments, and cannot possibly be understood by the same faculty to which political economy is addressed, until they are themselves turned into political economy.

Some persons can see surface and hear noise, but cannot distinguish colors or sounds, and therefore cannot see painting or hear music. We say such people have eyes, but no eye for painting—ears, but no ear for music; that is, they lack the inward senses to which painting and music are respectively addressed. On the same principle some one has said, a taste for Shakspeare involves the development of a special sense; and Wordsworth tells us, “he who feels contempt for any living thing, hath *faculties* which he has never used;” and Coleridge has remarked, that “every great original author, in so far as he is truly original, has to call forth the powers to understand and create the taste to enjoy him;” for his originality lies in the very fact, that he not merely exercises what is already developed, but requires and effects a new development for himself. It is a general truth, indeed, that what we seem to see around us is, in some sense, but a reflection, more or less distinct, of what is within us.

“We can receive but what we give,  
And in our life alone does nature live.”

The rainbow of course spans the heavens in vain for the soul that lacks an eye; the sweetest music is but noise to the soul that has no ear. Without the inward power of love no outward thing has loveliness for us; and of him who has no primrose smiling at his heart, we may truly say,

“The primrose on the river’s brim,  
A yellow primrose is to him,  
And it is nothing more.”

On the other hand, the beauty of crea-

tion shines out in perpetual apocalypse to every soul whose inward springs of beauty have been opened. Thus our outward discoveries naturally correspond to our inward developments; and it is because some people use nothing but their eyes, that they really see so little. Prompted, perhaps, by the dim, half-awakened instincts of their better nature, they are often looking with their eyes into the distant for what the eye can nowhere discover, but what the proper use of their higher faculties would at once disclose in their most immediate vicinity.

Much ingenuity has been displayed by critics, in endeavoring to account for the pleasure we derive from works of art. Now, notwithstanding the various theories on this subject, we are inclined to think, in the spirit of Dr. Hunter's philosophy, that beauty is beauty, virtue is virtue, religion is religion, and art is art; that they are respectively addressed to certain distinct correlative principles within us; and that all attempts to explain our perceptions of them, or our interest in them, by the mere understanding, can only succeed by spoiling them, or by turning them into something else. In other words, the appreciation of works of art, involves the development of special faculties, and cannot be satisfactorily accounted for by the faculties employed in appreciating other objects.

It is universally allowed, that unless a given performance yield the genuine student an overbalance of pleasure, it is not entitled to be called a work of art. All our susceptibilities find pleasure in the attainment of their proper objects. Not that pleasure is the end of the susceptibility, but only an accompaniment inseparable from the attainment of that end; as pleasure springs from the meeting of appetite with its appropriate food, so that, if anything purporting to be food bring no pleasure to the taste, we infer at once that it is no food. The object does not correspond to the appetite, and therefore is not the thing required. In like manner, unless the perception of an alleged work of art bring an overbalance of pleasure, it is not a true work of art. The susceptibility of art does not find in such a work its corresponding object. Here pleasure is not the end of the work, but only a test whether the work be genuine or not; so that the absence of pleasure from its contemplation, invalidates its pretensions.

Again: it is universally allowed that a

work of art, to be genuine, must, when properly studied, produce the illusion of reality. Art, in all its forms, becomes perfect only when and so far as it ceases to seem art. The painting, or music, or statue, which, when rightly viewed, seems to be such, is not genuine, but only a collection of calves, or a succession of sounds, or a block of marble. And yet it is a well-known fact, that in the world of art, many things afford great pleasure, which, in the actual world, would give unmixed pain. The difficulty, then, is that, under the illusion of reality, we enjoy things which, in the actual occurrence, would cause us great distress. To obviate this difficulty, some have tried to account for the interest we take in works of art, by the principle of curiosity. But the truth is, the legitimate interest of such works increases as their novelty wears off, so that they really become more interesting as they cease to excite curiosity. The man who does not enjoy Shakspeare's plays much more the fiftieth time reading than the first, has no right appreciation of them as works of art.

Once more, not only must a work of art, to be genuine, afford an overbalance of pleasure, but it is justifiable in exciting unpleasant emotions only on condition that it afford more pleasure so than would otherwise be practicable. Nay, such a work, by general concession, rises in excellence in proportion as it gives us pleasure in what, if actually seen, would give us pain. The very triumph of art consists in making the representations delightful according as the actual occurrence would be painful. A true work of art, then, it seems to me, affects us neither as the unreal, for then it would not interest us, nor as the actual, for then it might pain us, but simply as the ideal; that is, *as always being, but never occurring*. The illusion of art, therefore, implies neither positive belief, nor positive disbelief, but a simple suspension of both in pure emotion and contemplation; a calm repose of the mind in a sufficient and appropriate object. Perhaps it should be remarked, by the way, that the proper antithesis of the ideal is, not the real, but the actual. The ideal, indeed, is even more real than the actual, inasmuch as the former exists for all times and places, whereas the latter can only have a local and temporary existence. This difference is exemplified and recognized in historical and individual portraits, which a practiced eye readily distinguishes, though it may

never have seen anything resembling either. An individual portrait is not, properly speaking, a work of art, but only a copy from actual life, and interesting only for the sake of the original. But the interest of an ideal or historical portrait is of an altogether different sort, and is as universal as the sense for art, because its original is everywhere, or rather, is simply an idea. In other words, the original of every work of art is in the mind itself; and it is in developing it there, that the work produces its legitimate effect.

A work of art, then, depends, for its appropriate interest, on our susceptibility of the ideal; and to explain that interest by any more general susceptibility, seems just about as unphilosophical, as to explain the process of digestion by chemistry or mechanism. Art, therefore, like virtue and religion, is its own end, and to inquire for its utility, as that word is generally used, were not unlike inquiring for the utility of a God. But the right appreciation of art, as an end, involves the development of a special sense—a sense corresponding neither to the musical nor to the actual, but to the ideal, as before explained. It was probably the want of this sense that caused Macaulay to pronounce poetry a species of madness. He but spoke then, as he frequently speaks, in the spirit of that detestable philosophy, or rather, want of philosophy, which assumes every one to be out of his senses, who takes an interest in anything above or beyond sense. He seems to regard art very much as Iago regards virtue; that is, he values it only as a means; and while he is unwilling to forego its incidental results, the thing itself that produces them seems to him a perfect absurdity. He therefore calls poetry a divine madness, and Iago calls virtue a blessed figs-end; and there is just about as much wisdom, we suspect, in the one expression as in the other.

Such, then, is the best explanation we can give of the fact, that many things which, in the actual world, would pain us, in the world of art please us only because and so far as they produce the illusion of reality. Art does not speak to more general faculties, but calls forth a faculty for itself. The mind thus unfolds a new sense, a new inlet for truth and beauty. On the other hand, to create or reveal an ideal world for the use and occupancy of the soul, is the mission of art. Accordingly we find among all nations, that at a certain stage of culture

art is the spontaneous out-growth of the national mind. If it be said, that on this ground a sense for art is useless, the answer is, it may be useless to us as economists, but not as men; and if it were, the fault would lie with Him who gave you the susceptibility, not with those who develop and exercise it. We have known men who discovered nothing in nature but a collection of physical aptitudes; who valued creation only as a sort of huge spinning-jenny, to twist out fortunes and interests with; and who would sneer at the idea of looking at nature through any other than economical faculties. Of course such men need no special sense to view either nature or art with; the faculties employed in the counting-room or on the plantation, are all they have any use for; the only question with them in regard to any spot of nature is, whether it will produce any corn?—just as though nature was made for nothing but a corn-field. Undoubtedly such men have stomachs: whether they have any souls, is another question. Religion, too, like art, or like nature, as a means, is useful to us as economists, and, in this view, of course requires no special development. But as an ultimate and paramount good, she is infinitely useful to us as men; and in this sense she has to unfold the faculties by which she is known and received, and to awaken the aspirations of which she is the object. As a system of means to self-love, she may be known well enough by the calculative faculties; but as an end she can be truly known only by the eye, that is, prefigured to the light of her countenance; and she must first touch and open that eye for us, before she can engage the interest which her nature claims. It is enough, therefore, that art, like religion, though by no means in the same degree, multiplies the aims and objects of our spiritual being; that if it does not help us to get rich faster, it helps to raise us above riches; and that, by giving us nobler loves and nobler cares, it tends to "win us from the gross delights of sense and life's unspiritual pleasures daily wooed." Religion and art do not merely feed, but develop us; not merely give us wealth, but give us soul to enjoy it; not merely improve our condition as economists, but quicken, unfold, and perfect our nature as men. With them, and with a proper sense for them as ends, we not only have more, but are more; not only possess other

things, but become other things, than without them: for the irreligious man is, in reality, but half a man, and the poorer half at that; all the better elements of his nature being dead or dormant within him.

After all, however, we throw out these remarks rather as suggestions than as settled convictions; and whatever may be their demerits, we are sure they have not the demerit of originality. Our object in raising the question was not so much to give a theoretical solution of it, as to call attention to the most astonishing practical solution of it in existence. We were led into the discussion, by some striking peculiarities in the tragedy of *Macbeth*, and by Mrs. Siddons's account of her feelings on studying this wonderful performance for stage representation. This remarkable woman informs us, that "she went on with tolerable composure, in the silence of the night, until she came to the assassination scene; when the horrors of the scene rose to such a pitch, as made it impossible for her to proceed. Snatching up the candle, she rushed out of the room in a paroxysm of terror. The rustling of her silk dress, as she ascended the stairs, seemed to her panic-struck fancy the movements of a spectre pursuing her. Finding her husband fast asleep, she had no refuge but to throw herself immediately upon the bed, without stopping to put out the light or lay off her clothes."

Now, as some one has remarked, if such were the legitimate effect of this tragedy, as a work of art it would obviously be worthless. From the intensity with which Mrs. Siddons studied a particular scene to the exclusion of the rest, her impression became exaggerated from that of an ideal picture into that of an actual occurrence; illusion passed into delusion; she came to regard it as a matter of fact, not as a work of art; and of course an agony of terror was the result. We probably need not say, that *Macbeth* does not naturally affect us so; if it did, we could not endure to read it. The moment we translate it from ideal into actual, it becomes an insupportable accumulation of horrors. And perhaps it is only by comparing its effects as a matter of fact and as a work of art, that we can fully realize what a triumph of skill it involves.

In its general features *Macbeth* is exactly the reverse of *Hamlet*; the former being as replete with action as the latter is with thought. By preternatural aid an

indomitable lust of power is suddenly enfranchised into "ample room and verge enough the characters of hell to trace." Wicked purposes literally explode into performance; murders, begotten of lawless ambition, are hatched full-grown; while the fires of remorse seem blown into postponement by the very rapidity with which successive designs rush into act. How such a terrific, such a fearfully magnificent succession of incantations, and assassinations, and apparitions, and retributions could be moulded into a work of art without defeating the purpose of such a work, is more than we can tell: we can only point to the fact. What, in other hands, had probably turned out a mere heaping of horrors upon horrors' head, has here, by some strange potency, been made the most magnificent cluster of terrible graces that ever imagination conceived. It is probably this fact that has secured to *Macbeth* that precedence over all other dramas, which critics have generally accorded to it; for, in respect of character, it is below several of Shakespeare's plays in quantity if not in quality.

The Weird Sisters are the creatures, not of any pre-existing superstition, but purely of Shakespeare's own mind. They are altogether unlike anything else that art or superstition ever invented. The old witches of northern mythology would not have answered the poet's purpose. Those could only act upon men—these act within them; those oppose themselves against human will—these identify themselves with it; those could inflict injury—these inflict guilt; those could work men's physical ruin—these win men to work their own spiritual ruin. *Macbeth* cannot resist them, because they take from him the very will and spirit of resistance. Their power takes hold on him like a fascination of hell: it seems as terrible and as inevitable as that of original sin; insuring the commission of crime, not as a matter of necessity, for then it would be no crime, but simply as a matter of fact. In using them Shakespeare but borrowed the drapery of pre-existing superstition to secure faith in an entirely new creation. Without doing violence to the laws of human belief, he was thus enabled to enlist the services of old credulity in favor of agents as instruments suited to his peculiar purpose.

The Weird Sisters are a combination of the terrible and the grotesque, and hold the mind in suspense between laughter and fear. Resembling old



women, save that they have long beards, they bubble up into human shape, but are free from all human relations; without age, or sex, or kin; without birth or death; passionless and motionless; anomalous alike in looks, in action, and in speech; nameless themselves, and doing nameless deeds. Coleridge describes them as the imagination divorced from the good; and this description, to one who understands it, expresses their nature better than anything else we have seen. Gifted with the powers of prescience and prophesy, their predictions seem replete with an indescribable charm which works their own fulfilment, so as almost to leave us in doubt whether they predestinate and produce, or only foresee and foretell the subsequent events.

Such as they are—

"So withered and so wild in their attire;  
That look not like the inhabitants o' the  
earth,  
And yet are on't"—

such is the language in which they mutter their horrid incantations. It is, if such a thing be possible or imaginable, the poetry of hell, and seems dripping with the very dews of the pit. A wondrous potency, like the fumes of their charmed pot, seems stealing over our minds as they compound the ingredients of their hell-broth. In the materials which make up the contents of their cauldron, such as

"Root of hemlock, digg'd i' the dark ;"  
 "Slips of yew,  
 Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse ;"

and

"Grease, that's sweaten  
From the murderer's gibbet,"

there is a strange confusion of the natural and supernatural, which serves to enchant and bewilder the mind into passiveness. Our very ignorance of any physical efficacy or tendency in the substances and conditions here specified, only enhances to our imagination their moral potency ; so that they seem more powerful over the soul, inasmuch as they are powerless over the body. The Weird Sisters, indeed, and all that belongs to them, are but poetical impersonations of evil influences : they are the imaginative, irresponsible agents or instruments of the devil ; capable of inspiring guilt, but not of incurring it ; in and through whom

all the powers of their chief seem bent up to the accomplishment of a given purpose. But with all their essential wickedness, there is nothing gross, or vulgar, or sensual about them. They are the very purity of sin incarnate; the vestal virgins, so to speak, of hell; radiant with a sort of inverted holiness; fearful anomalies in body and soul, in whom everything seems reversed; whose elevation is downwards; whose duty is sin; whose religion is wickedness; and the law of whose being is violation of law! Unlike the Furies of *Æschylus*, they are petrific, not to the senses, but to the thoughts. At first, indeed, on merely looking at them, we can hardly keep from laughing, so uncouth and grotesque is their appearance; but afterwards, on looking into them, we find them terrible beyond description; and the more we look into them, the more terrible do they become; the blood almost curdling in our veins, as, dancing and singing their infernal glees over embryo murders, they unfold, to our thoughts, the cold, passionless, inexhaustible malignity and deformity of their nature.

In beings thus made and thus mannered; in their fantastical and unearthly aspect, awakening mixed emotions of terror and mirth; in their ominous reserve and oracular brevity of speech, so fitted at once to overcome skepticism, to sharpen curiosity, and to feed ambitious hopes; in the circumstances of their prophetic greeting, a blasted heath, as a spot deserted by nature and sacred to infernal orgies—the influences of the place thus falling in with the supernatural style and matter of their disclosures;—in all this we may recognize a peculiar adaptedness to generate, even in the strongest minds, a belief in their predictions.

What effect, then, do the Weird Sisters have on the action of the play? Are their disclosures necessary to the enacting of the subsequent crimes? and, if so, are they necessary as the cause, or only as the condition of those crimes? Do they operate to deprave, or only to develop, the characters brought under their influence? In a word, do they create the evil heart, or only untie the evil hands? These questions have been variously answered by critics. Not to dwell on these various answers, it seems to us tolerably clear, that the agency of the Weird Sisters extends only to the inspiring of confidence in what they predict. This confidence they awaken in Banquo equally as in Macbeth; yet the only effect of

their proceedings on Banquo is, to try and prove his virtue. The fair inference, then, is, that they furnish the motives, not the principles of action; and these motives are of course to good, or to bad, according to the several preformations and predispositions of character whereon they operate. But what relation does motive bear to action? On this point, too, it seems to us there has been much of needless confusion. Now, moral action, like vision, presupposes two things, a condition and a cause. Light and visual power are both indispensable to sight. There can be no vision without light; yet the cause of vision, as everybody knows, is the visual power pre-existing in the eye. Neither can we walk without an area to walk upon; yet nobody, we suppose, would pronounce that area the cause of our walking. On the contrary, that cause is obviously within ourselves; it lies in our own innate mobility; and the area is necessary only as the condition of our walking. In like manner, both will and motive are indispensable to moral action. We cannot act without motives, any more than we can breathe without air; yet the cause of our acting lies in certain powers and principles within us. As, therefore, vision springs from the meeting of visual power with light, so action springs from the meeting of will with motive. Surely, then, those who persist in holding motives responsible for our actions, would do well to remember, that motives can avail but little, after all, without something to be moved.

One of the necessary conditions of our acting, in all cases, is, a belief in the possibility and even the practicability of what we undertake. However ardent and lawless may be our desire of a given object, still a conviction of the impossibility of reaching it necessarily precludes all efforts to reach it. So fully are we persuaded that we cannot jump over the moon, that we do not even wish, much less attempt, to do it. Generally, indeed, apprehensions and assurances, more or less strong, of failure and punishment in criminal attempts, operate to throw us back upon better principles of action; we make a virtue of necessity; and from the danger and difficulty of indulging evil and unlawful desires, fall back upon such as are lawful and good; wherein, to our surprise, nature often rewards us with far greater pleasures than we had anticipated from the opposite cause. He who removes those apprehensions and assur-

ances from any wicked enterprise, and convinces us of its safety and practicability, may be justly said to furnish us motives to engage in it; that is, he gives us the conditions upon which, but not the principles from which, our actions proceed; and therefore does not, properly speaking, deprave, but only develops our character. For example, in ambition itself, unchecked and unrestrained by any higher principles, are contained the elements of all the crimes necessary to the successful prosecution of its objects. We say *successful* prosecution; for such ambition is, from its nature, regardless of everything but the chances of defeat; so that nothing less than the conviction or the apprehension that crimes will not succeed, can prevent such ambition from employing them.

Now, in Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, the Weird Sisters find minds preconfigured and preattuned to their influences; and their success seems owing to the fact, that the hearts of their victims were already open to welcome and entertain their suggestions. Macbeth, by his great qualities, his valor, his able conduct, and admirable success, has won for himself, not only the highest rank but one in the kingdom, but the first place in the confidence and affection of his sovereign. What principles his great actions have hitherto sprung from, whether from loyalty or ambition, is uncertain: if from loyalty, then he is probably satisfied; if from ambition, he is only inflamed, and the height he has reached prepares him for projects to mount up higher. This point, so uncertain to us, is known to the Weird Sisters. They look not only into the seeds of time, but into the seeds of Macbeth's character; and they are enabled to cast his horoscope and predict his fortune, partly by what they see before him, and partly by what they see within him. At his meeting with them, Macbeth's mind, unstaid by principle, flushed with recent victory, and thirsting for glory the more for the glory he has just been winning, is in a proper state for generating or receiving superstitious impressions, especially if those impressions offer any encouragement to his ruling passion. They have but to engage his faith in their predictions; and this readily follows from the condition in which they find him.

Critics have differed a good deal as to the origin of Macbeth's purpose to usurp the crown by murdering the king. That this purpose originates with Macbeth

himself, we can find no room for doubt. The promise of the throne by the Weird Sisters, is no more an instigation to murder for it, than the promise of wealth, in similar circumstances, would be an instigation to steal for it. To a truly honest, upright man, such a promise, in so far as he trusted in it, would obviously preclude the motives to theft; and his argument, at worst, would be, that inasmuch as he was destined to be rich, he had nothing to do but sit still and wait for the riches to come. If, however, he were already a thief at heart, and restrained from actual thieving only by prudential regards, he would naturally construe the promise of wealth into a promise of impunity in theft, and accordingly go to stealing. Such appears to be the case with Macbeth. Having just received two promises, namely, that he should be thane of Cawdor and that he should be king, he proceeds forthwith to argue against the probability of either event; as men often argue against what they wish to find true. His argument is this:—

“The thane of Cawdor lives,  
A prosperous gentleman; and, to be king,  
Stands not within the prospect of belief,  
No more than to be Cawdor.”

Now, he has just fought and defeated the thane of Cawdor as a rebel and a traitor, and therefore knows that in all probability his life and title are forfeit to the State; and he seems to spy a sort of hope that he may be Cawdor sure enough; and if so, then why not king? Presently, however, come messengers from the king to greet him thane of Cawdor; and this literal fulfilment of one promise confirms at once his faith in the other promise: this, trusted home, at once “enkindles him unto the crown.” Upon this confirmation the pre-existing elements of his character immediately gather and fashion themselves into the purpose in question. The assurance of the crown becomes to him only an assurance of impunity in crime. Thus—

“Oftentimes, to win us to our harm,  
The instruments of darkness tell us  
truths;  
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us  
In deepest consequence.”

The Weird Sisters, then, put nothing into Macbeth, but only bring out what was already there. They seem drawn to him, indeed, by the secret sympathy

which evil naturally has with evil: “by the pricking of their thumbs,” they know that “something wicked this way comes;” and it is this knowledge that invites their prophetic greeting. They saw the seeds of murder sleeping within him, and ready to germinate into purpose as soon as breathed upon by the hope of success and impunity. To inspire him with this hope, was all they had to do—a task made easy by the fact, that men are apt to believe what they so earnestly desire to have true; and no sooner have they opened upon him the prospect of success, than the germs of wickedness within him forthwith begin to sprout and grow.

“Two truths are told,  
As happy prologues to the swelling act  
Of the imperial theme.—  
This supernatural soliciting  
Cannot be ill, cannot be good:—If ill,  
Why hath it given me earnest of success,  
Commencing in a truth?  
If good, why do I yield to that sugges-  
tion,  
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,  
And make my seated heart knock at my  
ribs,  
Against the use of nature?”

Some, however, have maintained that the wicked purpose not only originates with Macbeth, but was deliberately formed by him and imparted to his wife before his meeting with the Weird Sisters. On this ground there is nothing for the Weird Sisters to do; and their agency goes rather to perplex and embarrass than facilitate and explain the action that follows. There needed no preternatural agents come from the world of devils, to develop a purpose already ripe for execution! It is the very necessity of their predictions, that justifies the introducing of them into the play; otherwise their presence would be an obvious superfluity and incumbrance to the drama. The truth, it seems to us, is that the purpose in question neither originates with the Weird Sisters, nor with Macbeth before his meeting with them. Nor does this position at all affect Macbeth's responsibility, nor anywhere clash with the ordinary laws of human action. Macbeth doubtless had will enough before, but nothing short of supernatural agencies could furnish the motives to develop his will into act. In his lawless ambition, his indomitable lust of power and popularity, the same impulses which have hitherto prompted his heroic exploits—in these are involved the prin-

ciples of his subsequent crimes ; but his convictions of the impossibility of succeeding in such crimes of course preclude the conditions answering to those principles. In a word, it is not that he lacks the heart, but that Providence ties his hands. Some extraordinary assurances, therefore, are indispensable, not indeed as the origin or cause, but simply as the occasions, of his wicked purpose. Hence the necessity of the Weird Sisters to the rational accomplishment of the poet's design. Without their supernatural disclosures, it would be impossible, not only for us to account for Macbeth's conduct, but for Macbeth himself to act as he does ; so that the existence of such beings is far more probable in reason, than such action would be without them. Thus we shall always find, that of two improbabilities, Shakspeare uniformly chooses the least ; as, for example, in the case before us, to show the anti-natural, he takes refuge in the supernatural : whenever he goes above nature, it is to avoid going against her.

With Macbeth, then, the conviction of impossibility has hitherto kept the general desire from passing into the definite resolve. *I cannot* hangs like a mill-stone about the neck of *I would*, holding it down out of the sight of others, and even of himself ; for he never conceives himself capable of such a horrid intent, until, to his amazement, he finds himself actually harboring it. He is a man of great powers as well as strong passions ; and with his wise foresight and circumspection, with his "large discourse looking before and after," he knows that such an undertaking is like going to war with the nature of things ; that, without some miraculous intervention, the consequences must, in all probability, recoil upon himself ; and this knowledge, though it does not preclude the wish, effectually precludes the attempt. In short, he "is afraid to be the same in his own act and valor as he is in desire ;" "would not play false, and yet would wrongly win ;" and "rather fears to do the deed, than wishes it undone." Thus his indwelling germs of sin are kept from budding and blossoming out into conscious thought and purpose. But this conviction of impossibility, though the chief, is not the only restraint upon his ambition.

"He's here in double trust ;  
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,  
Strong both against the deed ; then, as his  
host,

Who should against his murderer shut the  
door,  
Not bear the knife myself. Besides this,  
Duncan  
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been  
So clear in his great office, that his virtues  
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued,  
against  
The deep damnation of his taking off."

Here we see he has moral as well as prudential objections to crime ; motives of duty as well as of interest against it ; and though neither his virtue nor his prudence alone is an overmatch for his ambition, both of them together are. What is necessary, therefore, in order to set his ambition free, is, to obviate his prudential objections, to nullify his motives of interest, and quiet his apprehension of the consequences. It is on this principle that the Weird Sisters proceed. Their preternatural insight, both of what is in the future and of what is in him, teaches them how and where he is vulnerable. By throwing the security of fate around him, by convincing him of the safety and practicability of the undertaking, they reconcile his circumspection with his ambition, and bribe his reason into the service and support of his passion.

Herein lies the difference between Banquo and Macbeth. The former shrinks from the guilt of crime, and therefore borrows no encouragement from assurances of success ; the latter shrinks from the danger of crime, and therefore rushes into it as soon as such assurances are given him. Banquo's ambition is restrained by principle ; Macbeth's, by prudence : with the one, therefore, the revelations of fate preclude the motives to crime ; with the other, those revelations themselves become the motives to crime. Macbeth's starting, upon hearing the predictions of the Weird Sisters, is but the bursting of a germ of wickedness into conception ; and his subsequent starting, upon the fulfilment of one of their predictions, is but the bursting of that conception into resolution. Banquo starts not in either case, because he has no such germs of wickedness for them to work upon ; so that "he neither begs nor fears their favor nor their hate." Macbeth hears their prophetic greeting with terror, because it awakens in him thoughts of crime. Banquo hears it with composure, because in him it only awakens resolutions of virtue. Thus the self-same thing is often a temptation to one man, and a warning to another ; where the former sees a prize to be sought, the



latter sees only a snare to be shunned. The Weird Sisters now harp Macbeth's wish aright, as they afterwards harp his fear; and they at once engage his faith and awaken his fears by realizing him to himself, and showing him what he is. Macbeth kisses the confirmation from which Banquo recoils. It is the greedy fish that snatches at the bait.

"If chance will have me king, why, chance  
may crown me,  
Without my stir,"

is but the momentary recoil of Macbeth's conscience from a suggestion which he lacks the will to oppose. He thus tries to arm himself against prospective and preventive remorse. The truth is, chance but awakens in him the "black and deep desires" which have hitherto been kept asleep by chance. His virtue is altogether a dependent, conditional virtue; a reverse of circumstances, therefore, reverses the entire scope and drift of his action. He is rather guilty of tempting the Weird Sisters than of being tempted by them; at least he tempts them to tempt him.

Macbeth is surprised and terrified at his own hell-begotten conception. There is nothing in the play more profound or more natural than this. The Weird Sisters have brought fire, as it were, to the characters traced, as with sympathetic ink, upon his soul; and he shudders with horror as he reads the darkening and deepening, but hitherto unsuspected inscription.

"The thought, whose murder yet is but  
fantastical,  
Shakes so his single state of man, that  
function  
Is smothered in surmise; and nothing is,  
But what is not."

Like others, he knows not, suspects not, the innate and essential evil of his heart, until prospect awakens it into purpose, or occasionally develops it into performance. Engrossed in the pursuit of glory, he has taken his ideas of himself from public opinion; and of course dreams not that his heart is a nest of cockatrice's eggs, till opportunity hatches out the serpents into the eye of consciousness. He knows not what he is capable of doing, until he ascertains from the perfectest report what is possible to be done. Hitherto his ambition and his imagination have kept billing and cooing each other on; now they are brought

into conflict, and his imagination shudders at the deeds which his ambition persuades. Without strict and constant self-examination, we cannot know what we *are* except by what we *do*; and doubtless many of us would tremble at ourselves, were some preternatural assurance of success and impunity to unfold our latent capabilities of evil into conscious thought and purpose. The truth is, we know not how frail a thing our boasted virtue is, nor how much we are indebted for it, frail as it is, to the kindness of favoring circumstances. How many of us rush into crime, with all the chances of detection and punishment before us; if all those chances were removed, how many more of us would rush into crime! It almost makes one shudder to think of it! On the whole, the precept, "Keep thy heart diligently, for out of it are the issues of life," is nearly as wise, we suspect, as anything that has yet come from the mouth of infidelity.

But, though Macbeth has the wickedness to originate, he lacks the firmness to execute, the design of murdering the king. His strength and irritability, both of understanding and of imagination, are more than a match for his ambition; and his infirmity and vacillation of purpose is but a struggle between them. He foresees many dangers, and imagines many more. It is not so much the guilt, however, as the failure of the undertaking, that he fears. The very height to which his ambition is vaulting, makes him fear it will overleap itself; and his apprehensions of defeat prevent his forming any plans to insure success. He is to run for a prize of glory, and he dare not start in the race, lest he should lose the prize by overrunning.

"If it were done, when 'tis done, then  
'twere well

It were done quickly: If the assassination  
Could trammel up the consequence, and  
catch,

With his surcease, success; that but this  
blow

Might be the be-all and the end-all here,  
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,  
We'd jump the life to come. But, in these  
cases,

We still have judgment here; that we but  
teach

Bloody instructions, which, being taught,  
return

To plague the inventor. This even-handed  
justice

Commends the ingredients of our poison'd  
chalice

To our own lips."

The truth is, Macbeth has not faith enough in the Weird Sisters to overcome the suggestions of experience and the terrors of imagination; he cannot bring himself to trust their word against the natural and ordinary course of things. "*If we should fail*"—this is the point whereon he sticks; and he must not only believe in the practicability of the undertaking, but see his way clear through it, before he can venture upon it. By a miracle he has been called to an act which he wishes done, yet fears to do; and he thinks that nothing less than a perpetual miracle can tie up the consequences of such an act. The question with him is, from whence is this latter miracle to come? Thus his mind is held in suspense between the miracle which invites him to the deed, and the unknown miracle which is to avert its consequences from himself.

It is this circumstance that necessitates the intervention of Lady Macbeth, who shares, indeed, her husband's ambition, but lacks his strength and activity of mind. Hence, while his letter to her, relating the events which have happened to him, affects her will just as those events themselves affected his own, the effect on her mind is just the reverse of what it is upon his; she being, of course, inaccessible to the prudential misgivings and horrible imaginings that so haunt and unnerve him. The predictions of the Weird Sisters scare up a throng of fears in his mind: they have no room for fear in hers. She sees only the prize to be won; he, together with this, sees also the dangers to be incurred. The truth is, she has not foresight nor imagination enough to frighten her back from the crimes to which her ambition prompts. Thus, what terrifies him, transports her; what fills him with apprehensions, fills her with enthusiasm; what stimulates his reflective powers, stifles hers. She, thoughtless of consequences, would catch the nearest way; he, provident of consequences, would pause and look for the safest way. Accordingly, as he is too much troubled with apprehensions to form any plans, so she is too busy in forming plans to be troubled with any apprehensions; and he is "settled, and bends up each corporal agent to the terrible fact," as soon as she points out the means of safety and success. Moreover, she expels his fear of the consequences, by inspiring him with a greater fear of herself. Much as he dreads the prospect of worldly retribution, he dreads still

more the bitter, biting taunts, and the scornful, sarcastic reproaches, of the woman whom he loves, and by whom he knows he is loved. To be called a coward by such a woman, is of course the very last thing that a soldier can bear; to say he will sooner die, is nothing; there is scarce anything conceivable, in this world or the next, that he will not rather endure!

In their remarks upon Lady Macbeth, critics generally have fallen, it seems to us, into the common, but pernicious style of thinking, which presumes the more headlong and headstrong person to be the greater. Macbeth, we apprehend, is truly as much greater in every respect, though not as much better, as he is more irresolute, than his wife. She is certainly a bold, bad woman, whom we fear and pity; but we can hardly predicate any kind of superiority on the fact, that her resolution quails not before dangers which she lacks the foresight to discern, and the imagination to conceive. Even so might a blind man walk on the edge of a precipice with a composure and steadiness that would be impossible for a man with eyes; nay, in such an undertaking, the blind man might even derive safety and success from his very blindness. Assuredly, Macbeth shows more true force of will by the temporary abandonment of his purpose, than she does by her reckless adherence to it. "'Tis the eye of childhood fears a painted devil.'" Yes; but it is the want of any eye whatever that fears not a real devil! If "the sleeping and the dead are but as pictures" to her, it must be rather because she is too weak, than because she is too strong, to recognize the difference. "A little water clears us of the deed," may argue strength of nerve, but not of mind, or of will. Lady Macbeth, then, we suspect, is too blind to see, rather than too resolute to fear the true terrors of such an undertaking; insensible, rather than insensible to the reasons against it; and her freedom from prudential scruples and misgivings springs not so much from peculiar strength of will, as from comparative want of reflection. There is, in short, a predominant matter-of-factness about Lady Macbeth, which renders her inaccessible alike to the motives that deter her husband from the first crime, and to those that prompt him to the subsequent crimes.

A late writer in the Westminster Review, while he accords to Macbeth great redundancy and excitability of imagina-

tion, at the same time pronounces selfishness the exclusive law and impulse of his character. And he not only represents Macbeth as entirely selfish, but also represents Lady Macbeth as entirely disinterested; denies him any sympathy or affection for her, save as a pander to his ambition, and denies her any ambition, save from sympathy and affection for him. Here, truly, we have rather the simplicity of personified abstractions than the complexity of living persons. Surely this looks very like turning characters into caricatures; for we can hardly conceive of a person's acting so long a time from a single motive or a single impulse. People of one passion are seldom to be met with, save in bad books; and it seems hardly wise, thus to wrangle Shakspeare's masterpieces into blunders. Now, in the first place, such exclusive selfishness and such excess of imagination, as are here attributed to Macbeth, seem rather incompatible; for imagination, being objective in its nature and its workings, naturally involves more or less of self-oblivion. And besides, the power which Lady Macbeth wields over her husband, can be rationally accounted for only on the ground that he truly loves her. It is the very strength of his affection for her as his wife, and his "dearest partner in greatness," that makes her reproaches so formidable as to countervail his fear of worldly retribution. A man had as lief be called a coward as not by a woman he does not respect. In all probability, they both desire the crown, partly for themselves, and partly for each other; and we might as well say, that he is ambitious only from sympathy with her, as that she is ambitious only from sympathy with him. It is the very prospect of sharing and enhancing each other's greatness, that prompts them to their wicked enterprise; it is by being mutually answered and reflected, that their passion rises to such a pitch of intensity as to overbear all opposing considerations. Indeed, there is something of disinterestedness in Macbeth's very ambition itself; for men may be disinterested in bad passions as well as in good ones—may sacrifice themselves to the devil as well as to God. Power and popularity—"to ride in triumph on men's tongues"—in a word, glory is an object which Macbeth loves and pursues with a perfect passion; an object and a passion in which self is, in some degree, lost and forgotten. That he loves glory more than life, and dreads infamy more

than death—this is the quality of his ambition; and the fear, not that his passion may defeat his interest, but that it may defeat itself, is the very thing that breaks down his resolution.

A strong and excitable imagination, set on fire of conscience, naturally fascinates and spell-binds the other faculties, and thus gives an objective force and effect to its own internal workings. Under this guilt-begotten hallucination, the subject loses present dangers in horrible imaginings, and comes to be tormented with his own involuntary creations. Thus conscience inflicts its retributions, not directly in the form of remorse, but indirectly, through imaginary terrors, which again react on the conscience, as fire is kept burning by the current of air which itself generates. In such a mind the workings of conscience may be prospective and preventive; the very conception of crime starting up a swarm of terrific visions to withhold the subject from perpetration. Arrangement is thus made in our nature for a process of compensation, in that the same faculty which invests crime with unreal attractions, also calls up unreal terrors to deter from its commission. A predominance of this faculty everywhere marks the character and conduct of Macbeth. Hence his apparent freedom from compunctious visitings even when he is in reality most subject to them. He seems conscienceless from the very form in which his conscience works; seems flying from outward dangers, while conscious guilt is the very source of his apprehensions. It is probably from oversight of this, that some have pronounced him a mere cautious, timid, remorseless villain, restrained from crime only by a shrinking, selfish apprehensiveness. Undoubtedly there is much in his conduct that appears to sustain this view. He does indeed seem dead to the guilt, and morbidly alive to the dangers, of his situation; free from remorse of conscience and filled with terrors of imagination; unchecked by moral feelings and oppressed by selfish fears. But whence his wonderful and uncontrollable irritability of imagination? How comes his mind so prolific of horrible imaginings, but that his imagination itself is set on fire of hell? The truth is, he seems remorseless, only because, in his mind, the agonies of remorse project and translate themselves into the spectres of a conscience-stricken imagination.

In Lady Macbeth, on the contrary, the workings of conscience can only be re-

prospective and retributive. She is too unimaginative either to be allured to crime by imaginary splendors, or withheld from it by imaginary terrors. Without an organ to project and embody its workings in outward visions, her conscience can only prey upon itself, in the tortures of remorse. Accordingly, she knows no compunctious visitings before the deed, nor any suspension or alleviation of them after it. Thus, from her want or weakness of imagination, she becomes the victim of a silent but most dreadful retribution. Conscience being left to its own resources, she may indeed possess its workings in secret, but she can never for a moment repress them; nay, she cannot reveal them, if she would, and she dare not, if she could; the fires burn not outwards into spectres to sear her eyeballs and frighten her out of her self-possession, but concentrate themselves into hotter fury within her. This is a form of anguish to which heaven has apparently denied the relief or the mitigation of utterance. The agonies of an embosomed hell cannot be told, they can only be felt; or, at most, the awful secret can be but dimly shadowed forth, in the sighings of the furnace when all is asleep but the unquenchable fire, or in the burning asunder of the cords that unite the soul to its earthly dwelling-place. With such amazing depth and power of insight does Shakspeare detect and unfold the secret workings of the human mind!

From this original difference of mental structure in Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, the workings of conscience naturally operate to reform her and to deprave him; for she, feeling the source of her disquietude to be within, resigns herself up to the furies of her own mind, while he, fancying his disquietude to come from without, is hurried on from crime to crime, in order to secure himself in what he has already done. His vivid, excitable imagination, overpowering his self-control, his very efforts to dissimulate only bring on the hallucination that betrays him. The same mysterious flaws and starts, which awaken in others suspicions of his guilt, awaken in himself suspicions that he is suspected. With guilt staring him in the face, and danger dogging at his heels, his first crime breaks down the courage which alone could enable him to stop. The very blood which he spills to quiet his fear, sprouts up in "gorgons and chimeras dire" to awaken new fears and call forth new victims. His cowardice urges him on to fresh murders, and every murder but adds to his cowardice. The more

wretched his earthly existence becomes, the more he dreads to part with it, and strangles his life into spasms by the very temerity with which he grasps it. The workings of conscience beget misgivings of his fate; these misgivings drive him to the Weird Sisters for increased security; and this security but emboldens him to fresh crimes, that he may "make assurance doubly sure, and take a bond of fate." They now harp his fear aright, as they before harped his wish, and engage his faith by uttering his thoughts. The same misgivings, however, which before shook down his resolution to join a league with fate, now inspire him with audacity to enter the lists against it; and he proceeds to dash his own brains out in trying to batter down the walls wherein he has trusted for protection. The trouble with him is, he mistakes inward retribution for outward danger. Once a guardian angel to prevent his starting, imagination has now become an avenging fiend to prevent his stopping in wickedness. Through his plenitude of this faculty, conscience peoples his whereabouts with imaginary terrors, which he only multiplies and magnifies by every effort to remove them. Thus every step he takes but augments the propelling force; and the very faculty which translates and mitigates remorse into terror, leads him to believe a lie, as if on purpose that his damnation may be the hotter and the surer. Truly, in all this we have a picture at which the furies themselves might well turn pale!

But what, in Macbeth, thus accelerates, in Lady Macbeth, on the contrary, arrests the career of guilt; so that while he grows worse, she grows better to the end of the play. Beginning, perhaps, more wicked than her husband, she ends far less so. She has, indeed, no progress in crime, because her mind, undecieved by the maddening and merciless suspicions of guilty fear, locates her sufferings where she can never hope, by any outward exertions, to remove them. As she had no terrible apprehensions to hold her back from the first crime, so she now has none to goad her on to other crimes. No sooner has her ambition reached its object, than its despotism passes without abatement into the hands of conscience, transforming all her feelings and faculties into scorpions, to hunt, and whip, and sting her blasted spirit through the fires of remorse.

Mrs. Siddons, it is said, always maintained that her own person was unsuited to the part of Lady Macbeth, whom she regarded as of a rather slender, fragile make, full, indeed, of spirit, and energy,



and fire, but, withal, exquisitely delicate and feminine in her composition. On this ground we can understand why her husband should regard and treat her as he does. Such, assuredly, is the woman for such a man to love and respect, and whose respect and love might be and ought to be dearer to him than life. Were she the fierce, scolding virago that she is generally considered to be, we cannot see how he could either wish to promote her honor, or fear to incur her reproach. Such, then, we confess, is our own view of Lady Macbeth. We can see nothing viraginous or Amazonian about her character. She has, indeed, the ambition to wish herself unsexed, but she has not the power to unsex herself except in words. Though she calls on the "murdering ministers" to "come to her woman's breasts and take her milk for gall," still she cannot make them obey, and her milk, in spite of herself, continues to be milk. What she lacks in the imagination of a man is amply made up in the feelings of a woman; and where the former prevents her husband from acting, the latter still more prevents her from acting. And herein lies the difference in this respect between imagination and feeling, that the one acts chiefly at a distance, the other on the spot. Accordingly, when she has raised the steel, and seen before her, as it were, the murder which she has all but done, her woman's heart suddenly relents, and stays her uplifted arm. "Had not the king resembled her father as he slept," she had done it. Thus it is not her foresight or apprehension of remote, possible, or probable consequences, but simply her milk of woman's kindness, that breaks down her resolution in the very act of performance. Unrestrained by the forecastings of her husband's large discourse, she nevertheless yields, when she least expects, to the touch of nature, and is made as irresolute by the present workings of her heart, as he is by the prospective workings of his head. She would have died, perhaps, to save the father, whose hallowed image thus shielded the sleeping king from her dagger. She thinks, indeed, that she can do everything, till she comes to the trial, when she utterly fails. In prospect the deed has no terrors for her; but in performance she finds herself better than she was aware. Firm and fierce in anticipation, she is mild and gentle in execution. Macbeth, on the contrary, thinks he can do nothing till he comes to the trial, when all is easy enough. The terrors, which, at a dis-

tance from the deed, seemed infinite, vanish as he comes to do it; and he marches, without flinching, through the crime which he had shuddered to imagine. Such is the practical difference between Macbeth and Lady Macbeth. Where his imagination acts least, her feelings act most. As they approach the wicked deed, and see it passing into a fact before them, its terrors naturally diminish to him, but increase to her; for he has imagined more than he finds, she finds more than she has imagined.

Fearfully wicked, therefore, as is her conduct, Lady Macbeth, nevertheless, is every inch a woman. Her true strength lies not so much in force of will or firmness of purpose, as in her almost intuitive insight of her husband's weaknesses. With her clear, penetrating, but not comprehensive woman's eye, she has plucked from him the heart of his mystery. Her exquisite perception of his most secret avenues and approaches enables her at the same time to put spurs to his ambition and apply cordials to his fear: though the feelings of the woman unnerve the arm of the murderess, her tongue is valiant enough for anything, and she knows how to transfer its valor into her husband's arm; for she can whisper words in his ear more fearful to him than all the spectres his fancy can create and all the dangers his circumspection can foresee.

It must be confessed, however, that two characters may be easily made out for Lady Macbeth, according as we proceed upon what she says, or upon what she does. Up to the time of the assassination, she does indeed talk big as ever virago did or could; but we cannot help thinking that her deeds are much better than her words as a text and exponent of her real character. We submit, therefore, that Lady Macbeth, knowing and fearing her husband's nature—that he

"Is too full o' the milk of human kindness,  
To catch the nearest way;"

and that, though "not without ambition," he is "without the illness should attend it"—that knowing and fearing this, she therefore assumes a false character in order to shame or embolden him into the work she has in view. Hence her eager wish to

"Pour her spirits in his ear,  
And chastise with the valor of her tongue  
All that impedes him from the golden  
round,

Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem  
To have him <sup>cramped</sup> crammed withal,"

and perhaps the frightful, hair-stiffening extravagance of her earlier speeches, as contrasted with her subsequent deeds, should be viewed as proving that in the former she is trying to act a part which is really foreign to her, and under which her nature finally gives way and breaks down. In that most terrific speech, indeed, beginning—

"The raven himself is hoarse,  
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan  
Under my battlements,"

her terrible eloquence of description seems to spring from her very horror, in contemplating what she describes; as men's fear to attempt what they threaten sometimes inspires them with greater violence and volubility in threatening. Accordingly, in her personation of Lady Macbeth, Mrs. Siddons is said to have wound up the horrible climax of this speech in a scream, a perfect yell, as if she were almost frightened out of her wits by the audacity of her own tongue. Thus a spasmodic action of fear may naturally lend her, as it sometimes actually lends others, an appearance of super-human courage and boldness. The very excitement of terror seems to impart an extraordinary illumination and utterance to her mind; to "transport her beyond the ignorant present," so that she "feels the future in the instant." It is worthy of remark, that Macbeth himself is amused at her more than masculine audacity of speech; and the contrast between her present and former deportment, is doubtless the cause, as she foresaw it would be, of her subsequent influence over him. The seeing her, a delicate, fragile woman, appear, as if inspired by the occasion, to rise so much above herself, is of course the strongest motive he could have, not to fall below himself. Mistaking her now, he therefore supposes he has mistaken her before; and what is an assumed character he thinks is her real one, which she has hitherto concealed from him. If in his admiration of her "undaunted mettle," he is deceived it is not strange that others should be equally deceived in regard to her.

Of Lady Macbeth, therefore, it seems to us that we may truly say, "bold are

her words, because her heart is not." Woman as she is, the spirits, which she calls upon to unsex her, leave her no less a woman than they find her; indeed, it is because she wishes to be something that she is not, that she craves their help; it is because she feels and knows herself to be a woman, that she calls upon them to unsex her. The terrific sublimity of her invocation to the murdering ministers, to

"Fill her, from the crown to the toe, top-  
full  
Of direst cruelty,"

which almost erects the hair, and freezes the blood, but expresses the violence of her resolution against the tender impulses of which she is habitually conscious. It is a convulsive effort to brace and stay herself, lest some compunctious visitings should shake her fell purpose. With forced boldness of tongue and fancy, she thus tries to school and steel herself into a firmness and fierceness, of which she feels the want. In short, "bold are her words, because her heart is not." At all events, whether from overacting her real character, or from overstraining her powers, to act an assumed one, there can be no doubt that her energies break down beneath her undertaking. If it be her real character, then, as she never enacted it before, so she never attempts to enact it again. No sooner is the fatal deed performed, than the access and passage of remorse are effectually and forever unstoppered; no sooner is she fairly introduced amid the horrors of this manifold tragedy, than she fails and faints away, and the woman, which she had so fearfully disclaimed, returns to torment, and persecute, and waste her into her grave. In the words of Coleridge, "she mistakes courage of fancy for power to bear the consequences of actual guilt; and shames her husband with a super-human audacity of thought and speech, which she cannot support, but sinks in the season of remorse, and dies in suicidal agony."

After the murder of the king, Lady Macbeth obviously sympathizes with none of her husband's gratuitous atrocities. Free from the horrible imaginings which embarrassed him in the outset, she is also free from the cruel suspicions which impel him onward; and she spends in repenting of the deed, what time he spends in fortifying himself against its

consequences. When, upon her first interview with him, after receiving his letter, she finds or fancies that his "face is as a book where men may read strange matters," she knows his thoughts because she has the same thoughts herself; his designs are at once revealed to her, from her intense sympathy with them. Again, having resolved on the murder of Banquo, he hopes and expects to find her thoughts echoing and supporting his own; but her inability to take his suggestions, proves that she has no such stuff in her mind. That she cannot enter into the meaning of his dark insinuations, is to him a pledge of disappointment; for he knows that if she were ready to approve of this crime, as she was of the first, she would understand him at once. Hence, the very need of speaking plainer satisfies him that it is useless; for he wishes not to make her guilty of his designs, but to find her already so; and he would have her "innocent of the knowledge until she applaud the deed." Perhaps she rather will not than cannot take his meaning; perhaps she rather chooses to seem, than actually is, ignorant of his purpose, because she is ashamed, in the face of her recent instigations, to dissuade him from it, and at the same time fears the responsibility of encouraging him in it. And, on the other hand, perhaps he is afraid to speak in plain terms, lest he should thereby force her to dissuade him from a crime which he wishes to commit; for men in such situations often take care not to provoke any advice or remonstrance against their purposes.

Like most of her sex, Lady Macbeth never for a moment wavers, or hesitates, or dwells in suspense between antagonist motives. No sooner has she conceived the wicked purpose, than all her feelings and faculties meet and centre upon it; and she glides freely and smoothly along, through the briars and brambles of her undertaking, until she reaches her stopping place, because she has no dangling or outstanding ends, or thrums, or hooks of thought for them to catch hold of. It is this confluence of all the feelings and faculties in one paramount aim, which, more, perhaps, than anything else, distinguishes the female character, and which makes it so difficult, we might almost say impossible, either to corrupt a virtuous, or to reform a vicious woman. Angels, once fallen, of course become the most incorrigible of devils. Hence it is, that women gener-

ally are so much better, or so much worse, than the other sex. They seldom halt between two opinions; rarely linger at the half-way house of sin; hardly ever rest or rock in a state of moral betweenity; never stop to parley, or play at hide-and-seek, or carry on a flirtation with the devil, but either embrace him or spurn him at once. Accordingly, it is a matter of common remark, that a good head often saves a man from a bad heart, or a good heart from a bad head; but that in woman, both head and heart generally are good or bad together, so that she can never fall back upon the one to save herself from the tendencies of the other.

This oneness and entireness of movement, this perfect freedom from the disharmony of conflicting impulses, makes Lady Macbeth as feminine as she is wicked, and even makes her appear more feminine the wickeder she becomes. But she stops as suddenly and as entirely as she starts; her feelings and faculties have the same unanimity in retreating as in advancing. Fearful as she is in wickedness, she becomes equally pitiable in wretchedness, leaving pity and terror to contend for the writing of her epitaph. Her freedom, however, from nervous and intellectual irritability, secures her against spilling the secret of her guilt. Subject to no fantastical terrors nor moral illusions, she never in the least loses her self-control. The fearful, ceaseless corodings of her rooted sorrow may destroy, but cannot betray her, unless when the sense of her senses is shut in sleep. Her profound silence respecting "the perilous stuff which weighs upon her heart," makes an impression which all attempts at utterance would but weaken. We feel that beneath it lies a depth of woe and horror which can be disclosed only by drawing a veil over it. We know of no single scene in Shakspeare, which, for depth of truth and subtle intensity of terror, equals the one where Lady Macbeth's conscience, sleepless amid the sleep of nature, nay, most restless in its gnawings, then when all other cares are at rest, drives her forth, open-eyed, yet sightless, to sigh and groan over spots on her hands, which are visible to none save herself, nor even to herself, save when she is blind to everything else. That, when asleep, she should be unable to keep in what, when awake, she is equally unable to let out; that nothing but sleep should have power to unbind the secret of her soul; and that not even sleep itself should have power

to keep that secret bound; this, surely, is not more true to nature, than it is terrific to the imagination; and yet both its truth and its terror are purely of a moral and spiritual quality. There is, indeed, an awful pathos pervading this scene, which leaves no element of our moral nature untouched. An awful mystery, too, hangs over the death of this woman, which no imagination can ever exhaust. We know not, the poet himself appears not to know, whether the eating back of her soul upon itself drives her to suicidal violence, or itself cuts asunder the cords of her life; whether the gnawings of the undying worm kill her, or she kills herself, in order to escape them. All that we know is, that the death of her body springs in some way from the inextinguishable life and the immedicable wound of her soul. What a history of her woman's heart, of her woman's delicate frame and fiery spirit, is written in her thus sinking and sinking away, until she gets where imagination shrinks from following her, under the violence of an invisible, yet unmistakable disease, which forever keeps on at once augmenting the severity of its inflictions and quickening the sensibility of its victims.

There has been a good deal of discussion among critics, whether Macbeth be a truly brave man. It would really seem hardly worth the while to dispute with one who questioned either his bravery before, or his cowardice after the assassination. Indeed, no one, unless he were more or less than man, could be truly brave both before and after such a deed. Villains would not so often turn bullies, if true bravery were compatible with guilt. It is their very cowardice that transforms them into scarecrows of danger; for a bully is but a scarecrow. Real courage, as everybody knows who desires to know it, has its chosen home in the bosom of virtue. Men of course fear death in proportion as they know they deserve it, and cleave the more fondly to life the more worthless their own guilt has made it. It is this cowardice that goads a Macbeth and a Robespierre on to their gratuitous murders. Hence it is, too, that such man-fiends always strike first at the life of those whose virtue they think most endangers their own. The only condition upon which true bravery is possible, is, that the subject have something which he prizes more than life, and the loss of which he fears more than death. Hence, perhaps, the almost universal sentiment, that courage, if not it-

self the highest virtue, is the condition of all the other virtues. And, sure enough, the man who values life above everything else, may be safely pronounced incapable of real virtue, however he may succeed in the imitation of it. And yet how often do we hear men saying now-a-days, "Nothing so dear as life, nothing so dear as life." The Lord help us, then, for we are not fit to live! Macbeth has of course emptied himself of whatever can prompt a man to risk his life, and filled himself with whatever can prompt a man to shrink from death; and the very curse of his situation is, that every removal of an apparent danger without but plants a real terror within him. Truly a more fearful or more natural condition cannot well be conceived.

In the belief that he bears a charmed life, Macbeth seeks diversion of his thoughts in scenes of outward conflict and peril, and tries to bury the disquietudes which are cutting and tearing his soul, in an increased occupation of his senses. But all is in vain. He is struggling with an invisible foe; a foe which he can neither find nor escape; which is at once invulnerable and omnipresent, and every thrust at which but stabs a new torture into his own soul; which becomes the more irresistible the more he tries to subdue it, and of which he is compelled to think the more, the more he labors to forget it. His closing struggle, when, upon Macduff's disclosures respecting his own birth, he finds that the "juggling fiends have paltered with him in a double sense," and therefore knows that his hour has come, is not so much an act of courage as a paroxysm of despair. He now meets an outward, visible antagonist in a conflict where strength may be met with strength; where the power of inflicting pain may be baffled by the pride of endurance; and the eye of rage may be answered by the stare of defiance, or by the fiendish grin of a desperate, spasmodic resolve.

Macbeth, however, notwithstanding all the horror and reprobation his conduct excites, leaves not our pity altogether untouched. The sinkings of his soul within itself, when, as he approaches his end, he looks back upon the bloody and blasted track of his own life, bespeaks some slight lingerings of a better nature. And the profound melancholy which steals over his spirit, when, upon the announcement of his wife's mysterious death and still more mysterious disease, his restless apprehension of danger gives



place to a momentary retrospection of his guilt, looks as though he were at last terrified at his own remorselessness, and beginning to yearn for the repentance which he feels must be forever denied him. We see that the dawn of remorse in his soul brings with it utter despair of the least drop of relief or mitigation. Surely, if there be one ingredient in the cup of retribution more unspeakably bitter than all the rest, it must be this consciousness of guilt united with the conscious impossibility of repentance. This, we take it, is the worm that never dies, and the fire that is not to be quenched! That these few faint sparks of goodness should have survived such a stupendous accumulation of crimes, but reveals the more impressively the greatness both of his former capacity for virtue, and of his present capacity for suffering; thus at the same time awakening our pity for the nobleness which has been desolated, and augmenting our terror at the desolation which has passed upon it.

The respect and tenderness, with which this guilty couple uniformly treat each other, is enough of itself to shield them from our hatred or scorn. This trait of their character is like an infant's eye socketed in a face of granite. Both are patterns of conjugal virtue, ever giving and finding sympathy in each other's bosom, in proportion as they are deprived of it everywhere else. For if Lady Macbeth has the ambition to urge her husband into a fiery abyss, she has also the devotion to plunge into it along with him; and she but plucks him on to the execution of a purpose which she knows he is too ambitious ever to resign, though perhaps so irresolute as to adjourn. Amid all their unspeakable wickedness, they are yet without the least stain of vulgar manners and littleness; the very intensity, indeed, of their wicked passion seems to have assailed their minds of all the gross and frivolous incumbrances of the flesh. Their inborn greatness of character is developed, not buried, in their crimes; so that, like Milton's Satan, they appear sublime even in guilt—majestic, though in ruins. Their innate fitness to reign is almost an excuse for their ambition, though of course not for their actions; it seems the instinct of faculty for its appropriate sphere.

In the representation of this pair, horror at the crime and pity for the criminal are blended together in unrivaled perfec-

tion. This, as Bulwer has remarked, "is a triumph of art never achieved but by the highest genius." "An inferior artist," says he, "when venturing upon the grandest stage of passion, falls into the error either of gilding over crime in order to produce sympathy for the criminal, or, in the spirit of a spurious morality, of involving both crime and criminal in a common odium." What it is thus the height of genius to picture, we know it is also the height of virtue to practice. That, in this representation, the persons should so terrify us without exciting our revenge, and make us hate their crimes so deeply without hating themselves; nay, that they should almost move our tears even while freezing our blood, and appear at once so frightful in their wickedness and so pitiable in their wretchedness, is really a triumph of morality no less than of art. It is thus that a genuine artist, while aiming simply at truth, becomes at the same time our best moral teacher and guide.

The tragedy of Macbeth throughout is a moral tempest. Crimes and retributions come whirling past us like the crushing of a resistless hurricane. The very prologue of the play is spoken in thunder and lightning. The moral and material worlds seem shouting and responding to each other in convulsions and cataracts. In the words of Hazlitt, "it is a huddling together of fierce extremes; a war of opposite natures, which of them shall destroy the other." Everywhere we have storms, physical and spiritual, treading on the heels of physical and spiritual calms. "There is no art to read the mind's construction in the face," either of man or of nature. To "look like the innocent flower, but be the serpent under it," seems the law alike of the persons and of their whereabouts. In both the characters and their environing, reality is perpetually contradicting appearance; the stillness which awakens hope is but the gathering of the tempest to send disappointment. Nature and man seem leagued in a conspiracy to deceive the bosom's interest of whoever trusts in them; and where the most absolute trust is built, there the tooth of treachery is ready to inflict the first and fatalest bite. Where "the heaven's breath smells most wooingly," where "the air most nimbly and sweetly recommends itself unto the gentle senses," there the direfulest storms and murders are brewing. Where valor is punishing one treason, there ambition is concocting

a greater. The very gifts which successful prowess wins, turn into daggers for the heart of the giver. Unusual pleasure but invites the subject to sleep the sounder for the assassin's blow. Ambition gripes a barren sceptre, thence to be wrenched by an unlineal hand. The primrose path enchants the eye, to lead the soul to the everlasting bonfire. Feasts are gotten up to allure virtue into the murderer's ambuscade. The Prince of Darkness throws out the bait of honor, to fasten his hook in his victims. Witchcraft "keeps the word of promise to the ear," to "break it to the hope." Slumber shuts up the senses of the body, to let out the secrets of the soul. Memory plies her spinning-wheel and shuttle, to weave the burning mantle of remorse. Imagination lends her plastic hands to body forth the apprehensions of guilty fear. Innocence makes her appearance but to remind us, that "to do harm, is often laudable; to do good, sometimes accounted dangerous folly." "A falcon towering in his pride of place, is by a mousing owl hawked at and killed." "The heavens are troubled with man's act, threaten his bloody stage; and darkness does the face of earth entomb, when living light should kiss it." Everywhere, in short, the elements of both moral and physical evil are dancing their stoutest hurlyburly, and winding up their powerfulest charm. So deep and all-pervading is the unity of interest and of purpose, which Shakspeare has poured into and poured through this stupendous tragedy.

In the exciting of terror, this play is truly without a parallel. Almost every scene is a masterpiece either of poetry or

of philosophy, of description, or character, or action, or passion. Of the incantation scene, the assassination scene, the banquet scene, and the sleep-walking scene, with their dagger of the mind, and Banquo of the mind, and blood-spots of the mind, no description can possibly do otherwise than misrepresent the reality. Yet, over these sublimely terrific creations, there everywhere hovers a magic light of poetry, at once disclosing the horrors of the scene, and attempering them within the limits of agreeable emotion. In depth and power of characterization, Macbeth and Lady Macbeth are equaled only by the poet's other masterpieces—by Shylock, and Lear, and Hamlet, and Iago. The Weird Sisters, appearing and vanishing amid the darkness and lurid glare of the tempest, as if to leave us in doubt whether they be the mothers or the daughters of the thunder-storms which attend their coming, occupy the summit of the poet's supernatural creations. Of such scenes and such beings, criticism can express its conceptions only by silent amazement and awe. Even if it wield the power adequately to re-produce and re-present them to the understanding, it cannot compass the art to render them supportable. There is probably no other single work in the whole domain of art or nature, that furnishes so many and so magnificent pictures for imagination, or so many and so magnificent subjects for reflection. It forms a sort of university, where poetry has long been wont to resort for its highest inspirations, and moral philosophy for its profoundest instructions and illustrations.

## TO — — —

## [ULALUME: A BALLAD.]

THE skies they were ashen and sober;  
 The leaves they were crispèd and sere—  
 The leaves they were withering and sere;  
 It was night in the lonesome October  
 Of my most immemorial year;  
 It was hard by the dim lake of Auber,  
 In the misty mid region of Weir—  
 It was down by the dank tarn of Auber,  
 In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

Here once, through an alley Titanic,  
 Of cypress, I roamed with my Soul—  
 Of cypress, with Psyche, my Soul.  
 These were days when my heart was volcanic  
 As the scoriac rivers that roll—  
 As the lavas that restlessly roll  
 Their sulphurous currents down Yaanek  
 In the ultimate climes of the pole—  
 That groan as they roll down Mount Yaanek  
 In the realms of the boreal pole.

Our talk had been serious and sober,  
 But our thoughts they were palsied and sere—  
 Our memories were treacherous and sere—  
 For we knew not the month was October,  
 And we marked not the night of the year—  
 (Ah, night of all nights in the year!)  
 We noted not the dim lake of Auber—  
 (Though once we had journeyed down here)—  
 We remembered not the dank tarn of Auber,  
 Nor the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

And now, as the night was senescent  
 And star-dials pointed to morn—  
 As the star-dials hinted of morn—  
 At the end of our path a liquescent  
 And nebulous lustre was born,  
 Out of which a miraculous crescent  
 Arose with a duplicate horn—  
 Astarte's bediamonded crescent  
 Distinct with its duplicate horn.

And I said—"She is warmer than Dian:  
 She rolls through an ether of sighs—  
 She revels in a region of sighs:  
 She has seen that the tears are not dry on  
 These cheeks, where the worm never dies,  
 And has come past the stars of the Lion  
 To point us the path to the skies—  
 To the Lethean peace of the skies—  
 Come up, in despite of the Lion,  
 To shine on us with her bright eyes—  
 Come up through the lair of the Lion  
 With Love in her luminous eyes."

But Psyche, uplifting her finger,  
 Said—"Sadly this star I mistrust—  
 Her pallor I strangely mistrust :—  
 Oh, hasten !—oh, let us not linger !  
 Oh, fly !—let us fly !—for we must."  
 In terror she spoke, letting sink her  
 Wings till they trailed in the dust—  
 In agony sobbed, letting sink her  
 Plumes till they trailed in the dust—  
 Till they sorrowfully trailed in the dust.

I replied—"This is nothing but dreaming :  
 Let us on by this tremulous light !  
 Let us bathe in this crystalline light !  
 Its Sybillic splendor is beaming  
 With Hope and in Beauty to-night :—  
 See !—it flickers up the sky through the night !  
 Ah, we safely may trust to its gleaming,  
 And be sure it will lead us aright—  
 We safely may trust to a gleaming  
 That cannot but guide us aright,  
 Since it flickers up to Heaven through the night."

Thus I pacified Psyche and kissed her,  
 And tempted her out of her gloom—  
 And conquered her scruples and gloom :  
 And we passed to the end of the vista,  
 And were stopped by the door of a tomb—  
 By the door of a legended tomb ;  
 And I said—"What is written, sweet sister,  
 On the door of this legended tomb ?"  
 She replied—"Ulalume—Ulalume—  
 'Tis the vault of thy lost Ulalume !"

Then my heart it grew ashen and sober  
 As the leaves that were crisped and sere—  
 As the leaves that were withering and sere,  
 And I cried—"It was surely October  
 On this very night of last year  
 That I journeyed—I journeyed down here—  
 That I brought a dread burden down here—  
 On this night of all nights in the year,  
 Oh, what demon has tempted me here ?  
 Well I know, now, this dim lake of Auber—  
 This misty mid region of Weir—  
 Well I know, now, this dank tarn of Auber,  
 In the ghoulish haunted woodland of Weir."

Said we, then—the two, then—"Ah, can it  
 Have been that the woodlandish ghouls—  
 The pitiful, the merciful ghouls—  
 To bar up our way and to ban it  
 From the secret that lies in these wolds—  
 From the thing that lies hidden in these wolds—  
 Had drawn up the spectre of a planet  
 From the limbo of lunary souls—  
 This sinfully scintillant planet  
 From the Hell of the planetary souls ?"

E. A. Poe



G. W. Beck.

THE THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS.\*

To turn from the gorgeous pages of these immortal stories to the cold blank sheet upon which it is necessary that all Review articles should have their beginning, is a contrast as melancholy as that which unsettled the wits of Abou Hassan, when, from being Commander of the Faithful, he found himself again in the humble chamber where he had entertained the Mossoul merchant; or even as that which befell Bedridden Hassan, who was married at evening in Cairo to the Queen of Beauty, and awoke next morning, alone, under the gates of Damascus. There needs time for the veil of enchantment to rise from before the tableau of the fancy; the memory, too, must have space to recover from the delightful renewal of so many of its oldest and most cherished impressions. The full current of the Sultana's minutely descriptive style, also, takes hold of the ear so strongly in reading eagerly these six volumes, that it is difficult to break its motion into the usual plain pace of ordinary sentences; and thus between the two, it is necessary to be constantly on one's guard to prevent being thrown from the subject. But then the *Arabian Nights* is a theme upon which no writer need fear being thought utterly dull; the interest which it must of itself excite in all who possess a fancy, or have ever had a dream, will compensate for his inability to say half that it should suggest to a student of literature, and render entertaining what otherwise might be merely tedious.

Relying upon this, we shall address our readers with the same confidence and familiarity one might use who bore them a letter of introduction from a common friend. We are fresh from the palace of the Sultan of the Indies, a monarch with whose history and character they have been acquainted since childhood, and

from the society of his Sultana, the beautiful and benevolent Shehrazade, whose wonderful gift in the invention of narratives under circumstances which would have unnerved any less heroic lady, saved the young ladies of her empire, and gave the world some of the most admirable and surprising histories it has ever possessed. It is not often one finds leisure, in this busy world, to travel merely for pleasure to a country so remote as Persia; hence many years have elapsed between our early sojourn at this distant court, and the flying visit from which we are just now returned. Yet we have always retained a lively impression of that portion of youthful life, and have frequently been pleased at having this impression brightened by passages in reading and study, that were casual remembrances of other travelers to whom the tour was also familiar. In this feeling all readers who ever wandered so far as the capital of the Sasanian monarchs, must surely participate; and hence would rather hear from a recent traveler how far his late impressions of the regions of country lying in that quarter of the earth, correspond with his and their earlier ones, than a studied disquisition upon the profit to be gained in business by intercourse with the people of those marvelous climates, or any sort of historical or statistical information respecting them. Nevertheless, the introduction to the present edition of the *Guide Book* to those golden regions, places us in possession of some particulars that are new, and ought not in a review of it to be wholly overlooked. But first to our narrative.

Know, then, gentle reader, that the delicious landscapes of the *Arabian Nights* appear to the modern traveler precisely the same as when seen in the fresh years of youth. The faces and figures of those who people them we cannot so readily iden-

\* *The Thousand and One Nights; or, The Arabian Nights' Entertainments.* Translated by Rev. Edward Forster. With an Explanatory and Historical Introduction, by G. M. Bussey. Carefully Revised and Corrected, with some Additions, Amendments, and Illustrative Notes, from the work of E. W. Lane. New-York: C. S. Francis & Co. Boston: J. H. Francis. 1847.

tify. Their characters, however, affect us precisely as they did twenty years ago. This is but natural. In passing from youth to age, and experiencing the usual disappointments of life, our ideals of the forms of beauty and deformity shape themselves according to the depth of our experience. The eye becomes accustomed to more variety; to the crowds of the living, and the ideals of the great artists. We accordingly form images of persons, from reading descriptions of them and their characters, varying with our own growth. Suppose a painter should, in his youth, have read the story of the King of the Black Isles—the part which describes him sitting on his throne in his semi-marmorean condition, the victim of the enchantments of an unfaithful wife, doomed, for aught he knows, through all eternity, to receive diurnally a hundred blows administered by her with a thong of bull's hide, every stroke of which draws blood. The subject is a good one for a picture. (For a daguerreotype, the fixedness of position would be admirable, but we are unfortunately unable, as yet, to make the sun paint images which only exist in the fancy.) It is better even than that of Prometheus bound; for who would not rather a vulture should devour his liver, than be daily flogged in that outrageous manner by the wife of his bosom? There would be an opportunity for the expression of passion in the countenance of this ill-starred monarch, as desirable as was ever afforded by any king or queen in history: despair, patience, just resentment, physical suffering—all these should be brought out in his face and attitude. But the boy artist who should essay a sketch of him from his first impression, would of course handle the subject very differently from the manner in which he would treat it in mature life, and when he had perfected his mind by study. It is the character in ideal personages, as in actual, which is what survives and makes its possessors seem to us lovely or ugly. Hence, though the landscapes and scenes which pass across the fancy in reading the Arabian Nights now, are precisely the same that they were in youth, we can be by no means positive with regard to the faces and persons. The palace of Aladdin stands just where it did, a rather homely structure, with all its splendor, in comparison with some of those in Southey and others we have read of since; but the Princess Badroul-soudour we should not have recognized,

had we met her even when her veil was lifted. We only remember that we used to think she had one of the most remarkable names that ever was heard, and that her disposition to obey entirely the will of her father, in respect of marriage—a fault of many princesses and ladies, both in the East and elsewhere—was only atoned for by her good conduct afterwards. Beyond this, she is, as regards face and figure, an entirely new acquaintance. So of the beautiful Badoura, and her husband Camaralzaman: they are the same miracles of creatures they ever were, but we might have passed either in the street without being aware of it; while, on the contrary, the empires of their respectable parents are as actually located in our imagination, as Ohio and Massachusetts. The “country of Cathay” extends from the Caspian Sea to the borders of China; and the “Islands of the Children of Khaledan” are situated in the middle of the Indian Ocean, south of Hindostan, and are never put down in any of the maps.

One of the most lovely young ladies with whom we were ever acquainted, and most deserving of universal admiration for her beauty, accomplishments, affectionate disposition, and moral courage—we refer to the charming Princess Parizade, who hit upon the ingenious expedient of putting cotton in her ears when she ascended the black mountain, and thereby made herself mistress of the talking bird, the singing tree, and the golden water, and at the same time rescued her less courageous brothers from the petrified, or rather lapidified condition, into which the weakness of their nerves had brought them—this most excellent and every way inestimable princess had passed, we regret to say, so utterly from our remembrance, that we should not have ventured to accost her, had we met accidentally by the side of her own golden fountain, in the garden where stood her singing tree—though at the same time that garden, tree, and fountain have not changed their appearance in twenty years, half so much as the Park in Broadway, and its trees and fountain. It is only where there is something very peculiar in the appearance of these ideal personages, that we are able to recall the old familiar image, and even then it is not always possible. The Punch-like figure of the Little Humpback is tolerably vivid; but in this wicked world one meets too many bad men of venerable age to allow him to remember the Old

Man of the Sea, even with his cowskin legs, as a distinct specimen of long-lived ugliness and depravity. Our old friend Shaibar, who set affairs right by such a summary process, is the most clearly and unalterably depicted of any of them all: we would readily make oath to his identity with the Shaibar of younger days, in any court of justice. But witnesses to establish that fact are not likely to be subpoenaed very soon, for it is very rare to meet with men who are just a foot and a half high, with a beard thirty feet long, who carry on their shoulders a bar of iron weighing five hundred pounds, and who can speak. A capital fellow is he, a man of few words, but prompt and decided in action. One cannot help wishing, by the way, he might be induced to pay a visit to Washington; it would rid us of the Mexican war so easily. Fancy that iron bar flourishing about the heads of our Sultan and his viziers! "Wilt thou not speak then! And he let his bar fall directly on his head and crushed him to the earth." The idea is too exciting to be dwelt upon. But if Shaibar's *physique* is familiar, his beautiful sister Pari-Banou's is not so: how she appeared long ago is wholly gone out of the memory. And it is the same with all these lovely damsels—Cluster of Pearls, Morning Star, Break of Day, Coral-lips, Moonshine, Fetnah, Nouzhatoul-aoudat, (or as this edition calls her, Nouzatalfud.) However enchanting they may be, and many of them, being fairies, are so in a double sense, they have no charm which enables them to leave a durable impression of their mere personal, individual beauty on the memory. As they rise one after another before the mind's eye, the fancy clothes them with beautiful shapes, but the pictures soon grow shadowy; and as the volumes dwindle to the end, there only remains an indefinite impression of Oriental magnificence and loveliness. Beauty soon fades, but goodness remains forever.

Their characters, however, are all fresh and vivid. They that were wicked of yore, are wicked still. We never wanted anything to do with the cunning African Magician who endeavored to cheat Aladdin; we abominate him and his deeds, and all who resemble him. The Sultan, in the same story, is the same worldly-wise old fool he used to seem, before we were aware how many there were like him, among the actually living—fathers ready to dispose of their daughters to the highest

bidder, and who would think, as he did, that such a present as Aladdin brought was a sufficient recommendation. How like a prudent parent was his conduct, when the palace of Aladdin rose out of nothing in a single night. "Why do you endeavor, Vizier," said he, "to make it appear to be the effect of enchantment? You know as well as I do, that this is the palace of Aladdin, which I, in your presence, yesterday gave him permission to build for the reception of the Princess, my daughter. After the immense display of riches we have seen, can we think it so very extraordinary, that he should be able to build a palace in so short a time? He wished, no doubt, to surprise us, and we see every day what miracles riches can perform. Own to me that you wish, through motives of jealousy, to make this appear an enchantment." It is easy to see that he does not believe what he is saying. He knew, as well as the Vizier, that such a palace never could have come there, except by magic; but since it is for his daughter, he does not mind, and is even ready to smooth it over in this humbugging style to his prime minister, who, he must perceive, understands him perfectly. These men of the world are willing others should see their hypocrisy, so that they carry their point; they win, and are not ashamed to be laughed at. Probably the Vizier would have been just as incredulous respecting the witchery, had he been in the Sultan's slippers. It is very curious to observe how old men are given to the vice of lying.

But it is not upon these bad characters that the fancy loves to repose; and as most of the inhabitants of the Arabian Nights are people of irreproachable morals, excepting where they conform to some of the peculiar institutions of Eastern countries, which are different from those which prevail in many parts of the United States, we have a great variety among those whose society we can enjoy as that of agreeable and instructive acquaintances. Sindbad the Sailor, for example, though it is true that the adventures he went through were of a somewhat marvelous nature, is yet a gentleman at heart, and one who, after the perils he had encountered, and the uniform resolution he had manifested under the worst accidents and difficulties, well deserved the prosperity he finally acquired, and the especial favor of his sovereign. The very occasion of his narrat-

ing his adventures, shows him to be what all gentlemen are, who are not laboring under an error of opinion—a true conservative in feeling, one who wishes to improve those about him, by enabling them to take rational views of the causes of social inequality. Entertaining one day a party of friends, he happens to overhear a poor porter who is resting a moment on the stoop of his house, lamenting his hard fate in being scarcely able to support himself and “his wretched family with bad barley bread, whilst the fortunate Sindbad expends his riches with profusion, and enjoys every pleasure.” Instead of driving him from his door, he has the condescension to order a servant to bring him in, and gives him a seat at the dinner to which they are just sitting down. He then, in the kindest manner, assures him he does not do this to reproach him for what he has overheard him saying, but because he feels for his situation, and wishes to show him his error. “You no doubt,” says he, addressing him, “imagine that the riches and comforts I enjoy, have been got without labor or trouble; this is the mistake I desire to rectify. To arrive at the state in which you see me, I have endured for many years much mental, as well as bodily suffering, of such a description as you can have no conception of. Yes, gentlemen,” continued he, addressing himself to the whole company, “my sufferings, I assure you, have been sufficiently great and extraordinary, to deprive the most avaricious miser of his love of riches. You may have heard a confused account of the seven voyages I have made on different seas; now that an opportunity offers, I will with your leave, relate the dangers I have encountered, which I think will not be uninteresting to you.”

Can anything be more considerate than this? There is something in the very tone of it which assures the reader that such a man will not abuse his confidence; he feels as if he were listening to Drake or Raleigh. Some people affect to doubt the truth of Sindbad's narratives, but for our part, we can bear witness to the correctness of the description in general, having *been there with him*. Whether he is altogether accurate in some of the details may be questionable; but it must be remembered he is speaking merely from memory and after dinner. He saw fish that had heads like owls. The owls in Bagdad at that period may have

differed from ours; or a dolphin may somewhat resemble an owl when looked at directly in front: those readers who have seen one can tell better than we. “The rhinoceros, too,” he tells us, “which is a smaller animal than the buffalo, is a native of this island, (Roha.) On its nose it has a horn, about a cubit in length, solid and cut through the middle from one extremity to the other, on which are some white lines, which represent the figure of a man. The rhinoceros fights with the elephant, and piercing him in his belly with his horn, carries him off on his head; but as the fat and blood of the elephant run down on his eyes and blind him, he falls to the ground, and, *what will astonish you*, the roc comes and seizes them both in its claws, and carries them off to feed its young.” We have often thought, in reading this passage, that the rhinoceros and elephant must be rather unsuitable eating for the young birds, their skins being so extremely thick; and taking this into consideration, we leave it to the reader if it does not appear highly probable that there is a wrong reading here, and that, instead of both the dead animals going to roc-away together, we should understand that the parent bird, though it carries them both *off*, does not carry them both off at the same time. “Together” may not mean “at once” in the original; it is quite as likely to signify “some of each.” But the question is less important than that which is given rise to by another passage: “The King of Serendib is so just, there are no judges in his capital, nor in any other part of his dominions; his people do not want any. They know and observe with exactness the true principles of justice, and never deviate from their duty: therefore, tribunals and magistrates would be useless among them.” How this could be in an island where the great doctrine of ATTRACTIVE INDUSTRY was never preached, it is difficult to yield belief. We should be inclined to think the enterprising voyageur must have fallen into an error here through his ignorance of a foreign language, had he not previously stated that Arabic was the language spoken there. As it is, we are disposed to regard the paragraph as the interpolation of some monarchist transcriber. With the exception of a few passages like these, there is nothing so very incredible in his narratives. No one surely can doubt that he descended into the Valley of



Diamonds, and in another voyage "made a devotional journey up a mountain to the spot where Adam was placed on his banishment from Paradise." There are many regions in this world geographers know nothing about, and they do not mark them all as "unknown" on the maps. They never apologize for the omission of Lilliput, Brobdingnag, or Utopia; we hear nothing from them of Shakspeare's Illyria, the forests and castles of the Fairy Queen, or the House of Solomon; they do not acknowledge as authority the narrative of Gaudenzio di Lucca. In fact, geographers who are merely such, know very little of the world—hardly enough for the purposes of commerce. The poets live in a much larger world than theirs.

The sea captains with whom Sindbad sailed in the course of his adventures, present examples of mercantile integrity worthy of the highest respect, and which, it is to be hoped, has had its proper effect on the minds of many boys who have afterwards engaged in the pursuits of business. The moment they discover our adventurer, when they had supposed him lost, they restore his goods at once, "with the profit made on them." (The goods must have been of that sort which improve in value by keeping.) They never wait to be compelled, but seem always anxious to deal justly. We hear but little of them in his narratives, yet from that little they would appear men worthy to command Liverpool packets, were it not for their constant ill-fortune.

Among the characters whom one remembers with respect, must also be enumerated Sindbad's royal master, that truly humane as well as illustrious sovereign, the Caliph HAROUN ALRASCHID, Commander of the Faithful. There is not a monarch in Shakspeare with whose character as a man the world is better acquainted than it is with his. True, Shakspeare's kings are a different style of men, and some of them, Lear and Hamlet for example, were placed in more trying circumstances than he had to encounter, whose reign appears to have passed so placidly that he had little to do after business hours but to enjoy himself going about Bagdad incog., and picking up adventures. A wise ruler and a grave; somewhat hasty in temper, yet one that could pardon an offence, and was not displeased at a pleasant jest; in short, a very dignified, sensible, irascible, kind-hearted old Caliph—one that ought to be esteemed and venerated for

being at least a prince in whom confidence might be placed, despite the precept. If you pleased him, he would give you a purse of a thousand sequins; if not, he would order your head off. There is no deceit in him; all is open as the day. It is evident that he never was consulted as to his political opinions, by various sects and parties of his people, before ascending the throne. He must have gone into power untrammelled by party obligations, unfettered by personal pledges. Had he been written to before his accession, he would probably have replied: "The first thing I do when I occupy the seat of my ancestors will be, to order the heads of those who ask me such questions to be instantly cut off."

It is refreshing to read the diplomatic correspondence by which great potentates in those times preserved with each other amicable relations. The letter with which the King of Serendib intrusted Sindbad on his return from his sixth voyage, is too truly regal to be withheld:—

"THE KING OF THE INDIES, WHO, IN HIS JOURNEYS, IS PRECEDED BY A THOUSAND ELEPHANTS; AND WHOSE RESIDENCE IS A PALACE, THE ROOF OF WHICH GLITTERS WITH THE LUSTRE OF A HUNDRED THOUSAND RUBIES, AND WHO POSSESSES IN HIS TREASURY TWENTY THOUSAND CROWNS, ENRICHED WITH DIAMONDS, TO THE CALIPH ABDALLAH HAROUN ALRASCHID.

"Although the present that we send you be inconsiderable, yet receive it as a brother and a friend, in consideration of the friendship that we bear you in our heart; and we feel happy in having an opportunity of testifying it to you. We ask the same share in your affections, as we hope we deserve it; being of a rank equal to that you hold. We salute you as a brother. Farewell."

"The present," we read, "consisted of several items;—first, a vase made of one single ruby, pierced and worked into a cup of half a foot in height and an inch thick, filled with fine round pearls, all weighing half a drachm each; second, the skin of a serpent, which had scales as large as a common piece of money, the peculiar property of which was to preserve those who lay on it from all disease; third, fifty thousand drachms of the most exquisite aloe wood, with thirty grains of camphor, as large as a pistachio nut; and lastly, all this was accompanied by a female slave of the most enchanting beauty, whose clothes were covered with the rarest jewels."

After reading this description of the present, one does not wonder that the Caliph Haroun, on the receipt of it, expressed his approbation in very decided terms. "The wisdom of this king appears in his letter; such wisdom is worthy of such subjects, and such subjects worthy of it." But we must not suppose him to have been influenced in this criticism of the letter by the magnificence of the gift that accompanied it. No; he would have scorned such baseness. When it came to presents and letters, he was determined to show that he could be as reckless of expense, and could command as royal a style, as his wise neighbor. Accordingly, he sends Sindbad back to Serendib, envoy extraordinary, and certainly the most extraordinary envoy we ever read of, with a letter and present of his own.

"The Caliph had sent him a complete bed of gold tissue, estimated at a thousand sequins; fifty robes of a very rich stuff, a hundred more of white linen, the finest that could be procured from Cairo, Suez, Cufa, and Alexandria; another bed of crimson, and also a third of a different make. A vase of agate, greater in width than in depth, of the thickness of a finger; on the sides of which was sculptured in bas-relief, a man kneeling on the ground, with a bow and arrow in his hand, which he was about to let fly at a lion; and besides these, he sent him a richly ornamented table, which was supposed from tradition to have belonged to Solomon. The letter of the Caliph was written in these terms:

"HEALTH, IN THE NAME OF THE SOVEREIGN WHO DIRECTETH IN THE RIGHT ROAD, TO THE POWERFUL AND HAPPY SULTAN, FROM ABDALLAH HAROUN AL-RASCHID, WHOM GOD HAS PLACED ON THE SEAT OF HONOR, AFTER HIS ANCESTORS OF HAPPY MEMORY.

"We have received your letter with joy, and send you this, emanating from the council of our porte, the garden of superior minds. Do us the favor to accept our presents, and peace be on you. Adieu."

Of all the titles assumed by great monarchs, it would be difficult to find one which should compare with that taken by the Caliph on this occasion; the ostentatious magnificence of the King of Serendib's preface becomes tawdry and theatrical by the side of the sublime simplicity, the immovable solidity of this single title. History does not inform us, but there can be no doubt, that the result of this correspondence was a lasting peace between the two dominions.

It shows the greatness of the Caliph, and the range and scope of his mind, that at

the same time while thus holding in his hands the reins of a mighty government, attending to his divan at home, and upholding the dignity of his court abroad, he could unbend himself and enjoy the droll confusion of Abou Hassan in his harem, till he was like to die of laughter behind the arras; and could even lay wagers with his lady, "a garden of delights against a palace of pictures," as to whether this same Abou Hassan or his wife had been called to cross Al Sirat—that bridge which is more slender than a hair, and sharper than the edge of a sword. Captain Tyler and Colonel Polk barely find leisure to gratify the curiosity of their fellow-countrymen in a "summer progress;" the Commander of the Faithful appears to have been able so to divide his time that he passed his evenings in curious adventures, which he left his mornings to unravel. Yet he always settles all matters of business brought before him on principles of strict poetical justice, his sagacious mind, the moment it comprehends the cause of the evil, at once perceiving the remedy. Thus, after listening to the stories of the Ladies of Bagdad and the three royal Calenders, he concludes the business by marrying Zobeide himself, and giving her three sisters to the three Calenders. An ordinary man in those circumstances would have hesitated in bestowing upon his royal friends the two ladies who, for basely throwing their sister and her husband into the sea, had been changed into two black dogs, from which degrading forms they were only just disenchanted; but he evidently considered that they had repented while in the canine condition; or, which is the better opinion, reflecting that the history of so strange a matter would go down to after ages, deemed rightly that it would have an unsatisfactory conclusion unless the *dramatis personæ* were thus disposed of. The affair of Ganem, the Slave of Love, he terminates with equal judgment. In short, wherever he appears, whether listening to Baba Abdalla, the blind man, or Sidi Nouman, the husband of Amiria the Ghoule, or Cogia Hassan Alhabbal and the two friends Saad and Saadi, he always deports himself in a manner becoming his character and dignity. Sometimes his hasty temper leads him to act with apparent rashness, as in the story of the Three Apples, where he declares he will hang up his vizier and forty of the Barmecide family, unless he discovers who murdered the lady; but he understood

the state of society in his capital, and the character of his subjects, better than we. At all events, his proceedings always turn out well in the end. Once only in all his adventures does he lapse into a childishness unbecoming his general character. The instance was thought so remarkable by Shehrazade that she steps aside from her story to say, in a parenthetical sentence:

"The Caliph Haroun Alraschid, notwithstanding his gravity, could not avoid laughing when the Vizier Giafar said that Shemseddin Mohammed threatened Bedreddin Hassan with death for not having put pepper in the cheesecakes he had sold to Shaban."

But the Caliph appears rather as spectator than as actor, in most of the stories where he is introduced. There are many characters equally pleasant to dwell upon—a throng of noble princes and worthy gentlemen, of queens and damsels beautiful as the day, upright old men, merchants and sultans, prudent matrons, fairies, genies, peris, most of whom are the welcome guests of memory. Who has forgotten Prince Firouz Shah, eldest son of the King of Persia and heir to the crown; how he prevented his father from selling his sister to the Indian who had the enchanted horse, by riding the horse away through the air; how he descended at midnight on the terraced roof of the palace of the Princess of Bengal, whom he wooed and won; how he remained with her till the three months were nearly expired; how they mounted the magic steed in the gray of the morning, and descended in two hours and a half, in the kingdom of Persia; how the Indian stole away his bride, and he then disguised himself as a physician, and searched for her till at length he found her in the possession of the King of Cashmere; how he cured her pretended insanity, and rode off with her from the public square, calling out as they ascended, the following words in a loud voice: "Sultan of Cashmere, when you wish to espouse a Princess who implores your protection, learn first to obtain her consent!" carried her to Persia in a very short space of time, married her immediately, and lived ever after as became so gallant an heir of royalty? Or who does not remember the brave Codadad, who killed the horrible man-eating negro giant, and rescued the beautiful Princess of Deryabar and his forty-nine brothers from the black marble castle that stood on a plain; married the Princess; was left for dead

by his envious and ungrateful brothers; but afterwards cured of his wounds, returned unexpectedly at the head of a troop of horse, which he had raised in the villages, just in time to succor his father's army and turn the tide of victory against the allied powers of the neighboring princes; then again brought bloom to the cheeks of the charming Princess, his wife, who had suffered so many hardships, and dried the tears of his mourning mother, the virtuous Pirouza? Need we refer to that respectable citizen whose history was such a striking instance how much success in this world depends on circumstances—Cogia Hassan, the rope-maker of Bagdad? The first two hundred pieces of gold given him by Saadi, he lost by a kite flying away with his turban; the second his wife sold in a jar of bran; but the piece of lead given him by Saad he gave to the fisherman's wife, who returned him a fish in which was a diamond, that he sold for fifty thousand gold pieces, and thus laid the foundation of his fortune: afterwards the turban and jar were found with the gold pieces, proving his integrity, and convincing Saadi of his error. This story is full of character; the two friends are inimitably drawn, and the honesty and good sense of Alhabbal make him worthy to be a Merchant of Venice.

What a trio of worthy young gentlemen were Prince Ahmed and his brothers Houssain and Ali! They all loved the Lady Nourounnihar, but they did not quarrel on account of it, and their father the Sultan, to settle the difficulty, promised to award her to him who should bring the greatest rarity. So Prince Houssain comes with his enchanted carpet; Prince Ali with his ivory tube, through which one might see whatever he pleased; and Prince Ahmed with his apple of health—all just in time to save the beautiful lady, whereby their father is still unable to decide, and finally determines to give her to him who shall shoot an arrow furthest. Ali at this beats Houssain, and Ahmed's arrow goes out of sight. Ali, therefore, marries the lady, (whom all who read the story will fancy to be one of the gentlest and loveliest maids in the world.) Houssain turns dervise in despair, and Ahmed wandering in the melancholy of his disappointment to look for his arrow, finds the iron door that leads him to the palace of the fairy Pari-Banou, who declares her love for him and inspires him

with an instant affection for her. They live together long and happily, their bliss only marred by the machinations of the enchantress who leads the Sultan to make those extraordinary requests of Ahmed, on his monthly visits to court: first, a pavilion which will shelter an army, and may at the same time be held in one's hand, which the fairy furnishes; second, some water from the Fountain of Lions, which the fairy teaches him to procure by means of the ball of thread rolling before, (the most delightful excursion of the fancy that was ever made in all the regions of magic;) finally, the man a foot and a half high, Shaibar, the fairy's brother, (to whom we have before alluded,) who ends their troubles forever by knocking on the head the weak Sultan, the wicked enchantress, and all 'he evil-disposed in the palace, and concludes the story by placing Ahmed on the throne of his father. The noble conduct of the brothers in this tale, and the conjugal affection of Ahmed and Pari-Banou, are exquisitely delineated. What a world this would be if husbands and wives could all feel towards each other like this incomparable pair!

One of the most unfortunate of men, was the second royal Calender, whose adventures are perhaps as surprising as any that ever befell a single individual, not excepting the famous German Baron. Traveling from the court of his father to the Sultan of India, his cavalcade one day saw on the plain an immense cloud of dust, and soon after discerned fifty horsemen well armed. They proved to be robbers, who overpowered and plundered them. The Prince, after being severely wounded, escaped by flight, till his horse fell dead under him, and left him alone and destitute of everything. In the evening he came to a mountain, and slept in a cave. "For several days following,"—we must give a little of it in his own words—"I continued my journey without finding any place where I could rest; but at the end of about a month, I arrived at a very large city, well inhabited, and most delightfully and advantageously situated, with several rivers flowing round it, which caused a perpetual spring." Here he was entertained by one of those ever-confiding men, a tailor, who gives him some good advice, which deserves to be quoted:—

"The tailor asked me if I knew anything by which I could acquire a livelihood, with-

out being chargeable to anybody. I told him I was well versed in the science of laws, both human and divine, that I was a grammarian, a poet, and above all, that I wrote remarkably well. 'With all this,' he replied, 'you will not, in this country, procure a morsel of bread; nothing is more useless here than this kind of knowledge. If you wish to follow my advice,' he added, 'you will procure a short jacket, and, as you are strong, and of a good constitution, you may go into a neighboring forest, and cut wood for fuel. You may then go and expose it for sale in the market; and I assure you, you may acquire a sufficient small income to live independently of every one.'"

This sensible suggestion, (which ought to be printed in letters of gold, and kept constantly placarded in all public places,) he of course followed; but by an indiscretion every man and woman is more or less liable to fall into, he incurred the displeasure of a genie, who would have killed him, had he not immediately told him a good story of "the Envious Man," but after the tale, consented to commute his punishment. "At these words," says the unhappy narrator, "he violently seized me, and carrying me through the vaulted roof of the subterranean palace, which opened at his approach, he elevated me so high, that the earth appeared to me only like a small white cloud. From this height he again descended as quick as lightning, and alighted on the top of a mountain. On this spot he took up a handful of earth, and pronouncing, or rather muttering certain words, of which I could not comprehend the meaning, threw it over me. 'Quit,' he cried, 'the figure of a man, and assume that of an ape!'"

But it would take too long to follow him through his adventures in this miserable form. He finally becomes secretary to a Sultan, who has a daughter, the Queen of Beauty, versed in magic, and having "understanding in visions and dreams." The instant she perceives him, she knows him to be a man, and then at her father's request, and in the hope of having so learned a person for a husband, undertakes to disenchant him. She succeeds, but loses her own life, having been obliged to pursue her powerful enemy even into the form of fire. The conflict between the genie and the lady is terrific. He first becomes a lion, but she plucks a hair from her head, which turns into a scythe, and cuts him in two. Then he changes into a large scorpion; she be-



comes a serpent, and fights it till, in danger of being worsted, it takes the shape of an eagle, and flies away. But the serpent then appears as another eagle, "black and more powerful," and goes in pursuit. "We now," says the unfortunate Calender, "lost sight of them for some time. (What a moment of suspense! It makes one catch his breath to read it in the tale.) Shortly after they had disappeared, the earth opened before us, and a black and white cat appeared, the hairs of which stood quite on end, and which made a most horrible mewing. A black wolf followed and gave it no respite." But we have not room for the details of this appalling duel. At one time they were two hours under water, in the form of fishes; then they "saw the genie and the Princess enveloped in fire. They threw the flames against each other with their breath, and at last came a close attack. Then the fire increased, and everything about was encompassed with smoke and flame to a great height." Finally, the Princess appears in her own form, while the genie is reduced to a heap of ashes. She has just time to restore the Calender to his proper shape, when the fire, which in the last great effort had penetrated her constitution, burns her to death, and she too becomes ashes. Ah, generous and most courageous lady! thou wast worthy of a happier fortune; but let it console thy sad spirit, if it now wanders bodiless through the elements, that thy brave death has made thee renowned; and that many a heart has rejoiced in thy victory, and many an eye moistened at thy sorrowful fate!

A more fortunate conclusion attended the misfortunes of Noureddin and Enis Eljelis, the beautiful Persian. Noureddin, who is a wild young scapegrace, steals the affections of Enis, whom his father the Vizier had bought at an immense price for the Sultan, while she is under the care of his mother, and marries her by stealth. His father forgives him, on condition he shall never degrade her to her former condition of slavery, nor part with her on any account. But the old man dies, and Noureddin runs through his estate so fast, that in a twelvemonth he is penniless. The beautiful Persian then advises him to dispose of her, and get money to go into business. "Sir," said she, with a devotedness more graceful and touching than her beauty, "I am your slave, and you know the late Vizier, your father, purchased me for ten

thousand pieces of gold. I am well aware that I am not so valuable as I was at that time; I am however of opinion, that I may still produce a sum not much short of it. \* \* Never can I know any pleasure so great as our reunion will afford, if, as I hope may be the case, your affairs should be so prosperous as to enable you to repurchase me." Noureddin suffers himself to be overcome by her reasoning, breaks his oath, and exposes her in the market. But she is bidden for by Saouy, who is now Vizier, an unprincipled old man, whom Noureddin knows to be his enemy; he therefore retracts, refuses to sell her, and beats Saouy, who goes with his complaint to the Caliph. The Caliph orders Noureddin's house to be razed, and himself and his wife to be brought before him; but they hear of it just in time to escape to Bagdad. There they wander at nightfall into the garden of the great Caliph Haroun Alraschid, to whom him of Balsora is tributary, and fall asleep on a sofa in the vestibule. The old officer of the garden, Sheikh Ibrahim, finding they are strangers, entertains them, and makes them believe the garden to be his. As they grow familiar, Noureddin, in his gay manner, suggests wine. The Sheikh, like a pious Mussulman, is horrified, but suffers himself at length to be prevailed on to procure some. Enis Eljelis, ever compliant to the humor of her lord, then artfully seduces the old man to drink. The result is, that towards the end of the evening, the Caliph, looking from his palace, beholds the grand pavilion in his garden, with its eighty windows, all lighted up as on a royal visit. Taking the indispensable Giasar and Mesrour, he proceeds thither, finds what is going on, gains admittance in the disguise of a fisherman, hears the misadventures of Noureddin, who in the most reckless manner makes him a present of the beautiful Persian; and, in the end, after many more adventures, sets his affairs all right, by taking him into favor, and restoring his wife. This wife, Enis Eljelis, (what a pretty name!) all through the tale, appears one of those charming creatures, every true man would be glad to risk an equal chance of dying for, or winning; she is perfection. But what a husband! We never could regard him as any other than a heartless, weak-minded libertine, wholly undeserving such inestimable affection. Such a fellow never would sell for ten thousand pieces of gold in any slave market in the world, Christian or

Mohammedan, ancient or modern. He is a mere thoughtless man of pleasure. His wit pleased the Caliph, but probably his Majesty's chief reason for showing him so much countenance, was, that he considered it would be best, on the whole, for Enis Eljelis. She would not be happy in his palace, and if he sold her she would hardly bring so much as she imagined, (ladies seldom do, which is one reason we have so many old maids.) She would be every way happier with her husband, who loved her as much as it was in his nature to love any one. In short, we must allow that the Caliph acted as wisely and kindly in the premises, as was possible under all the circumstances.

But the best example of his wisdom occurs in the story of Ganem, the Slave of Love. Ganem, the son of a merchant of Damascus, goes to Bagdad to dispose of goods left him by his father, with that direction. While there, he one day loses his way without the walls of the city at evening after the gates are shut. He wanders into a burial place, and takes shelter in a tomb. Presently he perceives a light coming, and, fearful of robbers, ascends a tree. While there, he sees three slaves bring a chest, and bury it. As soon as they leave, he digs it up, and opening it, discovers a beautiful young lady, alive, but in a trance. He succeeds in restoring her, and at her request has her conveyed secretly to his house. She then tells him she is Fetnah, a young favorite of the Caliph, whom everybody has heard of, and who is receiving her education at the palace. She supposes that Zobeide, the Caliph's wife, has taken advantage of his temporary absence (he being gone to conquer a peace with some neighboring prince) to put her out of the way; and doubts not the Caliph, on his return, will be very glad to reward Ganem for restoring her. In the mean time, Ganem's polite attentions make a great impression upon her, and her beauty likewise upon him. She is obliged to remain concealed in his house till after the Caliph's return. The Caliph believes her dead, and has public services performed for her repose. Now comes, with both Ganem and Fetnah, the strong conflict of love and loyalty. They might steal away and be married; he might carry her to his mother and sister at Damascus. But no; his constant maxim is, "*What belongs to the master is forbidden to the slave.*" Fetnah has the Caliph informed that she is alive,

and where she is. She hoped he would send privately for her, but, at dinner with Ganem, she sees the Grand Vizier coming with a train, and hence, guessing that the Caliph is jealous of her high-souled lover, hurries him away disguised as a slave. She was right; the Caliph is in a great rage, and like most people in a passion, acts very unreasonably. He will not hear her, but sends her to the dark tower; he demolishes Ganem's house, and because he cannot find him, sends to the King of Syria to have his house at Damascus plundered, and his mother and gentle sister Alcolomb beaten half to death, and driven out of the city; all which is done. The afflicted mother and daughter beg their way towards Bagdad, hoping to find Ganem. Meantime the Caliph, walking one night alone, as was his wont, around his palace, hears Fetnah from her prison lamenting her fate, and accusing him of injustice. He has her brought before him. She tells him the whole story; how honorable Ganem's conduct was towards her, and towards himself, and how much she loves him. The Caliph now sees he has been making a fool of himself, and has Ganem's pardon at once proclaimed throughout the kingdom. Fetnah is allowed to go in search of him. She finds Alcolomb and her mother, and at length her lover, who has been picked up in a most deplorable condition, by a camel-driver. He soon recovers, however, and they are married. But the Caliph, with his usual delicate sense of justice, is not satisfied with this: he himself marries Alcolomb, that weeping lady, to teach Zobeide not to be jealous; and since they are about it, he thinks Ganem's mother had better marry his Vizier Giafar, for the very sufficient reason that they happen to be both of an age.

Ganem and Fetnah are two young persons whom every one must remember with the sincerest admiration. Ganem's mother also is worthy of such a son. But Alcolomb, who is drawn in shadow so deep one only sees there is a lady, is one of the most affecting figures the imagination was ever called to color. She is not obliged to know so much of the evil of the world as Fetnah; and the fact that she is the sister of Ganem, gives her a purity and dignity mingled with gentleness, that make her worthy to be named with Isabella in Measure for Measure. We could have wished her to have been married to some one she had chosen of her own accord, and who was unblest

with another sharer of his affections. Where ideal personages are the representatives of real ones, it is no feigned emotion that is felt for them, and no waste of sorrow to pity their misfortunes. Alcolomb is but the fancied sketch of a young lady wedded without knowing why: we feel the same for her that we should for any of the thousands of tender creatures who are annually disposed of in the same way—in this enlightened country as often as elsewhere. It is the natural burden which age throws upon youth, and the race must submit to it as one of the most grievous consequences of the primal curse. Once in a hundred million, perhaps, there is an instance like the happy denouement of a love tale; but the great throng of men and women wear out life without one wish of youth ever being realized, giving up one after another as care and age grow over them, till at last they are glad to be visited by “the separator of companions, the devastator of palaces and houses, and the replenisher of graves!”

The story of Ali Ebn Becar and Shemselnihar, an Arabic Romeo and Juliet, as it depends for its interest more on the exhibition of character than on novelty of incident, will most probably have passed entirely from the recollection of those readers who have not visited this region of romance since childhood. It is a beautiful prose poem, founded on the love, disappointment and tragic death of two of the most passionate and sensitive lovers that were ever imagined. The incidents depend on and only serve to develop the intensity and delicacy of their sentiment. The whole is wrought upon the most literal ground-work possible, so much so, that unless one is in a yielding humor it appears almost painfully obvious and minute; as we can fancy might be the case with any of these tales, coming in contact with a mind of coarse texture, susceptible only to the most striking forms of art. But the characters, although the ideal is so very exalted, are sustained with the same careful plainness of detail one would use who was describing from actual fact. If such lovers ever existed in any country, there would be old hearts and cold hearts enough about them to have them put in a mad-house; yet here in the story we feel that their sentiments and actions are not only possible but unavoidable. Nothing can exceed the pathos of this tale; fate overhangs the lovers from the first moment like a mournful atmosphere. The young Prince of Per-

sia never sees the envious streaks of day lacing the severing eastern clouds; the royal favorite never hears the lark sing out of tune. Such division one of Madame Sand's chaste heroines would desire, for the purpose of enjoying the entertaining philosophical reflections that would spring from it; but this poor simple pair, the creation of some tawny Arab, know no better than to die. Peace to their souls! The Caliph, like a noble-hearted man, did all he could; he let them rest together in the same tomb. “From that time,” concludes the excellent Shehrazade, “the inhabitants of Bagdad and even strangers from all parts of the world, where Musselmans are known, have always regarded that tomb with great veneration, and made a practice of going to offer up their prayers before it.”

The directness of the description in the Sultana's tales, (whom all good children fancy to be lying in bed and telling stories to amuse her cross husband, just as they do for their own diversion,) may have prevented many from relishing to the full the humor of Abou Hassan, the wag who declared to be Caliph for a day, simply that he might have an opportunity of punishing the four Sheikhs and the old Imaun who made so much disturbance in his neighborhood, by their continual tattling and mischief-making. But Abou is really a most diverting fellow, and is in this respect even superior to Christopher Sly; the joke he practices afterwards on the Caliph, and indeed all the “situations” in the piece, as the stage manager would say, are full of comedy. Doubtless, in the original, the style has a spirit which cannot so well be translated as plain narrative. The humor of the Talkative Barber is more apparent. Nothing can be finer in its way than the shaving scene; we are made to partake in the vexation of the poor tailor, by the pertinacity with which the Barber's conversation is drawn out; there is no end to him; one does not wonder that the Tailor should never after “behold without horror that abominable Barber.” The story of the Sultan's Purveyor, who marries the Sultana's favorite, is also rich in drollery. All goes very well till the bridal night; then, just as they are about to retire, the favorite discovers that he has eaten garlic, and not washed his hands! Instantly she beats him soundly, and has one of his hands cut off, to teach him politeness. Afterwards she is in all respects a loving wife, and they live very happily together.

But it is time that we pass from the character-drawing to consider the scenery, which, as was observed at the outset, presents generally the same landscapes to the eye as in boyhood. Minutely considered, the style of the description is as unpoetic as possible. Everything is told with the utmost plainness. However it may be in the original, the translation aims only to be a clear medium. The sentences are lists of things or facts. There are few figures—no reflections. The poetic effect depends almost wholly upon what is left to the imagination. Where there is a comparison it is excellent, as when the Calender says the genie took him up so high that the earth appeared “like a small white cloud;” there is a wonderful airiness in looking down such a distance. But where the fancy is not directed by a figure, but left entirely to itself, it is more in keeping with the general tone of the style, and equally effective. Thus when in the next sentence he says the genie alighted “on the top of a mountain;” how delightfully vague it is! The mountain may be Caucasus, or the Dahawalajeri, or Ghibel Kumra—we only know that it is much higher than any of them. If one looks below he sees nothing but air; the country around the base is invisible, because he knows not what it is. Everything is told that is requisite, but the reader cannot help imagining more.

And in such writing, where a warm and active fancy is presumed in the reader, and relied upon with such entire confidence, it scarcely matters whether the description be bare and vague or overloaded with detail. The mind's eye is quick to see in either case. Where the narrative is tediously minute, the memory is bewildered and will not retain the impression of such a multiplicity. The fancy is then compelled to supply its place, which it much more than does, by instantly collecting, like a kaleidoscope, a heap of scattered particles into one symmetrical whole. Thus even in so short paragraphs as those already quoted, describing the presents of the king of Serendib and the Caliph Haroun Alraschid, in reading at the usual rate and with the mind intent upon the progress of the story, and regarding these presents as only at the side of the field of vision, the particulars of them are not so clearly before the mind, a moment after, as the richness of the whole. The vase of ruby filled with round pearls, the skin of the serpent, the

fifty thousand drachms of aloe wood, the thirty grains of camphor, the female slave of enchanting beauty, whose clothes were covered with the rarest jewels, are at once fused in the alembic of the fancy into a single impression of a gift worthy of that powerful and magnificent monarch. Every page of the Arabian Nights affords a similar illustration. The narrative is as copious and pains-taking as can be imagined; it reports the marrow of conversations without the least embellishment, with the fidelity of a judge's notes of evidence; it goes on enumerating with the exactness of a catalogue; nothing is omitted. How particularly we are told that Bedridden Hassan on his wedding night wore “blue satin drawers tied with a golden cord.” With what ineffable coolness the Sultana draws upon our credulity, not in one large bill, but a handful of small ones, in sentences like these from Zeyn Alasnam: “While he was saying this, he perceived, on a sudden, traversing the lake, a bark of red sandal-wood, having a mast of fine amber, with a streamer of blue satin. There was only one person to guide it, whose head resembled that of an elephant, and whose body was the form of a tiger.” How readily we honor the whole at sight!

This very minute plainness, carried along with the same severe simplicity through the real and ideal, possible and impossible, is what brings the two former so near the two latter. There being so much that is real and possible, described with so much care, when exactly the same care, neither more nor less, is bestowed upon the ideal and impossible, causes the judgment to grow weary of attempting to distinguish them. The most extraordinary statements thus acquire the force of truth. The speaker never changes countenance; she goes on through gorgeous palaces, gardens, deserted cities, haunts of genies, ghoules, faries, peris, over black mountains and deserts, in the air, the bottom of the sea, everywhere, with the same even pace; she seldom apologizes for an improbability, and when she does, it is to make that appear only apparently incredible, which is really so; she makes no prefaces conciliatory to the fancy; she tells her tales, in fine, with such an unconsciousness of there being any doubt of her veracity, that she gives fictions absolutely impossible, more than the effect of truth. A roc is as real to us as an albatross; genies we have seen in dreams; fairies—if we



never saw one, we have at least seen creatures *very much like them*; the palaces, cities, gardens, rivers, plains, deserts, mountains of the Arabian Nights mingle in our memory with the rural scenes of childhood.

But to cause this illusion, there must be something lying behind, and quite independent of style. For it is not as poetry that these stories affect us. Of that they have only some of the elements. If they are told in the original in a rhythmic flow of style, heightened by burning metaphors, and chaining the ear by its melody, they belong to poetry, and Shemselnihar's "PALACE OF CONTINUAL PLEASURES" may be a very near approach to the shield of Achilles. But as we have them, they are poetic only in so far as the vividness of the picture will make the most simple language seem so. Thus the comparison of the earth to a "small white cloud," is a poetic effect consequent on the picture which the plain meaning of the words calls before the fancy; but those particular words, though well chosen, have no part *per se* in calling up the picture; the narrative might have read 'a little white vapor,' and the picture would have been as clear. What we would convey is, that in the translation, the words and images are not necessary to each other as in poetry, for example in the lines,

"When he bestrides the lazy pacing clouds,  
And sails upon the bosom of the air."

In such writing, the music of the lines helps the fancy; the language and the picture are coevals; they are interdependent; divorce them, and neither takes the progeny, for they are no longer theirs; there is no more such clouds, such air, such motion. To a certain extent, this is true of the most prosaic narrative; but when we have passed a certain limit, it would seem that language and thought had very little connection, and that a natural, eloquent flow of style, with just music enough to give it general symmetry, so that it should not startle us by abrupt changes, was all that could be used.

To English readers, the Arabian Nights depend for their effect chiefly on what they are as creations of the pure fancy. They are full of exquisite painting of every-day human character; but that of itself would not have made them immortal, did it not appear in the most singularly interesting and picturesque stories that

ever were told. This is the great charm—the fancy, in these tales, is almost entirely free. It runs on and on at its own sweet will, precisely as it does in dreams. The plots are many of them without any apparent forethought; it is quite beyond one's power to guess how affairs are to terminate, or what will happen next. The story of Prince Ahmed and the fairy, (which we have endeavored, by a brief synopsis, to recall to readers who may have wasted many years in pursuits which have carried them away from the simple pleasures of childhood,) has two climaxes and two crises. After the marriage of Ali and Nourounihar, there begins a new *gradation*, wholly disconnected with the previous one. Yet the want of unity does not affect the interest. Ahmed did not succeed in the first part; now he has. The story resembles an overture, where the subject, instead of passing into a related key, should go boldly from the minor of one to the major of another, somewhere below, the modulation being through the iron door. The comparison reminds us of another beautifully dream-like passage, where there is a most splendid modulation à la Beethoven and Haydn. It is the beginning of the sixth voyage of Sindbad. The ship is impelled by an irresistible current, and cast away at the foot of a high wall of dark rocks. The moment they are able to land, the captain says: "God's will be done. Here we may dig our graves, and bid each other an eternal farewell; for we are in so desolate a place, that none who were ever cast upon this shore returned to their own homes!" They see the beach covered with fragments of vessels, merchandise, and the bones of unfortunate mariners. The cause of the current also appears. A large river of fresh water rises from the sea, and flows along the coast, till it enters a dark cave, the opening of which is very high and wide. One by one Sindbad's shipmates die around him, till at length he is left alone. As a last resort, he determines to construct a raft, and abandon himself to the current which flows under the dark cave. "As soon as I was under the vault of the cavern," we give his own words, "I lost the light of day; and the current carried me on without my being able to discern its course. I rowed for some days in this obscurity, without ever perceiving the least ray of light. At one time the vault of the cavern was so low, that it almost knocked my head,

which rendered me very attentive to avoid the danger again. During this time I consumed no more of my provisions than was absolutely necessary to sustain nature; but however frugal I might be, I consumed them all. I then fell into a sweet sleep. I cannot tell whether I slept long, but when I awoke, I was surprised to find myself in an open country, near the bank of the river, to which my raft was fastened, and in the midst of a large concourse of blacks." The change from the suffocating obscurity of the cave to the broad daylight of such a country as Serendib, is one of the most delightful surprises ever conceived. The fancy, which works not in a sustained effort, but like the water at the top of a fountain, ever rising and falling, here bursts upward with a sudden irrepressible buoyancy quite out of the reach of reason. Just so in the story of the second Calender, (in the passage above quoted,) where, after wandering over a desolate country for a month, he comes to a large and beautiful city. Generally in approaching large cities, one sees signs of a thickening population as he draws near it; but that mode of advance does not please Mademoiselle *Fantasie*, who appears to have taken the Calender under her especial care; she is capricious, full of wiles, very entertaining, but impatient of control; she must build palaces in a night, and cause populous and well watered cities to be discovered suddenly in the midst of wide extending arid deserts. There is no sort of jugglery, in short, which she will not practice upon us, if we at the outset resign ourselves to her guidance.

But the nearest approach to absolute dreaming is, perhaps, in those passages in Sindbad, where other people are introduced, who appear to know the whole matter. Thus the captain quoted above seems per-

fectly familiar with a place no one ever heard of before or since; and in another voyage the sailors tell him of the habits of the Old Man of the Sea. These instances, which might be multiplied indefinitely, affect the reader like those most real of dreams where we recognize a place as familiar that we never could have seen, or where what is said or done has a reference to something that has gone before. For example, we have dreamed that we were able to leap from the ground, and with no other exertion than holding the breath and tightly bracing the muscles of the arms and hands, to skim along about a foot from the surface for a long distance, or till out of breath, when the process could be repeated. This power we conceived to be an effort of the will, and reasoned upon it in our dream as a new discovery in animal magnetism; yet it was not a new discovery, but an acquirement we had before possessed and lost. We were now, we thought, on an island in the ocean, an island of plains and low meadows; this faculty had come back to us on account of the joy we felt in being entirely alone, no more in danger of being cheated by man or woman, and in breathing the free air; it was nothing new, for we could remember distinctly having been able to do it summer evenings in boyhood, and the place where—up and down the highway, from the oak tree to the ash, over the gate, and so forth. Of course, when we woke all our fine theory and the facts supporting it vanished in a smile at the absurdity of both. The dream was only a kind of reminiscence of youthful hilarity, granted by some peri or genie, Maimouna or Danhash the son of Shamhourash, who happened to be passing that way. Doubtless many of our readers are indebted to those personages for similar gifts.\*

\* To illustrate what we have said respecting the free fancy, we shall venture to insert here some rough verses, not for their poetic merit, but because they are, all except the place mentioned at the beginning, and the explanation at the conclusion, an exact description of a dream. The repetition of the first incident is characteristic of the movements of the unguided and spontaneous invention: had the judgment presided, a new one would have been chosen, but the mind's subtle painter relied probably on the different landscape and shade of feeling, and thus in reality had a reason for showing its first picture in a new light. We might have referred to the Ancient Mariner, but we thought best to give the reader something new, and at the same time gratify a little of what people in some parts of the country call *vanity-pride*.

#### THE HAPPY ISLANDS

A summer since I spent a week  
At Provincetown; while there,  
One day I walked the outer shore,  
Enjoying the pure sea air,

Till sunset; and of all such walks,  
This I shall best remember;  
It was in August, or perhaps,  
Just early in September.

How the Sultana could have allowed her fancy so much scope, while, if it went wrong and did not please her brute of a husband, she was sure of strangulation, must ever remain a matter of astonishment. For not only does she allow it to take the rein in the general conduct of her stories, but she permits it to luxuriate in minutiae, and to revel in an ocean of particulars. It was a bold confidence in her inventive faculty, but the result shows that she did not over-

rate its fertility. With what copiousness does it environ its royal characters with the Oriental paraphernalia of royalty! Everywhere there is opportunity for an account of ornaments, fine clothes and jewelry; with what zest does it dwell upon them and give us the *very whole*. M. Galland, the French translator, says that the hundred and first and second nights are taken up with a description of the seven dresses worn by the daughter of Shemseddin Mohammed

The sky was piled with golden clouds,  
The winds were all asleep;  
There was no noise, save only this—  
The breathing of the deep—

The broad blue deep that north and south,  
As far as eye could reach,  
Rose out, illimitably,  
From off the glassy beach.

Lone coast! but were thy dead to rise  
Upon this murmur'ing strand,  
How many moving dots there'd be  
Along the sloping sand.

What is yon speck of white—a spar?  
Or is't a tattered sail?  
Part of the eight that here were wreck'd  
In the great October gale?

I see it now—a sea-bleached plank,  
Half buried by the wave.  
I'll sit and rest me here; maybe  
'Tis some poor sailor's grave.

"O that this rest might last forever;  
O that life's toil was o'er;  
That I might go back to its struggle never,  
From off this solemn shore."

I slept and dreamed unconsciously;  
I thought me still awake;  
There was no change, yet all things now  
A dream-like hue did take.

The broad blue deep still rose before,  
The beach still stretched away;  
But all was calm, and over all  
A light unlike the day.

An equal dimly-crimson glow—  
How wan the world did seem!  
The wide, wide ocean like a lake—  
Thought I, "Is this a dream?"

Suddenly—I know not whence—a skiff;  
A figure in the bow;  
Thought I, "Such things I've read in  
But ne'er believed till now." [tales,

It is a swarthy, agile form,  
All naked but the waist;  
He shoots ashore, he leaps, he shouts,  
"Aboard, come on, quick, haste!"

When genies call we must obey;  
I cannot choose but go;

But will this little shallop live  
If it comes on to blow?

He strikes the water once or twice,  
He daunces on the bow:  
The long land lessens—lessens—lessens.  
"I am not dreaming now!"

I see it fading—there—'tis gone;  
There's only sky and ocean;  
No foam before, no wake behind:  
"What meaneth this swift motion?"

On, on, far in the distant east  
A long thin line appears;  
It is another land—my God!  
How rapidly it nears!

There are two standing on the shore;  
Three horses by them stand:  
"Mount, ride, we wait!" they cry,  
Or ere I touch the sand.

I mount with them, I know not why,  
To ride, I reckon not where;  
One look behind upon the beach—  
Nor skiff nor shape is there!

And now we wind along a steep,  
Three horsemen side by side,  
Together, but no word we speak—  
A strange, mysterious ride.

The summit gained, a boundless plain  
Goes down beneath the eye;  
Downward, still down, and sky beyond,  
The world seems turned awry.

A weary waste, more desolate,  
More sad than can be told;  
Filled with strange heaps and mounds,  
Where Babel stood of old. [like those

What steeds are these? they make no  
Their limbs they never stir; [wind,  
They glide like air o'er rough and smooth  
Withouten whip or spur.

The horrid desert flies beneath,  
And yet we still descend;  
We must have come below the deep—  
Where will this journey end?

At length we've paused before a sea,  
Another, like the last;  
Tideless, it ripples at our feet,  
Ink-black, and O how vast!

on her wedding night. Perhaps it would not be difficult to mention a class of readers who will regret he did not translate them.

But it is not in its freedom and fertility alone that the Sultana's fancy was extraordinary. She is also beyond comparison rich and picturesque. In the story of Parizade, the reader will observe how all the fine things that surround the princess contribute to her loveliness of character. There is a beautiful feminineness in the idea of making her wish for the talking bird singing tree, and golden waters. How innocent and girl-like does it make Amina appear to have her cheek bitten by the ugly old merchant, under pretence of taking a kiss. What a picturesque scene is

that where Prince Firouz carries off his bride on the enchanted horse; and in Ahmed how full of mystery is the ball of thread rolling before, and how grand the four lions marching by his side to the city's gates! If it were possible to be as dream-like and free, this imagery would still remain unequalled for its naturalness and profuseness.

We have now, to follow the figure used in the beginning, given, very briefly and imperfectly of course, some recent impressions of a region our readers may be supposed to have been long ago familiar with, but not to have lately visited. In doing so, we have preferred rather to remind them of old associations than to astonish them with new observations, or

And there—yes—see!—it is the skiff  
Shoots inward to the shore;  
The genie standing on the bow—  
He calls me, as before.

He strikes the water once or twice,  
We two are on that ocean;  
No foam before, no wake behind,  
A still, unearthly motion.

And it grows dark, starless and hard,  
No eye could see a mile;  
The genie dances, shouts and makes  
Strange gestures all the while.

A long, long hour. Heart-sinking time:  
Such dreadful space pass'd o'er;  
And something always whispering  
"Thou canst return no more."

But now a pale, thin light appears,  
The eastern side adorning;  
It silvers o'er the far dark sea  
Like the first gray dawn of morning.

One moment; then a shuddering sound,  
That takes all sense away;  
'Tis gone; I am all sole alone,  
And it is open day.

And right in sight, not three leagues off,  
Land ho! high wooded hills,  
And shady vales, and upland slopes—  
My heart with rapture fills!

The little skiff goes dancing on  
Across the sunny water;  
The merry ripples beat her side,  
The light west wind has caught her;

And as she nears, O beautiful!  
Far inland winding bays,  
Green isles alive with waterfowl,  
Meadows where cattle graze.

I land upon the white smooth beach;  
No skiff lands there with me,  
Nothing but air where she did touch;  
A dream-like phantasy.

And now I rise through groves and glade,  
By rocks and waterfalls;  
Gulls that flit through fragrant  
Fill air with joyous calls. [boughs

I lose myself in thick cool woods,  
And cannot once emerge,  
Till on the other side I now  
Approach a rocky verge.

Here let me rest. O what a sense  
Of deep, heartfelt delight,  
Of youth, of strength, of joyful hope,  
Of all that's fresh and bright!

For now, as far as eye can see,  
Behold a goodly land!  
Orchards, and parks, and dales and lawns,  
Where stately mansions stand.

And up the dell come smells of flowers,  
And there are voices too.  
My brothers! living men! I come;  
Soon I will be with you!

There are two standing in a vale,  
Most strange—the very same;  
Yet now they seem like two old friends,  
They greet me by my name.

"Welcome," they say, "to the blessed  
The isles of MEMORY; [isles,  
Be firm, go on, we may not tell  
Aught that awaiteth thee."

They're past; from unseen choirs  
A low heart-swelling strain;  
What maid sits there? I know—she  
"We meet—we meet again!" [turns—

Choking and gasping I awake:  
Why did it end so soon?  
Howe'er, 'twas well, for it grows dark,  
Clouds resting o'er the moon;

And there are five long sandy miles  
Between the town and me;  
And the hostess she is wondering  
Why he comes not to tea.



enlighten them with brilliant criticism. Accordingly we have used up our space chiefly with little abstracts of the stories, not venturing to write of them till we were sure they were remembered. We have endeavored to recall the "old familiar faces," and to wipe off the dust of oblivion that was beginning to veil the old landscapes. First we treated of the characters, then of the scenery, and lastly of the manner of the description, the quality of the fancy, its dreamlike freedom, its opulence and inexhaustible fertility; all very far short of what we would have said, but still so that on looking back we flatter ourselves we have not altogether wearied the patience of our readers, or disappointed a reasonable expectation. We have now a strong impulse to conclude our article with something didactic respecting the moral character of the Arabian Nights, and the propriety of permitting children to read them. But we shall repress it. A word or two shall suffice. There are some prejudices which are easiest overcome by the soothing system, and are not to be met by argument.

Nobody will deny that the Arabian Nights are very pleasant reading. They take the soul and transport it to a glorious region, and conduct it through series of interesting and wonderful incidents. The men and women we meet with in these scenes, are natural men and women; their hearts are like ours; they act from the same motives; the good and the bad are as clearly distinguished as we faint-sighted mortals can discern, and they are so painted that we are made to love the good and hate the bad; they are *common-sense* characters; there is nothing *Frenchy* about them; they are men and women, types of humanity; some are delicate, refined, lovely—others gross, mean, ugly; but in all their variety they are always so managed that the reader's sympathy is enlisted for the pure, upright and true. Now, if fathers and mothers choose to debar their children all these delightful visions; if the world seems so hard to them that they only care to educate their offspring so that they may go through it creditably; or if they imagine that they shall make them fitter for the next world by teaching them to shut their eyes to what is lovely and excellent in this—why, they can try it. They can banish the attractive volumes from their parlors, and confine their young ones to such reading as the "Young Man's Guide," or, to keep them out of worse mischief, permit

them to waste their evenings practicing abhorred ballads; they can do all this, no doubt. But, thank Heaven, this is a free country, and it doesn't follow because the Chinese cramp their children's feet, that the same treatment can be applied to Yankee brains. No. If the dear little boys and girls cannot get at these books in any other way, they will read them, as we did, and thousands more have done, *by stealth*. Yes, (pardon the egotism, gentle reader,) we must proclaim it—we borrowed the Arabian Nights and hid it in the wood-shed. Othello, Rob Roy, and an odd volume of the Spectator, afterwards occupied the same nook. Conceive the infinite satisfaction with which we now publish the fact. We are half inclined to make oath to it before a justice, and here insert the affidavit. Ink and paper are all too feeble. We wish this scrawling had the power of sound, that it might reach at once all the fathers and mothers, guardians, schoolmasters and ministers in New-England. "The voice of one who has read the Arabian Nights, and is alive to tell it!" We wish we could shout it like a muezzin from his tower. Again: "We read the Arabian Nights, and we are '*no deid yit*!'" Alas! there are hundreds and hundreds who never can hear us.

Still it may cause reflection in some who are frequent readers of these pages, to see one thus earnest in speaking of what may appear a light matter. That these stories are faultless, their warmest admirers cannot pretend. They are voluptuous, in many senses, and sometimes say in a few plain words what Mr. Bulwer would either take a page in elaborating, or, losing speech entirely in a paroxysm of delicacy, would insinuate by a —. All this may be admitted; yet, how far such healthy voluptuousness may injure young minds, when they are properly stimulated at the same time, as they ought to be, in a thousand other directions, cannot be with sensible thinkers a very difficult question; the evil, compared with the good, is an inappreciable quantity, and may be thrown out of the calculation. Indeed, we are not certain but some reading of this kind is necessary to preserve the balance of animal and spiritual health, and especially at the present time to counteract the philosophic harlotry of Sand. But we must not enter at present so wide a field of discussion.

The present edition of the Arabian

Nights is, we were glad to find, not a new translation, but a reprint of one made in the last century. The introduction states that it is taken from the French of M. Galland, Professor of Arabic in the Royal College of Paris, who translated from the Arabic in 1704. The tales became at once popular, and were soon in every language in Europe. It is very fortunate that the present version, though in the detail of sentences by no means free from faults, is sustained with admirable fullness and eloquence. Those who read the old one usually printed in the cheap editions will find that the *air* of the book is the same, and though they may here and there recognize a sentence as different and not improved, they will,

on the whole, be well pleased with the publisher's selection. The book is very neatly got up. There are a good many typographical errors, however, (one at the bottom of page 256, part IV., confuses a sentence we had occasion to quote;) and the engravings hit that precise medium between extreme goodness and badness that we could never endure. They neither assist the fancy nor leave it free. It would have been better had they been left out. In all other respects the book is a very acceptable gift to the young readers of the United States, and all true lovers of romance must rejoice in its publication. G. W. P.

November, 1847.

## COVETOUSNESS.

### A FRAGMENT.

Lo! Covetousness in his dusky cell,  
An antique chamber, black and ruinous;  
There will you find him when the clanking bell  
Sounds midnight, and nought's stirring in the house,  
But he and Care: and then he'll three times tell  
His hoarded coins; but if he hears a mouse  
Nibbling the wainscot, quickly thrusts them all  
Behind a panel in the thickest wall;

Then, muttering, takes a taper from the shelf,  
And creeps about, his eyes upon the floor;  
Then comes again and fingers at his pelf;  
Then, gliding out, locks and relocks the door,  
But makes no sound; and like a ghost or elf  
Glides in the shadows, adding to his store  
Old nails and shreds, that glitter in the moon:  
A rag's his godsend, a dropt shoe his boon.

Behold him!—gray, pined, peaked, crooked, ragged;  
His cloak, a beggar's leaving, hangs awry;  
Beneath a felt his locks fall white and jagged;  
His nose is like a hook, blood-shot his eye;  
His back is bow-bent, as with misery fagged.  
His prayer, you'd guess, should be at once to die:  
Alas!—no thought of dying yet hath he,  
Nor will be rich enow this century.

Restrained, and clutching at his cloak, he paces,  
 With elbows cramp't against his meagre sides;  
 Like one benumbed his shadow cold he chases,  
 Still staring on the earth, where gold abides;  
 And now he thinks of old deserted places,  
 Where yet, maybe, some pirate's treasure hides;  
 Then dreams on witchcraft and dark sorceries,  
 Gold gnomes and devil's greed, till courage dies.

His thumb he pinches in his bony fingers,  
 As though, instead, a bit of gold they held;  
 While by a neighbor's door he, pondering, lingers:  
 "Might thief, vile word! some other way he spelled,  
 'Twere good;" then meditates with deepest thinkers,  
 (For much he's read,) why such offence 'tis held,  
 To lessen another's heap; then, with a groan,  
 Glides homeward, lest some rogue be at his own.

Crushed with that thought he enters the low cell,  
 Resolved that night to sleep beside his treasure;  
 But, finding all secure, concludes it well  
 That laws are bloody, and a smouldering pleasure  
 Glows in his veins; and then he'll sit and spell,  
 Old deeds that parcel land with tedious measure;  
 Notes, quitclaims, mortgages, wills, torn and dusty,  
 Mere legal rat's meat, brown, obscure and musty.

And day and night he sadly meditates  
 On other men's affairs, of birth and death;  
 Takes hope from poison, thinks of cunning baits  
 To lure young heirs to shorten their own breath;  
 Dreams on reversions, and devised estates,  
 Expectancies, and hopes that lie unneath  
 The teeming future; then of million loans,  
 Aglow; then thinks on bankrupt States, and groans. CYONIDES.

### THE VIOLIN.\*

THE recent republication of one of the best methods for the violin, is a gratifying index of the progress which the beautiful and tranquillizing art of music is making in our warlike nation. We have not at hand the work referred to; but when publishers find it for their interest to reproduce so comprehensive a treatise, it may reasonably be presumed that a short article on the subject will not lack readers.

The advice of Chesterfield to his son—

"Never stick a fiddle under your chin," may be admitted to be very good, as a general maxim; but there are in our country, as in England and elsewhere, a very respectable number who will never need it; whose love of art is stronger than their ambition to conform to the Chesterfield code of manners. It is necessary that something should be written occasionally for the amusement and instruction of this class. The world, taken at large, and looking through history,

has yielded so far as to allow that it is not absolute insanity to have an irrepressible bias towards art. Whether this bias may not be so over-mastering in some cases as fully to justify such a violation of decorum as putting a fiddle, which is mere harmless wood, under the countenance, cannot be a point that requires argument. It undoubtedly is. Undoubtedly there do occur instances where the desire to play the fiddle is so strong, that it is better to humor and direct it than to attempt to repress it. It would be well in most such cases that some easier instrument were chosen; but there are unfortunately some incorrigible youths whom nothing less will satisfy. With these, the placing a fiddle under their chins and trimming the nails of their left hand must be endured; the offence ought not to banish them from decent society. Some of them do contrive to crowd through the world as comfortably as their neighbors. In our mind's eye we can easily recall the images of many veteran amateurs, men of warm hearts, who have retained the love of music through long lives; and find themselves in age, so far from being out-cast, surrounded by troops of kindred friends, and respected for this very infirmity. It is better that boys who manifest a similar obstinacy should be taught to stick fiddles under their chins, the proper place for them, than left to lay them on their arms, where they ought never to be put.

The great violinists who have visited the country of late years have, as is indicated by the republication of Campagnola's and other standard works,\* paralyzed the old prejudice against their instrument, and spread a more general knowledge of its importance to the musical art. It is time the enthusiasm they have awakened should be properly guided. Scarcely anything presents a view of a more deplorable struggle than the history of a born devotee of music, who happens to expand in any of the thousand unmusical circles into which society at large is divided. His first essays, after toy whistles, or those universal rural instruments, cornstalk fiddles, squash vine bassoons, and dandelion trumpets, are generally upon a one-keyed *flauto traverso*, (in writing on music one is never believed without a thick

sprinkling of unnecessary technical words) a German flute, we might just as well say, perhaps better. Said flute in most cases is cracked, and requires the Priessnitz treatment to put it in voice; the key is usually tied down with a string and turned under to prevent its being obtrusive. It is held, not horizontally, but at the semi-quadrant angle, or as nearly perpendicular as the head of the performer can be twisted to allow of. The embouchure is then turned over towards the lips, which are compressed into the shape of an O, and the lungs are put to their exercise, being filled and re-filled at every note with such alacrity that the player's head is dizzy at the end of his every eight bars and two repeats. Woe to his unfortunate neighbors! If he is at home, how often his suffering sisters are called to assist him in deciphering the notes of "Fresh and Strong," or "Days of Absence;" if at school, or as happens in a vast number of instances, a freshman at college, how often do those inspiring melodies echo from his chamber! At length he astonishes himself, begins to fancy he *can* learn, procures a book, and sets about it in earnest. If the book happens to be a Nicholson, he recovers from his bad mechanical habits to fall irretrievably into worse ones of taste; Nicholson and his variations being a Slough of Despond, where the greater number of pilgrims either return disheartened or stick fast forever.

But suppose our pupil is resolute and goes on, through Nicholson and Wragg, through Drouet, Gabrielsky, Furstenan, Kuhlman, (the best of any,) Berbiguer, Tulou, and all the rest; suppose he takes lessons, learns to play in time, and practices vigorously, always more to conquer old habits than to form new ones; suppose he even achieves difficulties and really conquers a concerto. All this while he is growing imperceptibly and unconsciously in the great art of music that is around him. The flute is exhausted; it has no longer charms enough to stimulate him to go on; he has reached his ultimatum. In the meantime a violin has fallen in his way, and he has learnt the scale in the first position merely by accident. There is a fascination in it; when he succeeds in producing a tone, it seems to permeate the whole

\* The first twelve of Kreutzer's Studies were published some time since by Mr. Reed in Boston; but only the foreign editions can be obtained in New-York.



muscular system. Less and less frequently now is the flute-case opened, and finally it is left closed altogether. At this stage the original process must be gone over again, with all the disadvantage of rigid muscles on the most difficult of instruments. Sometimes the individual has courage, and goes at once to a master; he may thus by severe labor patch up a decayed musical organization, and actually bring himself to be on friendly terms with this delightful creature, though he must ever regret that his early want of education will prevent him from enjoying a very close intimacy. But how many years of life are there thrown away that might be used to more purpose did our society recognize the necessity of Art. When one considers, this one instrument alone is a great sum; but when one thinks how slowly the whole art of music is ever rising upward to smooth over with its refining influence the rough realities of existence, it seems miraculous that it is not altogether crushed and overpowered. Indeed, it would be, but for the mighty strength of the great geniuses. Between the dishonesty of the learned and the mistakes of the ignorant, the worship of St. Cecilia would soon perish from the face of the earth.

The first step towards learning an instrument is, to resolve to set about it. Many waste years acquiring a habit that brings them little satisfaction, and is only a nuisance to their friends. One never sees that they either improve or go backward. They remind one of what Haydn's friend Salomon, the violinist, told the Prince Regent. After having taken several lessons, the Prince one day asked, "Well, Mr. Salomon, how do I get on?" "Please your Highness," said Salomon, "der are tre stages of music. First, der is pick out, read notes, count time, &c., not play at all. Second, der is play, but play very bad,—out of time, out of tune, noting at all. Now your Highness *has just got into the second stage!*" This is a stage which a great many young gentlemen never get beyond.

Secondly, it must be remembered that the acquiring an instrument is not an amusement, but labor; and very fatiguing labor, too, in respect of the violin. There would be more such players as Vieuxtemps and Sivori, if it were not so.

Whoever has observed the face of the latter as he has entered the Tabernacle on evenings when he has been peculiarly successful, will have seen the worn look which denotes exhausting practice. He had no doubt great natural facility, but to acquire and keep up such skill can only be accomplished by the most unremitting industry. The whole soul and body must be given to the work, as entirely as a rich merchant's energies are devoted to trade.

One must also be very patient, and not expect too much. After twenty, it is generally too late to begin the violin at all. Before that, let the young amateur be resolute, and consider what it will be to be able by and by to open those treasure chests of the richest instrumental music in the world—the quartets of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven! How delightful shall the evenings pass in that pleasant parlor every young man ought to picture to himself in the future of his hopes! There shall assemble his old friends, at stated times; the table shall stand in the centre; four portable music desks and four candles shall adorn it; while the dear wife, that shall yet be found out and wooed and won, sits with some of the friends' wives (for they shall all have them except the violincello; he shall be a bachelor, and take snuff and wear spectacles) at a work-table by the fireside. There shall be heard the songs of mighty bards—no Verdi, no Sweet Home, no flat May Queen music, no Russell, no Balfe, no insipid "Love Not," no Ethiopian. All this shall be before thirty; and the young player may be sure of realizing the playing part of it in a few years' well-directed practice. Alas! the rest of the picture cannot be promised with so much assurance.

The next step is to procure an instrument. Twenty dollars will purchase one fit for the purpose, but the beginner must not attempt to select it.\* Some of the cheap violins are hollow and indistinct, others woody, the most part have no power of tone at all. Anything that is strongly built and not unpleasantly new and scratchy will do for a long while, but as good a one as possible should be obtained, of course. College amateurs, however, frequently pay extravagantly for instruments they never learn to use. Some cheap violins are made with the

\* What an infinite-variety of character there is in violins! We have as distinct an idea of each of the instruments of the great performers who have visited our country

neck and finger-board one-sided, for the convenience of those who wish to imitate that elegant player in the Hutchinson Family who held his fiddle on his arm, with his hand stretched all along. This is an invention of Satan; "*hic NIGER est, hunc tu Romane, caveto.*" A bow may be obtained for two or three dollars; a light one is best at first. The tension of the hair should be the same in every part of it, so that a gradually increasing pressure should have its proper effect; this also should be attended to if possible by a master. The next thing is the strings, which ought to be the best that can be had. Such are the dry Italian, which cost two shillings a coil (each of which has three lengths) at the importing stores, Sharfenberg's and Godone's in New-York, or Reed's in Boston, are as good places as any. They should be thin at first, because the intonation is easier with such, and they should be proportioned in size by a trial of the fifths, which the learner can make if his ear has been educated by practice on other instruments. In the city there are plenty of good repairers of violins, who will attend to these things and put the instrument in playing order for a few shillings; or the pupil can do it himself. The position of the tail-piece and sound-post affects the tone, making it more open or the reverse according as they are back, or towards the finger-board forward. For most instruments the tail-piece should be back to within half an inch of the end of the instrument; the front face of the bridge towards the neck, should be on a line with the notches in the S holes at the sides; and the sound-post should be just the width of the bridge behind that foot of the bridge which is nearest the bow hand.

Now, if the learner is in any place where instruction can be obtained, he should go to a master at once; but as many young amateurs are not so situated and still will play, we will briefly give them a hint or two on the manner in which the violin should be attacked. Musical boys are curious in these matters

at an earlier age than is often suspected: we may, in writing these sentences, be bending some twig that shall afterwards grow up into a Haydn. If Baillot and Rode's *méthode* can be procured, it is the cheapest and best; there is nothing in it but dry work. That of Campagnola, which has now been republished, is more attractive and more costly; but the style of bowing taught in it is not the best, and is not generally in use; the exercises, however, are well devised to smooth the path of labor. Spohr's violin school is excellent, and all the little studies in it are exceedingly interesting; but the young student will derive more pleasure from it when he is a little advanced. The cheap violin books of the shops, half-bound in green and blue paper, and filled with arrangements of flat ballads interspersed with a few vigorous old hornpipes and reels, should never on any account be opened; they are not good. Should there be two players a very little advanced who wish to go on rendering each other mutual aid and comfort, let them send to Mr. Hoyer in Broadway, near Duane street, and buy Gebauer's easy duets; or, if they have got a little into the positions, "six easy duos" by Pleyel, (Opera 34.) There are many delightful duets besides by the same pleasing writer, (the pupil of Haydn, and himself a lesser Haydn.) Afterwards they may go into Viotti, Krommer, Jansa, Romberg, (are there not in the old book, dear A., two of MOZART?) Spohr, May-seder: there is, indeed, a whole library in this one department, all within the scope of moderate industry. Many of our readers must have seen that French caricature of the two apes playing a violin duet?

But before arriving at the height of enjoyment indicated in that engraving, it is necessary to begin and persevere with the same unconquerable ardor that animates a well-known amateur of this city, who, at more than threescore and ten, still tasks himself daily at the gamut he has never been able to conquer. Suppose the violin in the future player's hand, all in order, the bow greased with prepared rosin,

as of so many ladies. Vieuxtemps' was an elegant educated French matron, of the last age, full of conversation, and always entertaining. Siveri's is a brilliant Neapolitan. Nagel had a charming little fairy. There is one we know like a Rubens beauty—"fat, fair and forte." It is in the possession of Mr. Keyzer of the Astor Place orchestra—a fine old-school player, and an enthusiast in his art.

\* It would save unnecessary expense to the pupil, and be more for the publisher's interest, if this work and that of Spohr had been published in separate numbers. More than half of each cannot be of any service to the player until after he has practiced many years, and aside from the cost, it is disheartening to look forward to so much labor.

(young Paganinis are often apt to use too much, which must be cleansed from the strings with a very little of the fat of sheep, boiled in water to extract the salt, and used upon an old kid glove or piece of wash-leather, (to which one of the nooks in the fiddle case should always be appropriated.) The next thing is to hold it properly. This is so important that a nice eye can readily determine from it an artist's whole character. A man who in this age of the world holds a fiddle on his arm, should never be spoken to except in the necessities of business or common life; we should treat him kindly and quietly, letting him be aware what we think of him without hurting his feelings, but without "mixing with him" at all—just as we treat radicals, Millerites, believers in quack systems, and all such poor creatures. Let the student read M. Baillot attentively, and endeavor to conform thereto; let him begin at

"ARTICLE 1ST.

"*Manner of holding the Violin.*

"The violin should be placed on the left collar bone, kept in its position by the chin, on the left side of the tail-piece, supported by the left hand, in a horizontal position with the exception of a little inclination to the right, in such a manner that the extremity of the neck of the instrument may be directly in front of the middle of the left shoulder."

The style is not remarkably beautiful, but it is very clear, and the reader, if he does not understand it in English, may have it in the original French, which is given in a second column. There are eight similar articles, and the tyro must read them all and follow them in every particular. However it may be in politics, in music there was never such a phenomenon as a *self-taught violinist*.\* Here, one must be content to avail himself of the fruit of other men's experience. The way pointed out is not merely the best, but the *only* way in which skill can be reached. The player must not let the neck of his instrument fall into the palm of his hand or into the angle of the thumb and fore-finger, because if he does he can never go out of his first position. He must teach his wrist to remain bowed outward for the same reason. He must have the

ball of the thumb opposite the middle of the palm, to enable the fingers to lie over the strings, so that they can strike them like little hammers. He must not let the last joint of his little finger bend inwardly, because it aids the natural weakness and unreliability of that foolish and troublesome little member. He must bring the thumb up to the very body of the instrument in the third position, if he would be sure of his intonation. In his bow hand what infinite trouble is before him, in the endeavor to loosen his wrist and retain strength in the hand. The thumb, which must be turned outward, will ache at times, and so will his wrist; but what of that, when he is learning a charm to enable him to raise at will the spirits of the dead? So, also, in his left hand, when he comes to breaking down the affection of the third and fourth fingers, and creating as it were two muscles where nature has bestowed but one, he will find no child's play in it. But by that time Kreutzer will be before him—Kreutzer, the friend of Beethoven!

It would be pleasant to follow the pupil through his seven positions, the second of which will cost him so much vexation, through his *coups d'archet*, his *staccato*, his *martele*, his double stopping, his octaves, his *nuances*, his *largo* practice, whereby he learns to make his barbiton sing like an angel, his *arpeggios*, his *trillos*, *tremolos*, *ponticellos*; it would be delightful to wander among these fascinating words, until this essay should be deemed sufficiently unintelligible to be considered high authority, but this is not at present permitted. "Art is long," but articles must be short; there are so many indifferent Gallios.

One thing must not be forgotten, however, in musical practice. It is that, more than any other, which spoils amateurs, and brings them to a point whence there is no advancement. It is the *desire to go too fast*. There is no better advice for them than "*festina lente*." Never do anything that cannot be accomplished with cool nerves; do not dare difficulties too rapidly. How many amateur violinists, as soon as they are able to play what would be a second fiddle in an orchestra, evaporate in the easy show pieces. De Beriot's beautiful airs are sad temptations.

\* There may be some respectable *fiddlers* among amateurs, who became so through accident, just as there may be honest men in the Democratic party: particular exceptions only prove general rules.

One may see the same effect in other arts. A writer, for example, who would not fritter himself away, must keep up a daily acquaintance with solid reading.

Much of the advice here given will apply to the study of other instruments and to the cultivation of the voice. There is no excellence to be attained in any department of musical performance, without

much study—constant study, in fact—study that grows into a habit. It is of very great importance to *begin rightly*, and if these observations shall have the effect of putting any in the way, they may be of more service to music than the indefinite writing on such subjects which for many years past has been so fashionable.  
G. W. P.

## AN IMPORTANT IMPROVEMENT IN THE ART OF LITHOGRAPHY.

THE sketch from Moritz Retzsch, in the present number, was chosen as a happy instance of the genius of the artist and of his peculiar manner. It is a rough tracing, transferred to stone by a newly invented process. Its title is—

### THE ENIGMA OF HUMAN LIFE.

"The spirit or genius of humanity, doomed for a season to walk this earth in ignorance and sorrow, sits meditating on the riddle of human existence, which is here represented by the gigantic Sphinx, half buried in the sands, its countenance averted, and partly veiled in the clouds; around him is a desert, stony, barren, and overrun with nettles and thistles; in his hands he holds a rose, of which the withered and fast falling leaves express the transient nature of all that is sweetest and loveliest on earth. The spectacle of sin and death, (figured by the reptile at his feet and the lifeless bird which has perished by its fang,) fill the mourning spirit with grief and dread; but he looks up, and behold! two butterflies, which have escaped from the chrysalids, which lie on the thistle-leaf, and are soaring and sporting in the clear ether above his head: on them his eyes are fixed, with a contemplative and trembling hope, and his heart glows with the conception of a higher and purer state of existence."

We have lately been shown by the inventor a manuscript of a pamphlet that will soon be published, which is at once an account of this art, a treatise on an important part of education, and a proposal for its advancement. The art itself is a remarkable improvement in Lithography, and is

named by its inventor **CHEMITYPIC PRINTING**. It enables any person properly instructed, to multiply his own manuscripts, or those of another, to an unlimited extent. Provided with a small hand-press, and two kinds of ink, one for writing upon common paper, and the other for strengthening the marks of the writings transferred to a lithographic stone, the writer may multiply his manuscripts to the number of millions if he chooses, at no other cost than the paper and the labor of the hand.

Another remarkable application of this art is to the reproduction of drawings executed with the pen. Having made a drawing in a peculiar kind of ink, which accompanies the press, it is transferred to the surface of a smooth stone, like a piece of writing, and then, with a little trouble, the artist may himself produce as many copies of the draught as he chooses, at no cost beyond the paper and labor of the hand.

To form a clear notion of this curious art, let the reader imagine, first, a small iron hand press, fastened firmly upon a solid table, and provided with a roller and scraper like an ordinary lithographic press. Then let him suppose that he has sketched with some care an original design, or made a writing, upon fine paper prepared for the purpose.

The sketch or writing, thus prepared, is now laid face downward on the surface of a lithographic stone, or on a plate of zinc or pottery ware prepared for the purpose. The stone lying upon the table of the press, is now covered by a sheet of thick leather attached to it, and, with a few turns of the crank, passed under an



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edge or scraper of wood, to which a strong pressure is given by a lever. On rolling back the table of the press, and receiving the paper, the writing or sketch will be found indelibly impressed upon the stone in reverse.

The next process in the operation is to blacken the letters with a peculiar composition passed over them in a sponge. A layer of moisture prevents the stone itself from receiving any blackness between the letters. Lastly, a common ink roller with lithographic ink is passed over the surface, and the sketch or writing may be now communicated by pressure to a sheet of dry paper laid upon the surface. Between each application of pressure, a fresh layer of ink is applied by the roller, and the copies may thus be indefinitely multiplied.

The immense variety of purposes to which this art may be applied, in the reproduction of drawings and writings of every description, would require a volume only to enumerate. The artist, provided with one of these presses, can multiply his original designs, or have them worked off by others, at the most trifling expense, under his own eye; each copy retaining the ease and characteristic touches of an original. Works of illustration can be supplied in this manner, to any extent, with the most delicate productions of the pencil. Nor have these prints any of the character of common lithographs, but they rather resemble rough wood cuts, or the works on copper of the ancient etchers. Their introduction would give a new direction to the arts of design, and create a better taste and consequent demand for better works. The original drawings of a good designer would of course be preferred before the featureless steel plate and lithographic prints that are at present used to illustrate periodical and popular works.

The multiplying of every description of manuscript, will be a still more important application of this invention. A boy twelve years of age may easily be taught to reproduce writings by the press. A law paper, written in the proper ink, may be handed by the lawyer to his clerk, who, having been properly instructed in the art, will presently furnish him with as many copies as may be necessary.

A publisher, editor, or agent, of any business, having to use a circular letter, may have any number he desires prepared for him that shall be facsimiles of the original.

A clergyman wishing to multiply his sermon, or a professor his lecture, may

have as many copies as he chooses of his own hand-writing reproduced for him upon the press. He may in a short time learn the process from written directions, and find it an amusement and an agreeable exercise for the body.

Circulars for political purposes, not easily distinguishable from written letters, may be scattered abroad on the eve of an election. In short, there is no species of writing, which it is desired to multiply, but not to print or publish, for which this art will not be found necessary. Having in our possession one of the presses used in this process, and having witnessed its employment in various hands, we are satisfied of its utility and adaptation to all the purposes above mentioned. The illustration in the present number, a rude tracing, we saw printed from a stone, at a rate averaging thirty and sometimes sixty copies the hour, by a person who knew nothing of printing or lithography until he learned this process. In the January number, illustrations of a more delicate character will be given, drawn with greater care. The present one serves only to show the capability of the invention, as a means of illustrating periodicals and popular works. A specimen of manuscript would also have been given had there been time; we may, perhaps, give one in our next number.

The process of this art being not purely mechanical, but requiring some attention, and discipline of the eye and hand, besides being an agreeable exercise of the body, the inventor suggests that it may be made a valuable auxiliary to education in common schools. The greater part of his work is devoted to an exposition of his views on this topic; and by a series of excellent arguments and illustrations, supported by quotations from the best writers on education, he shows very satisfactorily, that an art like this, which combines discipline of the eye and mind, with a gentle and agreeable exercise of the body, might be introduced with the greatest advantage, to vary the employments and improve at once the capacity and health of pupils. A press may be placed in a corner of the school-room, or in a closet adjoining, and the pupils instructed in their turns by the master or by the most ingenious among themselves, in an art that combines as many points of neatness, dexterity, and industry, as may suffice to educate their physical faculties. As a relaxation from study in the winter time, when out-door exercise

is inconvenient or dangerous to health, we can imagine nothing better than the exercise of a manual art; and when that art is so intimately connected with literary pursuits, and qualifies every pupil to multiply his own writings, it must prove particularly valuable.

All this apart, however, we have seen enough with our own eyes, and hope soon to show results to our readers, to convince any one that a vast addition has been made by Mr. Doulevy's invention to the means of artistic and literary education.

## LETTERS ON THE IROQUOIS.

BY SKENANDOAH.

ADDRESSED TO ALBERT GALLATIN, LL.D., PRESIDENT NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

### LETTER XIV.

Indian Geography Continued—Ontario Trail—Genesee Ford at Rochester—Ridge Road—Derivation of Niagara—Genesee Trail's—Gen-nis-hee-yo: The Beautiful Valley—Favorite Residence of the Senecas—Indian Villages—Derivation of Ohio—System of Trails pointing Southward—Southern Highway—Coughocton Trail—Susquehanna Trail and its branches—Tioga Point—Lake Trails—Indian Runners—Fate of the several Nations—The Indian Department of the Government.

HAVING traced the main trail of the Iroquois from the Hudson to Lake Erie, it remains to notice the lake and river trails, and to locate such Indian villages as were situated upon them. The principal districts occupied by our predecessors, and embraced within the "Long House," to which they were wont to liken their home-country, and the political structure under which they were sheltered, will thus be pointed out; and also the lines of communication by which they were traversed.

In pursuing the inquiry, our attention is first arrested by the Ontario trail. Bordering Lake Ontario from Oswego to Lewiston, there is a ridge running the entire distance, from three to six miles inland from the shore, and mostly a continuous level. It is generally admitted that this ridge was anciently the shore of the lake, the basin of which has been depressed some three hundred feet, or the surrounding country elevated by subterranean agencies. A natural road is formed by this ancient beach from Oswego to Lewiston; and from the valley of Genesee to Niagara it was extensively traveled by the Iroquois.

Oswego was a point of considerable

importance to our predecessors, both as the terminus of the trails which descended the river from the Onondaga and Oneida country; and as the inlet of intercourse by water from Lake Ontario. Commencing at this place, the Ontario Trail followed the ridge to the westward, crossing the *So-dous*, or Great So-dus Bay, near its head, and from thence continuing west upon the ridge until it came upon the *Ti-on-da-quat*, or Irondequoit Bay, near Rochester, when it turned up the bay to its head. The true name of this bay is involved in doubt, its orthography having been variable. On a Mohawk map it is written *Ti-on-da-quat*; Colden wrote it *Tron-da-quat*; while on a map of Monroe county, published by the Surveyor General, it is written *Îc-o-ron-to*. In addition to these names, the Jesuits, on a map published in 1664, put it down *An-di-â-la-ron-ta-gut*. From the head of this bay there was a well-beaten footpath to Canandaigua.

Leaving *Ti-on-da-quat*, the Ontario Trail turned back from the ridge, and proceeded direct to the Genesee Ford, at Rochester, which was near the point where the aqueduct has since been con-



structed. Gā-sko'-ā-go, the aboriginal name bestowed upon this city, is rendered *Under the Falls*. The falls themselves have no ancient appellation; but they would be described generally by the Iroquois as the Falls of the Genesee, as we describe them. Having crossed the river at the ford, the trail turned north, and followed down the river to the lower falls at Carthage, where it again came upon the ridge road. These falls had no name in the strict sense, but would be designated thus: O-nun-dā-go T-car-sko-gā-da; literally, *The Falls below the Falls*. Turning again to the west, and following the ridge, the trail crossed the Gā-doke-na, signifying *Place of Minnows*, or Salmon creek; and, passing over the site of Clarkson, it came next upon the O-neh-che-geh, or Sandy creek, at the village of the same name. This name, bestowed upon the creek and the village, is rendered *Long Ago*. Forging this stream, the trail continued upon the ridge to Da-ge-a-no-ga-unt, signifying *Where two sticks come together*, or Oak Orchard creek. In Tuscarora it is called Ken-au-ka-rent. Crossing this stream at the ridge of the same name, it next came upon the A-jo-yok'-tā, *Fishing Creek*, or Johnson's creek, in the town of Hartland, Niagara county. After passing this stream and entering the town of New Fane, the trail bore towards Lockport; and having crossed the De-car-de-hā-na-ga, rendered *Two creeks near each other*, or Willink's creek, it led direct to the Cold Spring, (De-o-na-gā-no, Cold Water,) near that village. From the spring the trail turned back to the ridge, and passing through the town of Cambria, and over the T-car-na-gā-gee, or Howell's creek, it proceeded to Gā-o-no-geh, the Tuscarora village on Lewiston Heights. This trail was the general route to Canada from the valley of Genesee, the Niagara being crossed near Lewiston.

Having now reached the banks of the Niagara and the vicinity of the great cataract, the derivation of the word Niagara is suggested as a subject of inquiry.

Some doubts have been entertained of the origin of this word in the language of the Iroquois, but without establishing any reliable derivation from any other Indian language. It appears that the Neuter Nation, who were expelled by the Senecas from the banks of the Niagara in 1643, left behind them, in the manuscripts of the Jesuits, On-gui-a-ah-ra, and Ung-hi-a-ra, as their name of the Niagara river. It must be admitted that there is a resemblance between these names and the modern word Niagara, which, in the absence of all further facts, might lead to the supposition of such a derivation. The Iroquois, however, claim the word Niagara as a derivative from their language, and furnish the following explanation of its origin. After they came into possession of the Niagara peninsula, a village sprung up between Lewiston and the mouth of the river, which was called in the dialect of the Senecas, Ne-ah'-gab or Ne-ā'-gā, (ā sounded as in *art*, with a strong accent on the middle syllable;) in the Onondaga dialect, O-ne-ā-gā; in the Tuscarora, On-ya-kar-rā; and in the Mohawk, Uh-ne-ā-grā, and Och-ne-ā-grā. The derivation of Niagara from Ne-ah-gab or its cognate term in one of the other dialects must be sufficiently obvious.\* The root in the several dialects is found to be the word signifying *Neck*: in Seneca O-ne-ah-ah, Onondaga, O-ne-yā-ā, Mohawk, On-yā-rā; and the word thus derived is supposed to refer to the *Neck of Land* or peninsula between Lake Ontario and Lake Erie.

The name of this ancient village was bestowed by the Iroquois upon Youngstown, at the mouth of the river; and also upon the river itself from the falls to the lake. Among the Senecas, Lake Ontario bears this name. They call it Ne-ā'-gā T-car-ne-o-di, literally, *The lake at Ne-ā'-gā*.

In bestowing names upon falls, the Iroquois agrees with the English custom; and in the place of an original appellation, they connect the name of the river with the word fall. In the case of

\* Smith, in his *History of New-York*, vol. I., 220, adopts the word Och-ni-a-ga-ra, as the radix of the word Niagara. This, it will be seen, is Mohawk. In Macauley's *New-York*, O ny-a-kar-ra is employed in the same relation; *vide* II. 177. This is the same word in the Tuscarora dialect. Schoolcraft, in his *Tour*, at page 33, writes O-ni-a-gar-ah. This is likewise Mohawk. In Colden's *Hist. of the Five Nations*, at page 79, a locality upon the Niagara river, near Lewiston, then in possession of the Senecas, is mentioned under the name of O-ni-ag-a-ra. With the exception of the first syllable, it gives us the precise name.

Niagara Falls, however, an adjective is incorporated with the word *fall*, as the idea of its grandeur and sublimity appears to have been identified with the fall itself. Thus in Onondaga it is given O-ne-ā-gā T-gā-skun-so-tā, *The Great Falls of O-ne-ā-gā*; in Seneca, Ne-ā'-gā Date-car-sko-sase, *The High or Mighty Falls of Niagara*.

In the broad and magnificent valley of Genesee, which next invites our attention, the Senecas established the most of their villages, and seated the substance of their population. Of great extent, boundless fertility, and easy cultivation, it became their favorite residence, and fully deserved the appellation of Genis'-hee-yo, *The Beautiful Valley*, which they bestowed upon it. Its situation in the centre of their dominions, and the easily forded river which flowed through it, alike invited to a settlement; and it became in their days of prosperity the most densely peopled valley in the territories of the Hodénosaunee, and could send forth the greatest number of braves upon the war-path.

From Gā-sko-sā-go, or Rochester, there were two trails up the Genesee, one upon each side. The trail upon the west side, crossing the Geh-tā-geh, (*Swampy creek*), or Black creek, near its mouth, and the O-at-ka, or Allen's creek, near its confluence with the Genesee, came upon the Indian village of O-at-ka, which occupies the present site of Scottsville. Continuing up the valley upon the flat, it next passed into the Indian village of Gā-no-wau-ges, near Avon.\* This name, as before stated, is rendered *Sulphur Water*, from the Mineral Spring. At this village, the main trail of the Iroquois from east to west crossed the valley and intersected the river trail. When the Senecas, at a subsequent day, began to yield their lands by treaty, they reserved a tract around this favorite village. From Gā-no-wau-ges, the trail pursued the windings of the river up to O-hā-gi, a Tuscarora village on the flat, between two and three miles below Caylerville. From O-hā-gi it proceeded up the river to Ga-un-do-wā-neh, or *Big Tree Village*, which was situated upon the top of the hill, about one mile north of Caylerville. Here, at a subsequent day, was marked off to the Senecas the "Big Tree Reservation." Leaving Gā-un-do-

wā-neh, the trail turned the bend in the river, and passed into De-o-nun-dā-gā-a, or Little Beard's Town, one of the most populous villages in the Seneca country. It was situated upon the flat immediately in front of Caylerville, and on the opposite side of the valley from Genesee. The name signifies *Where the Hill is near*. Adjacent to this village, upon the sloping bank, was a small town called Gā-neh-dā-on-twa. Its name is translated, *Where Hemlock was spilled*. From De-o-nun-dā-gā-a, a branch trail turned up to an Indian village upon the present site of Moscow. Its name, Gā-nun-dā-sa, meaning *A new Village*, has been conferred by the Senecas upon its successor as usual. The main trail following up the river, next turned out of the valley, and led up to Da-yo-it-gā-o, or Squakie Hill, opposite Mount Morris. This word signifies *Where the River issues from the Hills*, and it is beautifully descriptive of the emergence of the river from between its rocky barriers into the broad valley of Genesee.

It is a singular feature of the country geologically considered, that this valley follows the river from near Rochester to Mount Morris only. At the last point, the river is suddenly confined in a narrow channel cut through the rock, while the valley at this place, nearly three miles broad, follows the Gā-nose-gā-go or Caneserago creek up to Dansville, situated at its head. From Mount Morris south up the Genesee river, the valley becomes narrow and irregular, until at Portage the whole scenery is changed into rugged declivities and picturesque waterfalls. On the contrary, upon the Gā-nose-gā-go, from Dansville down to Mount Morris, the scenery and the valley are quite the same as upon the Genesee from the latter place down to Rochester. This "Beautiful Valley" of the Senecas, varying from one half to three miles in breadth for the distance of forty miles, vies with, if it does not surpass, the more celebrated valley of Wyoming. The Onondaga name of the Genesee apparently has reference to the geographical peculiarity just adverted to. It is Nau-ta-dā-quā, which signifies, *A river turned out of its course*.

Leaving Da-yo-it-gā-o or Squakie Hill, the trail continued up the river, crossing the outlet of the Gā-neh-yat or Silver Lake, and entering the Indian village of Gā-dā-o or Gardow, situated in the town

\* Mr. Newbold's farm embraces the site of this ancient village.

of Castile, Genesee county. This name signifies *Many Banks of Earth*, and has reference to excavations made by the river. Here in modern times was also a reservation. From Gā-dā-o the trail continued up the river, and over the site of Portage to the Indian village of O-wa-is-ki, near the confluence of the creek of the same name with the Genesee. Having crossed this stream, the trail led up the river to Ga-o-yā'-de-o or Caneadea, the last Seneca village upon the Genesee. It was situated in the town of Hume, in the county of Allegany. The name is translated *The Heavens leaning against the Earth*. It appears that there was an extensive opening at this locality, on looking through which the heavens and earth appeared to meet, or the sky seemed to rest upon the earth. Subsequently there was a large reserve retained by the Senecas around this village, which is still marked upon old maps as the "Caneadea Reservation." In this manner we may leave the favorite residences of the Senecas upon the river.

The Genesee trail, which we have been tracing, was one of the routes to the O-hee-yo or Allegany river, for those who sought to descend that stream toward the south-west. O-hee-yo, the radix of the word Ohio, signifies by way of eminence, "*The Beautiful River*;" and the Iroquois, by conferring it upon the Allegany or head branch of the Ohio, have not only fixed a name upon one of the great rivers of the continent, but indirectly upon one of the noblest States of our Confederacy.

The trail upon the east side of the Genesee, started from the ford near the aqueduct at Rochester, and turning a little back from the river it crossed Mount Hope. To commemorate the fact, one of the main carriage ways through this cemetery, which is laid upon the line of the old trail, has been named "*Indian Trail Avenue*." Ascending the Genesee it crossed the Hā-ne-ā-ya or Honeoye creek near its mouth, and farther up the Gā-ne-ā-sos, or outlet of the Conesus; and continuing along the bank of the river, it crossed the Gā-nose-gā-go creek, near its confluence with the Genesee, and led up to Ga-no-jo-wā'-ga situated upon the site of Mount Morris, the first and only Indian village upon the east side of the river. It was a small settlement named after Ga-no-jo-wā'-ga or *Big Kettle*, a Seneca orator, scarcely inferior to Red Jacket, in the estimation of that nation. Upon the site of Mount Morris he erected

his Gā-no-sote or *Sylvan House*, and the Senecas bestowed his name upon the little cluster of houses which was formed around him. Mount Morris, one of the most attractive villages in the region of the Genesee, is still known under this appellation among the Senecas.

From Ga-no-jo-wā'-ga there were two trails up the Gā-nose-gā-go or Canaserago creek, one on each side. They led up to the small Indian village of Gā-nose-gā-go, which was situated upon the site of Dansville, at the head of the valley. This name, which has become the name of Dansville among the Senecas, signifies *Among the Milkweeds*.

Leaving the Genesee country, we next come upon a system of trails which point to the southward. The Susquehanna and its branches penetrated the country of the Mohawks, Oneidas and Onondagas on the east and north; while the Chemung and its branches penetrated the territory of the Senecas towards the Genesee upon the north-west. These rivers, by their junction at Tioga, form as it were a triangle, having its apex at Tioga Point, and the central trail through the State from east to west, as its base. Descending these numerous streams from the north-east and north-west, all of the trails upon them converged upon Tioga, and then descending the Susquehanna, formed a southern highway, a great route of travel and migration into the south. The trails upon the Iroquois lakes, which lay north and south, in a measure connected the central with the Susquehanna trail. Within this triangle were seated the Mohawk, Oneida, Tuscarora, Onondaga, Cayuga and a part of the Seneca Nations.

These trails running upon the banks of rivers, which are the highways fashioned by the hand of nature, can be easily traced. Leaving Dansville, a trail turned out of the valley to the south-east, and crossing the town of Couhocton in the county of Steuben, it came upon the Gā-hā-to, (Cayuga, Gā-hā-tro.) rendered *A log in the water*, or Couhocton river. Descending this stream, the trail passed through Do-na-tā-gwen-da, rendered *An opening in an opening*, or Bath; and from thence continued down to T-car-nase-te-o-ah, signifying *A board sign*, or the village of Painted Post. This village is upon the north side of the river, and nearly opposite the point where the T-car-nase-te-o, rendered *A board on the water*, or Canisteo river, falls into the Gā-hā-to

or Couhucton. By the junction of these streams is formed the Chemung river. Descending the north bank of the Chemung, the trail passed over the site of Elmira, and continued down to Ta-yo-geh or Tioga Point, a sharp triangular piece of land, lying between the Chemung and Susquehanna at their junction. Its name is the same as that of Herkimer, which is elsewhere given in the several dialects. It signifies *Between* or *At the forks*; and the word Tioga is evidently a derivative. At the Point it met the great trail coming down the Susquehanna and its branches, from the countries of the Mohawks, Oneidas and Onondagas. The convergence of so many trails upon this place, preparatory to a descent upon the south through Pennsylvania, and also into Virginia on the west side of the Blue Ridge, rendered it an important and well-known locality among the Iroquois.

The name of the Susquehanna, in Cayuga *Gā'-wheh-no-wā-nā-neh*, in Seneca *Gā-wa-no-wā-nā*, and in Tuscarora *Kau-nau-seh-wā-tau-yā*, is rendered *Great Island river*. Its signification refers to the Indian custom of regarding the whole continent as an island, of which the Susquehanna was one of the principal streams.

From Tioga there was a trail up the Susquehanna on each side. That upon the north bank ascending the river, crossed the Owego creek near its mouth; and passing over the site of Owego, it continued up the river to the junction of the *Chu-de-nan-ge*, rendered *In the Head*, or *Chenango*, where it met the Chenango trail coming down from the settlements of the Onondagas. Forging this river near its entrance into the Susquehanna, and passing over the site of Binghampton, it continued along the bank of the Susquehanna to the junction of the *Fi-an-a-dor-hā* or *Unadilla*, where it met the *Unadilla* trail which came through the Oneida territory. Crossing this river near its confluence with the Susquehanna, the trail continued up the latter river, passing over the site of Unadilla, and over the Otego creek to the junction of the Charlotte river in the country of the Mohawks. From this point there were two routes to the Mohawk valley. One continued up the Susquehanna to the junction of the *Ote-sa-ga*, (Oneida dialect,) rendered *A bladder*, or *Otsego* outlet, and the Cherry Valley creek, which are the two head branches of the Susquehanna. From their junction, the main trail ascended the Cherry Valley creek, and

finally crossed over to the Canajoharie or Middle Mohawk Castle. The other trail having ascended the Charlotte river to its head, crossed over to the *As-ra-le-ge*, (Mo.) or Cobuskill, and descended that stream to the *Ose-ko-har-la* or Schoharie creek. Here it intersected the Schoharie trail, which it descended to Sloansville, and from thence passed through the town of Charlestown, to *I-can-de-rā-go* or Fort Hunter on the Mohawk. This was the favorite route of the Mohawks into and from the Susquehanna country.

From the Schoharie trail a branch turned up Fox's creek at the village of *Ose-ko-har-lā*, or Schoharie, and crossing the Helleberg Mountains, descended to *Skā-neh'-tā-de*, or Albany. Another branch, leaving the Schoharie, crossed the town of Middleberg, Schoharie county, to the Catskill river, which it descended to the site of Catskill on the Hudson.

Many of the early settlers of middle Pennsylvania, and nearly all of our people who located themselves on the fertile tracts spread out upon the Susquehanna, entered the country upon these trails, which were the only roads opened through the forest. They trusted entirely for their route to the well-beaten, well-selected trails of the Hodénosaunee. The same observation applies to the central trail, which, before the opening of regular roads, was traversed by the early pioneers of Western New-York with their horses, cattle, and implements of husbandry. For many years this trail of the Iroquois was the only route of travel. It guided the early immigrants into the heart of the country, and not a little were they indebted to the Iroquois for thus making their country accessible.

There were also regular beaten trails along the banks of our inland lakes, which were used for hunting purposes, for mutual intercourse, and as routes of communication between the central thoroughfare and the river trails which converged upon Tioga. A few only will be recited, and with them will be dismissed the subject of Indian Trails. Upon each side of the *Gā-nun-dā-gua*, or Canandaigua lake, there was a trail which led up to *Nun-da-wā-o*, or the *Great Hill*, at the head of this lake, fabled among the Senecas as the place of their origin. Here, their traditions declare, they sprung from the ground, even as the ancient legends of Athens affirm that the Athenians sprung out of the



Attie earth.\* In like manner there was a trail upon each side of the Gā-nun-dā-sa-ga, or Seneca lake. Commencing at the Indian village of Gā-nun-dā-sa-ga, near its foot, they passed up on either side; at some points on the margin of the lake, at others putting back to avoid the deep ravines. With such irregularities they continued up to the head of the lake, where they united and crossed over to the Gā-hā-to, or Chemung, which it descended to Tioga.

There were two trails also up the Gwa-u-gweh or Cayuga lake. The one upon the west bank passed up to Ca-no-ga-i, the favorite fishing place of the Cayugas, near the present village of Canoga. This locality is rendered remarkable as the birth-place of Red Jacket, and also as the residence of Ho-jā-ga-teh, or Fish Carrier, the most distinguished of the Cayuga chiefs. From Ca-no-ga-i the trail followed up to the inlet, or head of the lake, some of the way in its sight, and upon its shore; at others turning back to avoid the gullies which channel its banks. The trail on the east side commenced at T-scat-e-hā-do, (Onondaga dialect,) or the *Salt Spring* at Montezuma, and ascended the outlet to the Cayuga ford, about three miles below the bridge. From the ford it continued up the bank of the lake to the Cayuga Castle, about one mile north of Union Springs. From thence continuing up the lake it entered a small Indian village at Lockwood's Cove. On the south side of this ravine, about two miles back from the lake, was an old fort or block-house, supposed to have been constructed by the French. From the Cove, the trail following the bank of the lake, passed over the site of Levanna, and from thence continued up to Gā-nun-dee-yo, rendered *A Beautiful Village*, or *Aurora*. Around or near this place were several small settlements. The Cayugas had no large villages, but the numerous orchards and cultivated flats indicated their places of abode along the margin of the lake. From Gā-nun-dee-yo the trail continued up the Cayuga nearly on the line of the present road, turning back after passing Payne's creek, for the same reason that the road since has to pass the heads of the deep ravines. With these irregulari-

ties in its direction, it followed the lake to the inlet upon which Ithaca is situated, and which was a favorite place of encampment with the Cayugas. The trail continued up the inlet, about two miles above Ithaca, to a Tuscarora village of considerable size, which was finally deserted on the invasion of Gen. Sullivan in 1779. There was also a small Cayuga village on the hill towards Owego which overlooks the village; but its name and precise location are lost. From the inlet towards the Susquehanna, and also towards the Chemung, were hunting trails, but their particular directions have not been ascertained.

We have thus followed the devious footsteps of the Iroquois for many hundreds of miles through their territory, and restored some of the names in use during the era of Indian occupation. Facts of this character may not possess a general interest, but they will find an appropriate place among our aboriginal remains. The trails of our predecessors, indeed, have been obliterated, and the face of nature has been transformed; but all recollection of the days of Indian supremacy cannot as easily pass away. In the language of a Cayuga chief, on a recent occasion, "The land of Gā-nun-no, or the 'Empire State,' as you love to call it, was once laced by our trails from Albany to Buffalo—trails that we had trod for centuries—trails worn so deep by the feet of the Iroquois, that they became your roads of travel as your possessions gradually eat into those of my people! Your roads still traverse those same lines of communication which bound one part of the Long House to the other. Have we, the first holders of this prosperous region, no longer a share in your history? Glad were your fathers to sit down upon the threshold of the 'Long House.' Rich did they then hold themselves in getting the mere sweepings from its door. Had our forefathers spurned you from it when the French were thundering at the opposite side to get a passage through and drive you into the sea, whatever has been the fate of other Indians, the Iroquois might still have been a nation, and I—I, instead of pleading here for the privilege of lingering within your bor-

\* "Attica was remarkable for the poverty of its soil; in consequence of which, according to Thucydides, it never changed its inhabitants. To this fact we are to attribute the pride of the Athenians in regard to their antiquity, which indulged itself in the hyperbolical assertion of their being sprung from the earth."—*Lemp. Cl. Dic.* p. 46.

ders—I—I might have had—a country?"\* In view of the relation which subsists between us and our Indian predecessors, it becomes a duty to gather together the vestiges of their existence, and to offer them to the future scholar, to be valued as they are valuable. It is infinitely better that coming generations should reject such accumulation, if so disposed, than have occasion on the contrary to censure a negligence which suffered the shade of forgetfulness to gather over the records of an extinguished race.

A brief reference to Indian Runners will not be inappropriate in this connection. To convey intelligence from Nation to Nation, and to spread information throughout the confederacy, as in summoning councils upon public exigencies, trained runners were employed. But three days were necessary, it is said, to convey intelligence from Do-sho-ush, on lake Erie, to Skā-nā-tā-de on the Hudson, and but two days from Gā-no-wau-ges, on the Genesee, to Ti-en-on-de-ro-ge on the Mohawk. Swiftmess of foot among the Iroquois was an acquirement which brought the individual into high repute. A trained runner would traverse a hundred miles per day. With relays, which were sometimes resorted to, the length of the day's journey could be considerably increased. It is said that the runners of Montezuma conveyed to him intelligence of the movements of Cortez at the rate of two hundred miles per day; but such a statement must be regarded as extravagant. During the last war, a runner left Tonawanda at daylight, in the summer season, for Gā-no-wau-ges, or Avon, a distance of forty miles, on the old Iroquois trail. He delivered his message and returned to Tonawanda about noon. In the night their runners were guided by the stars, from which they learned to keep their direction, and to regain it if perchance they lost their way. During the fall and winter they determined their course by the Pleiades, or Seven Stars. This group in the neck of Taurus they

called Got-gwār-dār. In the spring and summer they ran by another group which they named Gwe-yo-gā-ah, or the Loon: four stars at the angle of a rhombus. In preparing for a run they denuded themselves entirely with the exception of a waist-cloth and a belt. They were usually sent out in pairs, and took their way through the forest, one behind the other, in perfect silence.

In view of the territorial possessions of the Hodénosaunee, and the numerous villages scattered throughout their extent, the magnitude of their Indian empire, and its untimely fate, are brought vividly before us. From the highest elevation ever attained, and from the largest possessions ever acquired by any Indian race within the limits of our Republic, the Iroquois have been brought down to the lowest condition of weakness, the humblest state of dependence. They have been stripped so entirely of their possessions as to have retained scarcely sufficient for a sepulchre. They have been shorn so entirely of their power as to be scarcely heard when appealing for justice against the rapacity of pre-emptive claimants.

The supremacy of our race, indeed, and the flight of the Red Man before the advancing footsteps of civilization, were pre-written on the leaves of destiny. It is race yielding to race, and inevitable; but fraud, rapine and injustice ought not to be permitted under the very eye of public observation, to accelerate their decline, and imbitter the hours of their departure. The Mohawk discerned from afar his impending destruction, and as a last resort he committed his country and his political existence to the keeping of the British king. The issue of the Revolution was against him, and the land of his nativity was the forfeiture. The Oneida clung to the chain of friendship with the people of the "Thirteen Fires," while the tomahawk and the rifle were in the hands of his confederates; and after the tumult of strife had subsided, he stretched forth his hand for the civilization of the white man.

\* The eloquent speech, of which the above is an extract, was an unpremeditated effort of Dr. Peter Wilson, (Wa-o-wā-wa-na-ouk,) an educated Cayuga chief, and was delivered at the May meeting of the New-York Historical Society, at which he chanced to be present. The substance of the last three letters in this series "On the Territorial Limits, Geographical Names, and Trails of the Iroquois," had just been read before the Society, when under the impulse of the moment this chief accepted an invitation to address the meeting. He spoke with such pathos and earnestness upon his people and race—their ancient prowess and generosity—their present weakness and dependence—and especially upon the hard fate of a small band of Senecas and Cayugas, which had recently been hurried into the western wilderness to perish, that all present were deeply moved by his eloquence. He produced a strong sensation.

In the main result, the opposite courses of the Oneida and the Mohawk have secured to them a similar destiny. Next are the Onondagas, the most fortunate Nation of the League. Their secluded valley they still retain, and enjoy in peace. Long may they continue to possess that humble portion of the land of their ancestors. The Cayugas were scarcely more fortunate than the Mohawks. Although beyond the immediate effects of the Revolution, the tide of population from the east soon began to press upon them; and in the brief space of twelve years after the first habitation of the white man was erected in their territory, the whole Nation was uprooted and expatriated.\* Lastly stand the Senecas, the keepers of the door of the Long House, and once the most powerful Nation in the confederacy. Their broad territories have been narrowed down to gratify the demands of the white man, until they no longer measure their possessions from river to river, from lake to lake, but by acres, and surveyor's lines. Four reservations in western New-York, contain all that is left of their great domain. One of these (the Buffalo) has already fallen into the hands of the Ogden Land Company, after ten years' investment, during which these merciless speculators have waded through a sea of iniquity, to grasp the Red Man's patrimony. The Tonawanda reservation is also in their relentless grasp; and ere the year

closes, six hundred Senecas will be compelled to expatriate themselves, and solicit a home in Canada, if this stupendous iniquity be not arrested. Verily the blood of the Senecas is about to be shed upon the altar of avarice! Is this a heathen land, that such a sacrifice should be permitted? Have justice and humanity fled? It is to be feared that in all after years, there will rise up from the grave of the Red Man never ending and just reproaches against our want of generosity—our great injustice.

To the Indian Department of the National Government, the wardship of the whole Indian family has now in a measure been committed; and it occupies in this particular a position of fearful responsibility. Of all the departments of the government, this should be guided by the most enlightened justice, the most considerate philanthropy. It should be vigilant beyond weariness, faithful beyond temptation, and pure beyond suspicion. Great is the trust reposed, for it involves the character of the White race, and the existence of the Red. May this department of our government never for a moment lose sight of its high and solemn duties. The profoundly truthful sentiment of Cicero, "No Republic can be governed without the highest justice," would be an apt inscription to write over its doorway,—*"Sine summa justitia Rempublicam regi non posse."*

## FOREIGN IMMIGRATION;

ITS NATURAL AND EXTRAORDINARY CAUSES; ITS CONNECTION WITH THE FAMINE IN IRELAND AND SCARCITY IN OTHER COUNTRIES.

In the last issue of our Journal we considered two natural or permanent causes of Immigration. We termed these natural in opposition to the extraordinary causes. The first was, *the depressed normal condition of the poorer classes throughout Europe*; the second, *the extent, fertility, and easy tenure of our public domain yet unoccupied.*

The first was illustrated by briefly sketching the history of the English Poor Laws from their origin, 1349, under Edward III., to the present time; by presenting the number of the local taxes of the United Kingdom, the purposes for which they are levied, and the principles on which they are based; and by endeavoring to show the effect both of the opera-

\* The first house in Cayuga county was raised in 1789, in the village of Aurora, and was situated near the residence of Hon. Jonathan Richmond. All the white inhabitants of the county, sixteen in number, were present. As early as the year 1800, the Nation was broken up and had departed. The Cayuga Reservation "was so surrounded," to use the words of Red Jacket, that they were compelled to give it up.



tion of these poor-laws and this system of taxation in depressing the labourers of England, and slowly yet surely creating generations of paupers; that these evils, so far from being removed by government, had been aggravated by its settled policy.

The second cause was illustrated by a statement of the extent of our public lands; by a cursory view of the extent and probable resources for commerce and agriculture, of the great central basin of America, the valley of the Mississippi; by a brief reference to land tenure in this country, and especially to that general *proprietaryship* in the soil, which gives to a great majority of its citizens the strongest self-interest and pride in maintaining order and law. All these conditions invite the foreign immigrant to our shores. Our limited space forbade a full and just exposition of this part of the subject, particularly of the fertility and tenure of our land.

There are two extraordinary causes of immigration which we propose to consider, and which have never, in American or British history, been as active, as potent or widely extended as during the last two years.

The first, is the famine in Ireland and scarcity in other countries of Europe.

The second, is the venality of certain classes of shippers, who, under the natural plea of mercy, take advantage of such a crisis to fill their vessels, with too little discrimination, with paupers, with the diseased, and even criminals.

To give a full history of the famine would far exceed our limits. It would require a knowledge of the condition of the peasantry of Ireland in years of ordinary harvest, of the immediate effect of this terrible visitation upon tradesmen, the mechanic trades, and every class of people, who by industry and hard labor have, heretofore, sustained themselves in moderate circumstances; of scenes of unparalleled distress and the fearful spread of the most loathsome and contagious diseases—it would require a minuteness of knowledge on all these points, as also of all the remedial measures of government and charity, which few could possess. He only, who notes the fall of the sparrow and holds in his hand the destiny of nations, can know of its untold suffering. He only can give its faithful history who, in the short space of eighteen months, has been an intelligent, observing eye-witness and laborer in the midst

of this appalling moral tragedy of the obsequies of a million of people.

We embody in this article such an outline as we can furnish from sketches of scenes of distress from the autumn of '45 to this date, especially during the present year; from the doings of the CENTRAL RELIEF COMMITTEE of the Society of Friends, Dublin; from the great meeting of peers, members of Parliament, and landowners of Ireland, in Dublin, on the 14th of January last; from the several acts of Parliament during its last two sessions, designed to alleviate the condition of the people; from the deep, heartfelt sympathy and voluntary charity of almost every Christian nation, and particularly the spontaneous and bountiful offering of England and America.

We find the home evidence of its extent and severity in the condition of our markets, in the unparalleled immigration it has caused from Ireland, Germany and France to this country and Canada; indirectly if not directly from the latter countries, by disturbing the channels of trade and causing almost a famine where there was a bare supply of food. The history of our Almshouse, the demand upon it and upon our benevolent organization in New-York city for the support of the poor, show this vast increase in immigration.

All this will give but a faint picture of the sad reality. A calamity so intense, so widely spread, has no parallel in modern times. It is in truth an "imperial" calamity, and it requires no prophetic eye to see that it is working out an imperial revolution, by a higher power than human government or leagues of men.

History furnishes two classes of revolutions: the one is the work of a single man or a few men who are moved by passion or by unhallowed ambition, and whose greatness is measured by the number and splendor of their conquests; the other are moral and political. The latter are produced by causes which operate slowly but surely. They are ripened by the unseen gathering of forces through long periods of time—the *wrongs* of assuming rights wholly divine—of wresting power from those to whom it justly belongs—of oppression of the weak and helpless, till the blight of moral and physical death rests upon them—above all, *an iron rule* over the consciences of men.

If such is the revolution now going on in Ireland, and indeed in England itself, a dreadful famine, brought about by



no acts of the people or of government, and unforeseen by either, yet acting on the great, wide-spread and long existing evils of Ireland, is the power which has drawn to a head and broken the deep cancer-sore. Its out-pouring corruption has swept away nearly one-fourth of the nation. This is the *immediate* and mournful effect of this revolution. But although heart-sickening and heart-rending, through the darkness of the convulsion a gleam of light is breaking upon the oppressed from the future. This is the *mediate* consequence. It is already beginning to be developed in forcing Parliament to yield one after another the remnants of feudal government, and to adopt liberal principles in their stead. To assent to the truth is one step towards making it the basis of action. In the discussions of the last two sittings of that body, the evils, to their deepest root, which have so long oppressed the middle and lower classes, have been brought to the light, and fearlessly portrayed in the strongest colors. These are in part the demoralizing effects of the poor-law as it *has existed*; the sore evils of absenteeism, even increasing to this day from the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., when the five absent lords who married the daughters of the Earl of Pembroke, owned the whole of the then English Pale, and soon allowed it to decay; the evils of the cottier and con-acre system, which by reason of absence of landlords have been multiplied through the agency of middle-men, till the occupants have scarce any interest in the soil beyond a mere subsistence; and not less the paralyzing evils of *entail*, which prevents the sale of land to free estates from mortgage, and if indebted, holds them in chancery till the legal fees have well nigh consumed them. It will be a bright day for Ireland if the crushing weight of this calamity is gradually forcing government to root out these cankerous evils and to disenfranchise her people. To do this, to save her land from entire confiscation, and to preserve at the same time the position and power of her peers and commoners, is the great problem for government to solve. But a change *must* come. The waters have long been gathering from every mountain rivulet into one great body. The bed of these waters must have an outlet. If it once burst its bounds, Parliament can never control the mighty torrent. Though not now, this change may in the future alter some integral part

of the English Constitution. It is a moral and political change brought about by other than direct moral agency. But although it has first to do with the physical condition of men, in its principles are struggling from *theory* into *practice* scarcely less important than if the agency were purely moral. There may be few in Parliament who will boldly avow them. Sir Robert Peel may be the only Frederic of Saxony; and there may be no Maurice to pluck the laurels from the brow of a Charles V., or to conclude a treaty of Augsburg; yet with or without a thirty years' war, a Westphalian treaty will as surely follow.

The greatest suffering from the present famine has existed in the south and west of the island, although all parts, through the length and breadth of the country, have felt the scourge. Beginning with Waterford and Tipperary counties on the south, its ravages have extended west and north, through Cork, Kerry, Limerick, Clare, Galway, Roscommon, Mayo, Sligo, Leitrim, Fermanagh and Donegal, the extreme north-west. In all of this territory previous periods of scarcity have occurred, amounting almost to a famine. In 1822 a distress committee was organized in London, of which John Smith, Esq., Banker, was the originator and chief director. In the three following years this committee raised in Great Britain and the East Indies \$1,555,000, all of which was distributed in the southern and western counties of Ireland. In 1831 Parliament granted \$200,000; in '35 \$15,000; in '38 \$22,590; and in '39 \$10,750; which was also chiefly distributed in these western districts.

On the 1st of November, 1845, it was found that the potato crop had so far failed, that without foreign aid great distress would ensue in the first six or seven months of the year '46. The government being advised of the facts, and knowing that the deficiency must in some way be supplied, proposed one of two plans of aid. The one was the extension of the poor-law so as to give out-door relief to able-bodied but suffering laborers; the other was to form a temporary commission on a principle entirely new.

To the first course there appeared the most serious objections. If the poor-law were once extended, it would become permanent, although changed for a temporary purpose. If changed it could not remedy the evil; for so great was the pressure, rates could not be collected for

the outlay required. Even for the support of the Union poor-houses, giving only in-door relief, they could not be collected except by the aid of the military and police.

There were evils attending a temporary commission. It would require more intelligence and energy than could be found among the mass of the people, to distribute prudently a loan of the government. This course, however, was adopted. This commission was to assist the government to obtain, in the quickest manner possible, *first*, information as to the deficiency in the crop, and the distress consequent in all parts of the country; *secondly*, to ascertain the sources for the supply of food, and to carry into effect measures of relief. It consisted of eight persons, all holding some office under the government, and the whole under the direction of the Commissary General, Sir Randolph J. Routh. It commenced its labors December 1st. Circulars were sent out to all of the 2056 electoral divisions. Nearly all of these divisions made returns. The deficiency was,

| in 110 Divisions, $\frac{1}{10}$ of crop. |   |                  |
|---|---|------------------|
| in 153                                    | " | $\frac{1}{10}$ " |
| in 269                                    | " | $\frac{3}{10}$ " |
| in 582                                    | " | $\frac{1}{10}$ " |
| in 569                                    | " | $\frac{1}{10}$ " |
| in 16                                     | " | $\frac{1}{10}$ " |
| in 125                                    | " | $\frac{1}{10}$ " |
| in 93                                     | " | $\frac{1}{10}$ " |
| in 4                                      | " | $\frac{1}{10}$ " |

making, in 1921 divisions returned, an average deficiency of about one-half of the entire crop.

The sources of supply were, 1st. Indian meal from the United States; 2d. Biscuit and oatmeal in the naval stores of Ireland; 3d. Oatmeal and rice to be found in the British markets. Indian meal being the best substitute for the potato, the commission at once made arrangements with the Barings, London, to purchase to the amount of \$500,000, to be deposited in the naval storehouses at Cork. Mills were provided for grinding it, and the supply placed in the hands of justices, poor-law guardians, and rectors, for distribution, this commissioner acting only as the medium between the government and these officers. In this distribution the government held the principle that the landholders and rate-payers were legally and morally responsible for the relief of the destitute in their own territory, and the landed property must therefore be chargeable.

The Executive Government assumed the responsibility, Parliament not being in session, to advance money from the treasury to prosecute public works, such as the construction of roads and bridges, in all the counties where the scarcity was sorely felt. In all such places the landowners, poor-law guardians, justices, and county surveyor were to determine what roads or works would be of greatest utility to the county, to estimate the cost, to obtain the approval of the Board of Works, and to send the same to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland for his sanction; the work then to be executed under the direction of this surveyor and the Board of Works. The work being decided upon, the several relief committees districted and went through the country, into the lanes and bye-ways, to register the names and to bring together all that could work and who were suffering for want of food. The rate of wages was from 12½ to 30 cents per day, according to the ability and wants of the laborer, and payments made once in two weeks. One pound of meal, sold for two cents, was found sufficient to carry a workman through the day. To those who could not work, had no friend to aid them, and could not be received into the workhouse, gratuitous relief was afforded. To others, in some cases, food was sold at cost prices. Two specific rules were generally observed in dispensing this aid: 1st. Task-work on the road or bridges from every applicant for relief; 2d. Payment to be made in food or money barely enough to purchase a spare subsistence for himself and family.

This commission adopted a system of organization for relief committees in the distressed counties on the 16th February, 1846. The extreme of the pressure for the winter was felt in March. It, however, fell far short of that of May, June and July ensuing, just before the gathering of the new harvest.

Parliament met on the 22d of January. Its first labor was to sanction these proceedings by two acts—9 and 10 Victoria, chaps. 1 and 2: The *first*, to facilitate employment for the poor by extending public works, one-half the expense to be paid out of a Parliamentary grant; the other half to be a loan to be repaid in half-yearly instalments, and to be raised by an assessment in the same manner as the poor-rate, the occupier paying the tax. The *second*, to authorize the grand juries to appoint in the spring extraordinary

presentment sessions—that is, meetings in the several counties, when application should be made for grants to execute public works prayed for, sufficient to employ the destitute and to supply them with food, and advancing money from the treasury as under chapter 1, at 5 per cent. interest for this purpose.

On application for a loan, the following inquiries must be answered:—

1st. Does the destitution in the district justify the expenditure?

2d. Would the work employ the poor generally?

3d. Would particular properties be benefited, and not others?

The roads to be built were such as would improve the agricultural interests and facilitate the transportation of goods to markets and sea-ports.

This session of Parliament closed its labors on the 28th of August. The fact that, in addition to the above, it passed no less than fourteen acts, all bearing upon the sufferings of this unhappy country, most of them in anticipation of more intense distress, is evidence of both its forlorn condition and the vital connection of this state with the long-settled policy of government.

These were the principal acts:—1. To authorize drainage of land if the improvement adds to its value by one-tenth of the expense, the security to be mortgage—of assignment or assurance, repayable in twenty years; 2. To encourage the fisheries of Ireland by grants of public money to build piers, harbors, &c.; 3. To provide fever hospitals till 1st of September, 1847; 4. To re-organize districts and to appoint coroners throughout Ireland; 5. To remove the charge of the police and constabulary from the local taxes to the "*Consolidated Fund*," and to enlarge the reserve police force; 6. To amend laws for ejectment, distress for rent, and taxes—requiring a written notice of amount claimed for rent, warrant to be signed by landlord or agent, to regulate legal fees in such cases, and to forbid the distress of growing crops; 7. To reduce the duties on corn till the 1st February, 1849, and declaring them thenceforward nominal; 8. To exempt stock in trade from being rated for the relief of the poor till October, 1847, and to the end of the then session of Parliament; 9. To enable the police and town officers to remove nuisances, to prevent the spread of disease; 10. To establish public baths in boroughs, towns and

cities, on the security of said places; 11. To authorize an advance of three million pounds sterling out of the "*Consolidated Fund*"—two to England, and one to Ireland, to improve land by drainage; 12. Further to aid the poor by employment, by authorizing sessions of Boards of Guardians to estimate and pray for public works.

When the accounts of the Board of Works for Roads and Drainage were made up on the 1st of August, 1846, nearly two millions of the poor were employed on these works; grants had been made by Parliament to the amount of \$2,290,720; \$506,360 had been raised by subscription, and food had been purchased to the amount of \$755,895. In the four provinces there had been appointed 648 Relief Committees; in ULSTER—9 counties—49; in MUNSTER—6 counties, Clare, Cork, Kerry, Limerick, Tipperary, and Waterford—321; in LEINSTER—12 counties, what was the English Pale—181; in CONNAUGHT—6 counties—98 committees.

"A practical system of relief, of this description," says Sir R. J. Routh, "distributed to a nation in small issues, to reach the poorest families, is an event of rare occurrence in history."

We have gone thus far into details, to enable us to show, as we shall have occasion, the enormous waste of funds to which this system of relief, like that of the administration of the poor-laws, was liable.

It is estimated that 5 per cent. of the population of Ireland devote themselves to the potato culture. The amount of land under tillage with this root in 1846, was 1,237,441 acres. At \$62.50 per acre, the ordinary value, the net value, after deducting about \$10,000,000 for the rent of the land, would not be less than \$65,000,000. This, it is found, will give sustenance to 76 per cent. of the whole population. Estimating the population at nine millions, six millions eight hundred and forty thousand would be dependent upon this crop. Five-sixths of it in 1846, was destroyed, leaving the same fractional proportion of the people, viz.: 5,700,000 entirely destitute and dependent upon private charity or the public works. These were still going on. But an evil of fearful magnitude arose to check this expenditure. A large proportion of them were *unproductive* works, and the smaller farmers, the con-acre and cottier men, were flocking to them to



avoid immediate death by starvation, to the entire neglect of the tillage of the land. In view of the evil, it was now sought to appropriate the public money to what were called *productive works*—the reclaiming of waste land. Many of the roads on which improvements were begun, now left half-finished, were in a far worse condition than in the previous year. Other sources of employment would seem to be of little avail; for sustenance by the public works had become almost a *mania* among the people. Were it otherwise, what could they do? There was little or no seed for tillage. The journals of the country, it is true, were calling on government to establish *dépôts* of seed, for gratuitous distribution, or for sale at cost. But that did not avail them. Many of the resident landlords who were able to supply it, did so. These were few, and the universal complaint was, *there is little or no preparation for the future crop*, while famine and pestilence are impending over us. "The whole Irish people," says one writer, "are rushing with one impulse to fasten themselves upon the taxes. No one will consent to work, except for government wages. The work is well known to be but nominal. The small farmers, although they pay no rent, do not even sow their lands." The county of Kerry, *en masse*, it was said, had, at this time, the close of 1846, discontinued agricultural operations.

The picture of the country, and its threatening doom, were now more fearful and appalling than ever in the annals of its history. Its conquest and confiscation under Elizabeth, the second and third under Cromwell, and again under William, when hundreds of thousands perished on the battle-field, or were put to the sword and the gibbet, were death-blows from which the poor Celt has never recovered. His vassalage has thenceforward been but another name for barbarism. Civilization and happiness have with him followed only in the paths of Anglicism, and these but by a law of nature, which transcends that of nations. But never has he seen a day like this. The first year of a cycle in his history, more terrible than all these bloody conquests, is now closing. In face of a Grant Act and a Labor-rate Act, famine has already left its dark footprints through the mountain districts of his country. Providence has once and

again taken away the staff of life. A panic has seized the nation, and every starving tenant rushes to throw himself and family into the arms of government. It is their only hope. Not only baronies, but the entire provinces of the country, are becoming a vast fever-hospital and charnel-house; mountain and valley, homestead and hut, without rite or friendly burial, one wide unenclosed tomb.

At the close of the last year, the spirit and action of government were worthy of all praise. The first step had the prompt sanction of Parliament. Its acts, as we have shown, were liberal and numerous, and yet in every nook and corner of the country was felt the demoralizing effect of the method by which its bounty had been applied. The sentiments of a large body of the nation, Irish peers as well as the people, were expressed in the language of an eloquent barrister:—"Another year has just passed over our afflicted country, amidst scenes of horror and desolation that have no parallel in the records of the world. England has doled out a loan, which she has allowed us to saddle upon the land of this country; like a pawnbroker she has demanded security for every shilling\* of loan she has advanced—nay, more, she has charged upon the land of Ireland the expenses of the distribution of that loan. What is the consequence? If the present system continue much longer, the land-owners will hear thundering in their ears, a word terrible to Ireland—*confiscation*! One huge mortgage is overspreading this entire island, and when the time of repayment comes, and when England files her foreclosure bill, and when she, as the judge, gives the decree to account, and that account is taken, the landlords of Ireland will find their homes and inheritances the property of another people."

On the 30th of November, 1846, the Society of Friends, Dublin, which had formed a Relief Committee for all Ireland, issued a circular, setting forth the necessity for prompt action, and the plan of their operations. This circular was distributed over Ireland, England, and other countries of Europe. A few copies found their way to America. Mr. Wm. Forster and a small party of benevolent Friends, with the approbation of this body and the London Friends' Com-

\* It was not the fact. One-half under the first act was a gift.



mittee, set out on the same day, (30th,) on a tour of investigation through the western districts of Ireland. We have followed this party on their errand of mercy, first, to Mote and Athlone in WESTMEATH Co.; thence to Roscommon, Castlebar, and Boyle, in ROSCOMMON; to Carrick-on-Shannon, Ballinamore and Swanlinbar, in LEITRIM; to Enniskillen and Pettigoe in FERMANAGH; to Stranorlar, Letterkenny, Ramelton, Dunfanaghy, Guidore, Killybegs, Donegal—indeed to all the famishing towns in the wild, mountainous district of DONEGAL, the extreme north-west of the island; we have followed them as they passed through this desolate region amid storms of hail and snow, prepared with funds to save those who were actually at the door of death; thence into SLIGO and MAYO, to the extreme west, into Achil and Betmullet Islands; thence through the still more desolate district of CONNEMARA, along the coast and into the baronies of GALWAY; traveling again over the same territory, but through new places; occupying about four months through the entire winter, and distributing in food and clothing to those in the last extremity of distress upwards of \$50,000; some of it the bounty of America, gathered in New-York, Philadelphia, and Boston, ere yet we had heard of the appalling scenes they were witnessing. What country ever witnessed a pilgrimage like this? Was ever a journey of mercy so full of thrilling and heart-rending scenes? And what charity ever so doubly blest?

We gather from the horrifying pictures of their report, and from the journals of that period, such details as will show the progress and severity of this visitation.

The first thing which attracted attention on this painful route was the condition of the poor-houses; in most cases crowded to excess, and multitudes of famishing creatures still pressing for admittance; excessively filthy, and great numbers, even females, almost destitute of clothing; education of the children neglected; their sanitary condition deplorable—fever and dysentery making awful ravages, especially among the newly admitted, often found in a state of exhaustion from previous deficiency of nourishment and use of unwholesome food, and from the sad fact too, that being in the last stage of disease, they press into these houses, not for medical aid or food, but to obtain a decent burial. But deplorable as were these refugees, the loss

of some of these even was threatened. Many Unions were largely in debt, and the rates which supported them, from the extreme poverty of the farmers, could not be collected; food was had at exorbitant prices to cover the risk and delay of payment; in many there were to be no more admitted, and those within were slowly dying of hunger from the bankrupt state of the concern.

In LEITRIM county, at Carrick-on-Shannon,

“There was but room for thirty, and there were one hundred and ten applicants for admission. This was a very painful and heart-rending scene. Poor wretches in the last degree of famine presenting themselves—women with six or seven children, begging that two or three might be taken in, as their husbands were earning but 5d. per day; but these were obliged to be refused, on the ground that there were more pressing cases. Some of the children were like skeletons; their faces sharpened with hunger, and their limbs so wasted, that there was little left but bones. their hands and arms in particular being much emaciated, and the happy expression of infancy being gone from their faces, leaving the anxious look of premature old age. A widow with two children, who for a week had eaten nothing but cabbage—these were admitted into the house, but, as a Guardian remarked, one of the children would trouble them but a very short time. Indeed they were so far spent, that if they had been rejected, it is probable they would have died on the road. Another woman with two children, and not far from being confined again, stated that during the last week they had existed upon two quarts of meal and two heads of cabbage; her husband having left her a month before to seek for work,—famine was written in the faces of this woman and her children. A boy of fourteen years presented two little sisters for admission, aged about two and five years, and pleaded their cause with a warmth of feeling that was successful for them. He was in service himself, but not earning enough to keep them. Last year he supported them by planting a few potatoes in con-acre, but the crop having failed this year, he was unable to support them as heretofore: their father and mother were dead. Among so many applicants, sixty or seventy were refused; but from the miserable condition in which they were, it is questionable if they would all reach home alive, some of them having to walk as much as five or six Irish miles. One hundred and sixty-six inmates in the hospital, and twelve deaths last week; many bad cases of fever and dysentery in the workhouse, and no proper means

of keeping the diseased separate from the healthy. William Forster furnished each of the rejected applicants with a large piece of bread on going away, and but for this supply they must have had to walk to their desolate houses without food."

At another Union, "there was a great want of clothing among the females—to a reprehensible degree. No appearance of employment for the adults, who were either sitting on benches round the room, or crowding together over the fire two or three deep. The infants exhibited an appearance truly affecting."

Another was "in the most filthy and neglected state possible. The inmates were not half fed nor half clad. The day previous to our visit they had but one meal of oatmeal and water, and at that time had not more than two hundred weight of oatmeal in the house; whilst the quantity which should be consumed by the number of persons in the house is three hundred weight. Everywhere signs of neglect and misery showed themselves: we did not go all over the house, but in the bed-rooms we entered there was not a mattress of any kind to be seen; the floors were strewn with a little dirty straw, and the poor creatures were thus *tittered* down as close together as might be, in order to get the largest possible number under one miserable rug—in some cases six children—for blankets we did not see. These rooms were in a most filthy condition, and the stench was barely supportable. In one of the day rooms, with nothing but a little dirty straw between him and the damp stone floor, and a rug to cover him, lay a poor old man, whose emaciated form and sunken, death-like features, told that his sufferings were near a close."

Such was the general condition throughout their route, of those existing and dying under legal provision. But the state of the next higher class from WESTMEATH to DONEGAL, was equally deplorable. One of the party before familiar with the country, says:—

"You would hardly recognize the country in passing through it—everything alive but man has disappeared—no dogs—no pigs—no poultry; the people have a sickly, livid hue. I do not think I heard a poor person laugh since I left home—how changed! It is no exaggeration to say that there is no playing of children in the streets. The gentry we have met seem deeply impressed with a sense of the duties they have to perform. Private benevolence can do a good deal, even if it were confined to clothe an almost naked population, and administer comforts to the sick; and these are a numerous class. We found dysentery, accompanied by a low fever, existing

everywhere, from Carrick-on-Shannon, all around our course, and above an average of deaths reported. Now though these deaths perhaps could not be declared by a jury to be the result of starvation, yet, when we heard one gentleman remark that he was beginning not to know the people from their altered looks, and another speak of a death that occurred to his own knowledge, where, though the man had some food for the previous twenty-four hours, yet had a good deal of long fasting previously; and where three-fourths of the population are similarly situated, what is to be done?"

"No fewer than 900 on the line of road from Athlone to Roscommon, about fifteen miles in length. From conversation with many of these laborers, it appeared that most of them are heads of families, having from four to seven children—the exceptions being mostly the sons of widows, or boys and young men who have brothers and sisters to support. They expend their earnings in oatmeal and cabbage, with a little bread. They receive 10d. (20 cents) per day subsistence-money, but when the work is finished and measured, they will be paid the balance, calculated on a certain scale as task-work, which will probably make the wages equal to 1s. 1d. (26 cents) per day. There are many boys breaking stone at 6d. per day, and having several miles to walk to and from their homes. At a village on the road, the laborers are paying for oatmeal at the rate of 4d. (or 8 cts.) per quart, which is equal to 3s. 4d. per stone, (or 83 cts. for 14 lbs.) for larger quantities they pay in cash 2s. 5d. or 2s. 9d. per stone."

"At the parish Stranorlar one-half the population, or three thousand applicants for work on the books of the relief committee. From Letterkenny to Ramelton had a perfect hurricane of snow, hail, and wind. Our horses could not proceed at more than a foot's pace, and we were nearly three hours in traveling seven miles."

"It is one of the wildest tracts of mountain country which even this wild country can produce, rendered doubly so to-day by the continual storm which at times almost impeded their progress. In this wild district they visited several of the wayside huts, which outwardly as well as inwardly exhibited the deepest poverty and distress. (They found families of eight or ten living in huts about twelve feet square, the outside walls not more than six feet in height, without any window, and the doorway so low as to render access difficult; their only food being a little oatmeal stirabout or cake once or twice a day, and without even a prospect of continuance of that during the present severe weather. Their great patience and the absence of all murmuring are most striking features; and the almost

invariable answer to the question, 'how they expected to live during the winter,' was, 'The Lord only knows.'")

The following day they proceeded to Dufanaghy, a town forming a point in the extreme northwest coast of Ireland, being eight hours in traveling seventeen Irish miles, exposed to a constant storm of hail and snow. Here they hold from one half rood to half an acre of land. This is cultivated, and the balance of time divided between chance-labor and fishing. The rent of the hut is \$5 per annum and paid by labor—one or two days per week for the landlord. Many families had sold their fowls, their pigs, their bedclothes, and in extreme cases, pledged their Bibles for food. Families of eight persons subsist a day and a half on two and a half pounds of meal. Half the population were destitute; one thousand applicants on the books of the relief committee. In the district of Fanad 1634 applicants. In one hut six feet high, there were two families of seventeen persons. Some of the children were sleeping on a little straw on the ground under a filthy blanket; others were on cabin-like shelves made of sticks. Few of our readers have any conception of the character of these cabins of the lowest Irish people. The hut of the Hungarian and of the Esthonian of Eastern Europe is a dwelling of comfort compared with them; the cabin of the poor Lettes of Livonia of unhewn logs and moss-filled crevice, is to those of Western Ireland a palace. Here they are "built of earth; one shovelful over the other, with a few stones mingled here and there, till the wall is high enough. A few sods of grass cut from a neighboring bog are his only thatch. There are thousands of cabins in which not a trace of a window is to be seen: nothing but a little square hole in front, which doubles the duty of door, window and chimney; light, smoke, pigs, and children, all must pass in and out of the same aperture."

"A French author, Beaumont, who had seen the Irish peasant in his cabin, and the North American Indian in his wigwam, has assured us that the savage is better provided for than the poor man in Ireland. Indeed, the question may be raised, whether in the whole world a nation is to be found that is subjected to such physical privations as the peasantry in some parts of Ireland."

In the midst of these scenes, the de-

scription of the estates and the beneficence of Lord George Hill at Guidore, although an oasis in the desert, we have not space to present. At the parish of the Rosses, the proprietor an absentee, they found the most terrible destitution.

"With an area of 53,000 acres, and a population of 10,000 persons, there is not even a *plough* to be found; the nearest market town is thirty miles distant. The curate told us, he knew of hundreds of families, of six and seven persons, who were subsisting on two or three pounds of meal per diem.

"We pursued our way about twenty miles further to Glenties, still the property of the same landlord. Everywhere the same features of poverty, misery, and wretched cultivation of land; what a contrast in every way to the estate we left in the morning of Lord George Hill! What a contrast between the effects of an absentee and resident proprietor!"

At Killybegs, "The public works have just been opened; and they told us of instances of poor women coming to beg the loan of meal to make a little cake for their sons or husbands, who had got tickets for work, but were unable, from sheer want of food, to work, some having fasted two or three days; and instances were known of the poor men actually fainting at their work from hunger. From the medical attendant of the dispensary, we received a very appalling statement of the disease which is making progress among the people, principally in the form of dysentery, which he attributed to the change in diet, but especially to an insufficiency of food,—his words were, 'The people are actually starving.'"

Such were the scenes witnessed in DONEGAL. The party now proceeded to MAYO. At Crossmolina they

"Met a young man, carrying a coffin of thin unplanned deal boards; he told us that it was for a woman, whose remains had been kept eight days, until they had begged the price of a coffin. Nothing appeared to me to offer so striking a proof of the greatness of the calamity, as the complete possession it has obtained of the public mind. I heard nothing spoken of, but the situation of the country; the supply and prices of food; the public works; the distress of the people; and the means of averting starvation. The resident gentry see and feel for the misery that surrounds them; and, crippled as they are, by the non-payment of their rents, they yet, with few exceptions, exert themselves zealously, and at considerable personal and pecuniary sacrifices, for the relief of their dependents and neighbors;



in which endeavors they are, with a few rare exceptions, *wholly unassisted* by the absentee proprietors. The wives and daughters of the gentry are making equal exertions; and ladies of the first rank may be seen daily distributing soup or meal, or cutting out clothes, to be made by poor women, and sold to the poor at low rate. Compassion for the misery which they are unable to relieve; alarm for the future; an anxious sense of the responsibility of their position; and an overwhelming weight of public business, oppress many of the small number of resident proprietors, to an extent that must be witnessed to be understood. All religious and political differences appear for the present to be forgotten.

The small farmers are rapidly consuming their small stock, and the best opinion I could obtain estimated it as likely to last, at furthest, only four months; and then their destitution will be as complete as that of the cottiers or con-acre men, excepting the very few who have money saved. I have no doubt many of the latter will go to America. A ship left Sligo lately, and instead of the sorrow usual on leaving their native country, there was nothing but joy at their escape. The country is in many places becoming depopulated; they are deserting their cabins, crowding into the towns and cities, spreading themselves over our eastern counties, where the destitution is less, because the people have been accustomed to rely on wages for their support; and when they can beg the passage-money, crossing over into England and Scotland. Such extreme mendicancy is frightfully demoralizing; but how can they help it? If they stay at home, they must starve."

"The small farmers are disheartened; in despair on account of their losses, and the great arrears of rent, they have as yet made no preparation for cultivating their ground, and think if they cultivate, it is rather for their landlords than for themselves. The usual gatherings of compost have been neglected. To manure the ground seems to them to be useless, as they have no potatoes to plant. The rector of this parish says, 'I am daily giving out soup to 220 persons. Our village has 2,000 inhabitants, one-half of whom are in the most desperate want, and in the Union one-half of the 20,000 souls are in a like state.' 'For the last two months,' says the Curate of Kilfian, 'I have endeavored to sustain life among my neighbors in giving daily one pint of soup to 196. A few days since a poor woman came begging for soup and carrying on her back her son of three-and-twenty. He could not walk; his appearance was frightful. A woman six days after her confinement, crawled to my kitchen, saying

she could no longer listen the cries of her starving child. Many are frightfully swollen, having lived on cabbage only for weeks.' In one district in the County of Sligo of 97,000 acres and a population of 27,000 souls, there was no resident proprietor. In the County of Kerry the Rector of Dunurlin states: "It is impossible to set forth the misery that prevails in this remote and isolated district. I am speaking within bounds, when I say that thousands in the small district around Dingle are famishing; several have died of starvation, and many more are wasting by degrees. When they have no means of providing food, they take to their beds, and few rise from them. Famine is visible in the faces of all; it is difficult to recognize some that six weeks ago were strong and healthy looking. It is, indeed, a fearful and heart-sickening sight, to see men fainting and stricken through, for the want of the fruits of the earth. It is my opinion that more than half the population here will perish, if relief is not afforded them by the government—private individuals cannot meet it—we are doing what we can. I have set up a bakery, to make bread for the poor, the profits to pay the expenses—soup shops, also, to sell at one halfpenny a quart, and a shop where we retail meal and flour at something under first cost—the loss to be met by subscriptions. A friend got me on his credit thirty-five tons of it in Dublin, which is affording great relief. The shop is crowded from morning to twelve o'clock at night, and it is piteous to witness the misery that comes before us."

Of a district near Skibbereen in the County of Cork, another writes:—

"The population of this parish is about 8,000; there are only three gentlemen's families resident, and they are not in circumstances to give much aid to the poor. There are not 1,000 out of the 8,000 who are able to support themselves without aid in the way of employment, or something external to their present means. This parish is a rocky district, and whatever arable land is in it, is held in small holdings, of from one acre to ten or fifteen acres, the rent usually varying from £1 10s. to £10 for the holding; but the majority hold about three acres. Potatoes were the chief crop grown; no turnips, nor any sort of green crop."

Of the doomed district of Skibbereen it was written:—

"The fruits of the earth have nearly disappeared from the face of the country; not a single day's supply of native food supposed to be remaining in the whole extent of one large parish. Pigs, fowls, and eggs, hitherto



sources of income to thousands, almost equally scarce; the tillage of the soil in danger of being very generally neglected, there being neither seed corn, nor the means of procuring it. The means of purchasing food are generally beyond the reach of the people, and even those who are earning a scanty pittance on the public works, find it quite disproportionate to the exorbitant price of the lowest bread-stuffs; whilst in some localities, remote from any market town, the dearth of food materially aggravates the trials and difficulties of the poor. The effects of these complicated trials may be traced in the emaciated and woe-worn appearance of many of the poor sufferers; not a few have already sunk under the pressure of want, and it is painful to contemplate the extent to which human life may yet be sacrificed. To such extremity have some been brought, as to have again turned up the potatoe ground long since dug out, in the vain hope of obtaining from it a meal of food; whilst others have resorted to the sea-shore, to gather sea-weed and small shell-fish with which to satisfy their hunger; and some again of the more aged, apprehending that they should not survive the calamity, went into the overcrowded workhouse, there to die, in order that their remains might not be committed to the earth without the decent appendage of a coffin!"

Another says of Erris, in Mayo:—

"We have no food—no money—no means. We are on the verge of utter ruin; starvation is depicted on every face, and unless some means be adopted to arrest the train of evils that must inevitably follow in the track of famine, and that *immediatly*, the total subversion of all social order, and all the horrors of pestilential disease, *must*, as far as human foresight can predict, for years to come afflict our country. Something must speedily be done, or, permit me again to express my whole assurance, that the consequences will be terrible in the extreme—that in fact the country will be utterly swept of its inhabitants; for already famine and disease are frightfully doing the work of death—hundreds are dying from the consequences of bad and insufficient food."

Such was the almost complete and dreadful ruin which threatened the island in December and January. In all these places Mr. Forster and his friends had distributed bread and other food. In a large number they assisted in establishing soup-shops. The Coalbrookdale Iron Company made them a present of fifty iron boilers for this object. But with the wisest and most prompt use of all the

funds, which the benevolent of Ireland, England and America could supply, the plague could not be stayed. In the Counties of Galway, Mayo, and Roscommon alone, more than fifty souls were now dying daily.

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in which endeavors they are, with a few rare exceptions, *wholly unassisted* by the absentee proprietors. The wives and daughters of the gentry are making equal exertions; and ladies of the first rank may be seen daily distributing soup or meal, or cutting out clothes, to be made by poor women, and sold to the poor at low rate. Compassion for the misery which they are unable to relieve; alarm for the future; an anxious sense of the responsibility of their position; and an overwhelming weight of public business, oppress many of the small number of resident proprietors, to an extent that must be witnessed to be understood. All religious and political differences appear for the present to be forgotten.

The small farmers are rapidly consuming their small stock, and the best opinion I could obtain estimated it as likely to last, at furthest, only four months; and then their destitution will be as complete as that of the cottiers or con-acre men, excepting the very few who have money saved. I have no doubt many of the latter will go to America. A ship left Sligo lately, and instead of the sorrow usual on leaving their native country, there was nothing but joy at their escape. The country is in many places becoming depopulated; they are deserting their cabins, crowding into the towns and cities, spreading themselves over our eastern counties, where the destitution is less, because the people have been accustomed to rely on wages for their support; and when they can beg the passage-money, crossing over into England and Scotland. Such extreme mendicity is frightfully demoralizing; but how can they help it? If they stay at home, they must starve."

"The small farmers are disheartened; in despair on account of their losses, and the great arrears of rent, they have as yet made no preparation for cultivating their ground, and think if they cultivate, it is rather for their landlords than for themselves. The usual gatherings of compost have been neglected. To manure the ground seems to them to be useless, as they have no potatoes to plant. The rector of this parish says, 'I am daily giving out soup to 220 persons. Our village has 2,000 inhabitants, one-half of whom are in the most desperate want, and in the Union one-half of the 20,000 souls are in a like state.' 'For the last two months,' says the Curate of Kilfian, 'I have endeavored to sustain life among my neighbors in giving daily one pint of soup to 196. A few days since a poor woman came begging for soup and carrying on her back her son of three-and-twenty. He could not walk; his appearance was frightful. A woman six days after her confinement, crawled to my kitchen, saying

she could no longer listen the cries of her starving child. Many are frightfully swollen, having lived on cabbage only for weeks.' In one district in the County of Sligo of 97,000 acres and a population of 27,000 souls, there was no resident proprietor. In the County of Kerry the Rector of Dunurlin states: "It is impossible to set forth the misery that prevails in this remote and isolated district. I am speaking within bounds, when I say that thousands in the small district around Dingle are famishing; several have died of starvation, and many more are wasting by degrees. When they have no means of providing food, they take to their beds, and few rise from them. Famine is visible in the faces of all; it is difficult to recognize some that six weeks ago were strong and healthy looking. It is, indeed, a fearful and heart-sickening sight, to see men fainting and stricken through, for the want of the fruits of the earth. It is my opinion that more than half the population here will perish, if relief is not afforded them by the government—private individuals cannot meet it—we are doing what we can. I have set up a bakery, to make bread for the poor, the profits to pay the expenses—soup shops, also, to sell at one halfpenny a quart, and a shop where we retail meal and flour at something under first cost—the loss to be met by subscriptions. A friend got me on his credit thirty-five tons of it in Dublin, which is affording great relief. The shop is crowded from morning to twelve o'clock at night, and it is piteous to witness the misery that comes before us."

Of a district near Skibbereen in the County of Cork, another writes:—

"The population of this parish is about 8,000; there are only three gentlemen's families resident, and they are not in circumstances to give much aid to the poor. There are not 1,000 out of the 8,000 who are able to support themselves without aid in the way of employment, or something external to their present means. This parish is a rocky district, and whatever arable land is in it, is held in small holdings, of from one acre to ten or fifteen acres, the rent usually varying from £1 10s. to £10 for the holding; but the majority hold about three acres. Potatoes were the chief crop grown; no turnips, nor any sort of green crop."

Of the doomed district of Skibbereen it was written:—

"The fruits of the earth have nearly disappeared from the face of the country; not a single day's supply of native food supposed to be remaining in the whole extent of one large parish. Pigs, fowls, and eggs, hitherto

sources of income to thousands, almost equally scarce; the tillage of the soil in danger of being very generally neglected, there being neither seed corn, nor the means of procuring it. The means of purchasing food are generally beyond the reach of the people, and even those who are earning a scanty pittance on the public works, find it quite disproportionate to the exorbitant price of the lowest bread-stuffs; whilst in some localities, remote from any market town, the dearth of food materially aggravates the trials and difficulties of the poor. The effects of these complicated trials may be traced in the emaciated and woe-worn appearance of many of the poor sufferers; not a few have already sunk under the pressure of want, and it is painful to contemplate the extent to which human life may yet be sacrificed. To such extremity have some been brought, as to have again turned up the potatoe ground long since dug out, in the vain hope of obtaining from it a meal of food; whilst others have resorted to the sea-shore, to gather sea-weed and small shell-fish with which to satisfy their hunger; and some again of the more aged, apprehending that they should not survive the calamity, went into the overcrowded workhouse, there to die, in order that their remains might not be committed to the earth without the decent appendage of a coffin!"

Another says of Erris, in MAYO:—

"We have no food—no money—no means. We are on the verge of utter ruin; starvation is depicted on every face, and unless some means be adopted to arrest the train of evils that must inevitably follow in the track of famine, and that *immediately*, the total subversion of all social order, and all the horrors of pestilential disease, *must*, as far as human foresight can predict, for years to come afflict our country. Something must speedily be done, or, permit me again to express my whole assurance, that the consequences will be terrible in the extreme—that in fact the country will be utterly swept of its inhabitants; for already famine and disease are frightfully doing the work of death—hundreds are dying from the consequences of bad and insufficient food."

Such was the almost complete and dreadful ruin which threatened the island in December and January. In all these places Mr. Forster and his friends had distributed bread and other food. In a large number they assisted in establishing soup-shops. The Coalbrookdale Iron Company made them a present of fifty iron boilers for this object. But with the wisest and most prompt use of all the

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years, and an amendment of this original act, designed to increase employment for the destitute.

The Labor-rate act passed at the close of the session of '46, chapter 107, and to continue in force *one year*, was in principle a consolidation of all the public road acts and of all these drainage acts. Doubts however existed as to the extent to which this act could be applied to the drainage of land. To remove these doubts and to make known the views of government in its interpretation Mr. Labouchere, the chief Secretary for Ireland, on the 5th Oct. issued a circular letter to all the departments of the Board of Works, stating explicitly that wherever drainage was applied for under the act, *not the owners of a townland, but the proprietors, resident and absent, of the whole electoral division in which such drainage is located must assent to it, otherwise the party applying will be liable for the whole amount and the same will be chargeable to their land.* This precluded the possibility of its adoption by the counties generally; for assent of absentees could not be had; the resident party were unable, and still more, deemed it unjust that their estates should assume an expense which would equally benefit every other holder.—Hence presentments were continued under original acts, and vast amounts were expended in opening roads, which still remain unfinished. The conditions of the Labor-rate Act were a loan to be repaid in ten years, half-yearly, at  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., the amount to be levied as the poor-rate, and one-half the poundage-rate to be deducted from each pound of rent for which the holder is liable. Under either system the cost of work was fully 30 if not 40 per cent. above that done by contract or private enterprise. There was also a vast and wasteful expenditure in the administration of these laws. An instance in illustration is taken from the county of Kerry, in which ten men and two boys were employed for the sum of \$14.50 per week, with an officer having no other charge than the oversight of this company at \$4 per week. So vast an army of laborers, if minutely inspected at such a cost, would soon confiscate the entire Island; yet such and far more pointed instances were to be found wherever public works were prosecuted.

Of all these acts the most efficient aid was rendered under the million loan or Summary Drainage Act, and Earls Devon and Antrim, Lords Arran, Carew, Pal-

merston and Gosford were honorable instances of prompt action in adopting it.

So intense became the pressure in January, that the Productive Employment Committee of Dublin, among whom were the Marquis of Sligo, Lord Farnham, G. A. Hamilton, Wm. Smith O'Brien and J. Bolton Massey, issued a circular, calling a national meeting of all the peers, members of Parliament and landed proprietors of Ireland, at the Rotunda in Dublin, on the 14th of January to devise measures of both temporary and permanent relief. This Circular, accompanied by two series of resolutions, was dispatched to every county of the Island. For temporary relief, the first series proposed, that all the shipping of the country which could be spared should at once be employed in bringing food to the shores of Ireland; that such of the navigation laws as relate to the importation of food should be suspended; that the distillation of grain be prohibited; that the ruinous system of road employment be stopped; that government should at once encourage agriculture by supplying seed to the country. The measures for permanent relief embraced five series:—1st. Declaring all systems of relief to the able-bodied, destructive, that did not increase food, or articles that might be exchanged for it; that did not employ labor on productive works, by private individuals, and thus engage the whole energy of the State. 2d. That surplus labor should be employed on piers, harbors, curing houses and salt depots for fisheries along the entire coast; that proprietors themselves should reclaim lands, aided by a public loan, and the land improved should be the security; that naval dock-yards, safety harbors and packet stations should be allotted to Ireland; that a systematic plan of colonization should be adopted, by reclaiming waste lands; *that as paupers have no means to emigrate*, and other classes which have, will not undertake it on a large scale, the State should promote it by direct intervention of information and pecuniary aid. 3d. That all the drainage acts should be so consolidated, that the improvement of farms in other ways than by drainage should be aided by public loan, if it increased the value of the land 7 per cent. per annum; that this aid with consent of landlord should be extended to the tenant, and that the tenant also should be repaid for all improvement made by his own capital. 4th. That the laws should be so revised that parts



of estates in the court of Equity can be sold to pay debts, also to diminish the expense and delay in the transfer and exchange of property; 5th. That the fiscal power of the Grand Jury be transferred to the County Boards, with all control over roads; that landlords be enabled to improve the dwellings of the tenants, and to disseminate agricultural knowledge; that county expenses be levied not only on land, but equally on all other property; and lastly, that the absentee be taxed equally with the resident proprietor.

This meeting was attended by upwards of six hundred Peers, Members of Parliament, and landed proprietors from all parts of the country. The debate on these resolutions was animated and able, and the accounts of extreme suffering and death by starvation, exceeded in their horrible and thrilling details any yet published. The late Mr. O'Connell entered warmly into the debate.

"He would not," he said, "enter into the details of particular provinces and particular localities; but a frightful flood of horror and starvation pours over the land, and it requires every man, every Christian, to come forward and rescue the country, if possible, from so dreadful an infliction. What is the principal want? O! that without which life is rapidly transitory—food. What is the great scarcity?—food. Money can be got on works of various kinds, productive and unproductive; but what signifies the giving of money, if you have not food for the people? I have heard from the highest authority, from a member of the Board of Works, that on Saturday evening no less than £1,000 were paid for wages in a particular locality, which I am not at liberty to name, and not tenpence-worth of bread could be procured in that district.

"It is a calamity which you cannot compare to any event that ever previously occurred in this country—it is an isolated fact, standing by itself in hideous prominence before the Irish people. Talk not to me of political economy! talk to me of getting food for the people! Wherever it is to be had, let us compel government to get it—wherever it is to be found, let us insist on its being provided. On one day, it is said that it would cost one million to provide food; on another, that it would cost two millions; but I say, let it cost fifty millions; you should rescue the people of Ireland. O! what memorable instances of self-devotion have not these people of Ireland exhibited on the present occasion? Am I not proud of the memory of my poor countryman, who, going fourteen miles to

get labor, spending two days at that labor, earning enough to buy a stone and a half of meal for his family, brought it home untouched and untasted, and fell down dead at the door of his own house, from absolute inanition."

At the close of the meeting, a resolution was adopted to petition both houses of Parliament, demanding that on the first day of the session, measures be taken to procure sufficient and prompt supplies for the Irish people.

The Central Relief Committee of the Society of Friends, in Dublin, now became the almoner of all voluntary aid from almost every quarter. The Rt. Rev. Dr. Griffith, Catholic Bishop of London, addressed all the clergy of his church, directing an appeal from the pulpit on the 10th of January. An appeal was also made by all other denominations. The British Relief Association had been organized on the 1st of January, and all the collections of the several bodies were forwarded to this Committee. The circular of this committee was dispatched to America in the steamer of the 4th of December, '46; and ere the close of that month, or, at farthest, on the last day of the month, drafts were on the way from Philadelphia to the scene of suffering. In about sixty days, \$10,000 were transmitted from the Society of Friends in that city. Meetings were held in all parts of the United States in February and onward, to raise funds, to devise measures for collecting breadstuffs and clothing, and to forward them in the quickest manner to this committee. Appeals were made from the pulpit, and lectures delivered in all our larger cities, to aid the work. An Irish Relief Committee was organized in New-York city, composed of leading merchants, which at once opened correspondence with the Central Committee of Dublin, advertising the fact through all the journals, and their readiness to receive money or food, which would be promptly shipped to the care of that body. New-York city responded nobly to the call for a public meeting, and \$15,000 were immediately sent forward to districts in Ireland remote from the marts of commerce. Books were opened by the New-York Committee, and the chairman, M. Van Schaick, Esq., an old and highly intelligent merchant, for many months devoted himself, with a degree of zeal and untiring energy worthy of all praise, to the details of receiving money and breadstuffs: of

ascertaining the most distressed localities, and of shipping this bounty with the greatest possible dispatch. He was succeeded by James Reyburn, Esq., who has continued these labors with like zeal and ability. Provisions and money continued to flow in from every direction, and ere the close of May, *thirteen vessels* had gone on their errand of mercy. In other cities vessels were also freighted by the subscriptions of the respective localities. The press in every part of the Union spoke out with one voice in earnest appeal. "The number of public meetings that have been held," said a correspondent, "is too great to be chronicled in this letter. Cities, towns, villages, whether near or remote, have been deeply stirred, and are coming to the rescue in the spirit of universal brotherhood. I should judge that at least £50,000 had already been contributed in money, to say nothing of donations in the shape of food and clothing; and these, I trust, are only the first drops of a coming shower."

It was a true account. Strength had been given to the movement by a public meeting in Washington city, on the 18th of February, originating with members of Congress. The Vice President of the United States acted as Chairman, assisted by leading members of Senate and House as Vice Presidents. Resolutions were adopted, recommending to the people of America a general contribution in money or provisions. A circular to that effect was forwarded to all the leading cities. The Secretary of the Navy on application, tendered two of the naval ships not in actual service, for the freight of these contributions. The voyages of the Jamestown and the Macedonian, the grateful reception of their cargoes by the authorities of Dublin and Cork, and the address to the President and people of the United States, are matters of public history.

Though not all, the larger fraction of donations in the United States were sent to the Dublin Committee. We have their manuscript statement that the total amount of donations received by them from America, in money and provisions, from the last of December, 1846, to July 10th, 1847—a period of little more than six months—was \$545,105. If we add to this the probable amount from the public contribution sent to other parties in Ireland, and also the amount sent by relatives here to their friends and families at home, the total amount of the donations

of the United States to Ireland, during this period, cannot be less than \$1,000,000. Where in the history of the world has there been found charity like this? A few brief pages came over the Atlantic in which was heard the faintest cry of the destitute, which but feebly set forth the awful foreboding of pestilence and famine about to sweep over a nation of nine millions of souls, when instantaneously, as by one warm and gushing impulse, the whole American people rushed to her relief. Not only the richest gave of his wealth, but the poorest of his mite.

The donations from England and Ireland, received by the committee in the same period, amounted to \$220,000. But while these gifts were gathering and in transit, want and pestilence was doing its terrible work. There was, too, an alarming advance in the price of food, not only in Ireland and England, but in France and the region of the Baltic. So enormous was this advance, that the poor starving peasant could scarcely obtain his stone of flour, (14 lbs.) for \$1.12½, or his Indian meal for less per stone than 56 and 75 cts. Corn costing \$7, and the transit expense \$2.50=\$9.50, sold in Dublin for \$18!

We can give but a brief and meagre account of the suffering during the remaining winter months. In Dublin South Union poorhouse—1946 inmates, 815 were sick of fever. In a parish of 18,000 in Skibbereen, it was said 5000 must die in the next two weeks. In Queens county, in a single parish, 80 had recently died, and 3000 were destitute. In the Sligo county poorhouse, 343 sick of fever, patients lying three in a bed, and the peasantry burying large numbers without coffins. In Waterford County poor-house 660, 180 received in one day, 80 rejected, and fever prevailing to an alarming extent. In Roscommon county, over 100 dying weekly, and 374 sick in its poor-house. The poor-house of the County of Clare so overcrowded, that disease almost amounting to a plague was carrying off from 8 to 12 daily. In Mayo County poor-house 712 inmates, and not bed-clothes for 300; all in the most revolting state of filth, and to add to its misery, a sale for debt hourly expected. In Bantry, Cork County, of 17,000 inhabitants, 10,000 in absolute destitution—800 in the poor-house and 12 deaths daily. Skibbereen *one mass* of famine, disease and death. The wretched inhabitants perishing of fever,

six in a bed, and without attendants. In the poor-house of Skibbereen, 146 deaths the previous month, and the total of deaths 253. Bodies wrapped in calico bags, and carried to the grave-yard in a coffin with movable sides, and from these thrown into the earth, the most sacred customs in burial neglected. In two parishes of 9000 inhabitants, 6000 utterly destitute, and in that of Schull 25 die daily. In county of Armagh, parish of Lurgan, poor-house closed—75 died in one day. In Armagh poor-house, 45 die weekly. In a parish in Cavan county, no language could describe the misery. In a district in Clare county, on 46 acres, were quartered 110 souls, all destitute, and living on sea-weed; the whole parish of 12,000 presents a frightful picture of misery. At a place near Castlebar, Mayo county, of 460 inhabitants, 364 are in utter want. In one house five children lying naked on straw under one ragged sheet; two others in the mother's lap, their flesh all wasted, and showing nothing but bone and sinew. In another place of 900, 476 destitute. In Connemara, the survivors were said to be walking skeletons; children and women in many cabins unable to stand. A volume might be filled with similar details; the following quotations are but a faithful picture of the whole west coast of Ireland, from Dunfanaghy on the North, to Cork on the South. Mr. Forster says:—"Near the Kylemore Lake, (Galway Co.) under the grand chain of mountains the 'Twelve Pins,' we found full a hundred men making a new road. After long cross-questioning, we learned that their wages did not average, taking one week with another, and allowing for broken days, more than four shillings and sixpence per week per head; and this we found confirmed by our inquiries in other districts: in fact, for the more distressed localities of Mayo and Galway, I should consider this too high an average. To get to their work, many of the men have to walk five, even seven Irish miles: the serjeant of a police-station, by the road-side, told us that the custom of these men was to take a little meal gruel before starting in the morning,—taking but one meal one day, and *treating* themselves with two the next. He mentioned cases in which they had worked till they fell over their tools. Four and sixpence (or \$1.12 1-2) per week, thus earned, the sole resource of a family of six, with Indian meal their cheapest food, at 2s. 10.

to 4s. per stone, (70 cts. or \$1 for 14 lbs.) What is this but slow death,—a mere enabling the patient to endure for a little longer time the disease of hunger? Yet even this was the state of those who were considered well off—*provided for*; and for this provision the people were everywhere begging as for their lives.

"Among other stories of death, we heard of a woman who had died five days before of fever, brought on by want; her infant, who had been found clinging to her after death, had also died. And we found that there was a girl of 8 years old said to be also in the fever, and, owing to the superstitious horror of infection, which overmasters the general charity of the Irish peasantry one to another, still left in the cabin alone and uncared for. We of course could not leave this case without further inquiry; and after a long walk, in a most miserable cabin by the sea-side, into which we could scarcely crawl, we found this poor child yet alive, but lying on the damp clay, in the dark, unable to get up, no clothes on, or covering but a ragged cloth, the roof above her open to the rain.

"When we entered a village, our first question was, how many deaths? '*The hunger is upon us*,' was everywhere the cry, and involuntarily we found ourselves regarding this hunger as we should an epidemic, looking upon starvation as a disease. In fact, as we went along, our wonder was not that the people died, but that they lived, and I have no doubt whatever, that in any other country the mortality would have been far greater—that many lives have been prolonged, perhaps saved, by the long apprenticeship to want in which the Irish peasant has been trained, and by that lovely, touching charity which prompts him to share his scanty meal with his starving neighbor. But the springs of this charity must rapidly be dried up. Like a scourge of locusts, '*the hunger*' daily sweeps over fresh districts, eating up all before it. One class after another is falling into the same abyss of ruin. There is now but little difference between the small farmer and the squatter. We heard in Galway of little tradesmen secretly begging for soup. The priest cannot get his dues, nor the landlord his rent. The highest and the lowest in the land are forced into sympathy by this all-mastering visitation."

At Skibbereen, says a correspondent, "I waited on the Dispensary Physician, Dr. Donovan, and while in his house witnessed scenes which would appal the stoutest heart. The door of the house was literally besieged with persons demanding



relief, some requiring food to satisfy their immediate necessities, while others were clamorous for medical relief for some members of their family, who were in a dying state from diseases brought on by want and privations of every description.

"The Rev. Charles Caulfield, Rector of Creagh, Skibbereen, one of the members of the deputation to England from that town, gives a frightful picture of the state of things in the district. In regard to one parish which he visited a few days since, the reverend gentleman says—'I feel persuaded, from what the rector told me, that, at a very low calculation, 5,000 people will perish in that parish alone, within three months, unless aid, on a large scale, be sent to them. The food is all consumed. They lie in a village scattered along the coast, with a large barren mountain in the centre. Unless relieved—and it will even now come too late to many—they must perish in the most awful manner. Half an acre has been added to the churchyard, and two men employed to dig graves for all brought; for the bodies were left not half put into the ground.'"

Thus, as a devastating plague, which no human power could check, did death do its work. Its pall had not only settled over Ireland's mountain wilds, her sterile shores, her beautiful vales, and around her poesy-breathing lakes; its darkness was now shrouding her richest gardens and fields, which under the hand of culture had borne a golden harvest. The power of her thousand fairy legends was no longer talismanic to her peasantry. Neither these, nor the ruins of those ivy-mantled churches and round-towers, which once enshrined the sacred fire, were longer a theme of interest, in which to forget the gnawings of hunger. Even their Bibles, the most sacred and last possession to be yielded, were pledged to lengthen out an existence now filled only by suffering and blank despair.

The labors of the central committee at Dublin were conducted with great sagacity and prudence. To avoid expense of carriage, and to give relief with the least possible delay, on the arrival of a cargo from England or America, it was placed in the government stores at Dublin, Limerick, or Cork; and wherever there were suitable naval stores to be found near the scene of distress, an order was at once made by mail on the distant depot.

Large amounts of clothing had been forwarded from England and America, and up to this period, March 1st, 1847, the committee had distributed 3,600 garments. This department was placed

under separate management. Circulars, embracing a series of inquiries with respect to the want of food or clothing, were sent to every county. The worst form of fever and other diseases had been induced by a bad vegetable diet, by the use of "limpets" and various kinds of seaweed. As the most effectual remedy, and as affording a more solid nourishment, the use of rice was resorted to, both in the soup-shops and as a separate diet. Even with no more than ordinary scarcity, let it be observed, there are vast numbers in Ireland who never eat meat except on Christmas.

On the first of March the committee had furnished boilers, established soup-shops, and made grants in money, besides distributing a large amount of provisions and clothing to the following counties: In Antrim, one shop and \$200; in Armagh, five, and \$875; in Carlow, two, and \$250; in Cavan, fourteen, and \$1,675; in Cork, eighty-two, and \$7,750; in Donegal, thirty, and \$5,240; in Down, four, and \$225; in Dublin, one, and \$1,000; in Fermanagh, twelve, and \$1,190; in Galway, twenty-five, and \$4,025; in Kilkenny, one, and \$400; in Kildare, one, and \$125; in Kings, fifteen, and \$2,375; in Limerick, six, and \$975; in Londonderry, two, and \$100; in Longford, six, and \$650; in Mayo, twenty-one, and 6,045; in Monaghan, eleven, and \$1,300; in Roscommon, eight, and \$1,465; in Sligo, six, and \$1,625; in Tipperary, thirty-two, and \$3,295; in Tyrone, nine, and \$950; in Waterford, twelve, and \$1,375; in Wexford, five, and \$600; in Wicklow, three, and \$425: in all, three hundred and twelve soup-shops in twenty-five of the thirty-two counties of the Island.

This plan and its execution are alike creditable to the head and heart. It is evidence of no ordinary benevolence that the devoted secretaries of that committee assumed and most faithfully discharged the arduous and trying duties of this great work, with no other reward than that of an approving conscience. It is to be doubted if the history of any country furnishes a more noble instance of unassuming and heaven-blessed labor.

On the assembling of Parliament in January last, the navigation laws, so far as they related to the importation of food into Ireland, were suspended. Government ships were also tendered by the Admiralty for the transportation of bread-stuffs. The crisis with Ireland had come,



and she demanded their first attention. The public works, even where the famine had not destroyed everything, had paralyzed the agricultural skill of the nation. These had not, and could not, be made effectual in mitigating the intensity of a suffering so wide-spread and universal. Some other plan must be adopted, and there was none by which the cost of pauperism could be made chargeable upon the land of the country, so feasible as to extend out-door relief to the able-bodied poor, by a new law. But to this there were great and almost insuperable objections. If at all, the plan could not be adopted without protracted debate. But the crisis of hunger and the ravages of disease must be immediately checked. Thousands were perishing. It was, at that moment, estimated that between four and five hundred were dying daily from starvation and the diseases it created. A temporary relief act was, therefore, brought forward, by which rations should be distributed by Government till the measure of a new poor-law could be decided. This was adopted; and on the first of June last, three millions of rations, and before the expiration of this act in August, nearly five millions of rations, were daily distributed to Ireland's suffering poor. The estimate of a ration was  $2\frac{1}{2}$ d., or 5 cents, making the enormous sum of \$250,000 daily, and seven and a half millions of dollars, or one and a half millions sterling, per month. This is a gross estimate; the average, however, for the five months, could not fall to one-half that sum, and the cost of the relief act alone amounted to at least six millions pounds sterling, or thirty millions of dollars.

The new poor-law was enacted at the close of the session, and takes effect ere the opening of the new year. The principle of the law is, that the work or poor house shall be, as now, supported by rates on rent, and that all able-bodied poor, who have not above one-quarter of an acre of land, shall receive aid, and the cost shall be added to the rates as a tax on land. It, therefore, charges the entire cost of pauperism upon the land.

But how stands the country at this moment? First, as to its supply of food for the ensuing winter. Not more than one-sixth the usual quantity of land was last year under culture of the potato. The crop, although highly promising till harvest, has been greatly diminished by disease. The amount of green crops,

even if greater by one-third than heretofore, will scarcely add a fraction to the deficiency in the dietary of the nation. Already is this statement confirmed in the alarming accounts from the localities of the last year's destitution. By published returns made over the signatures of the parish clergy, at the close of October there were utterly destitute and starving in three parishes of Sligo County, 3,324; in twelve parishes in Roscommon, 28,916. With each of these returns the unequivocal declaration is, that the people are in a worse condition than last year, that there is no employment and no resource left but the poor law. Meetings are now being held in all parts of the country calling for the aid of government. The question, to it, is, what in the legislation of two sessions of Parliament have you done? The reluctant reply is virtually, for the present we are *done*. The Catholic Prelates, at the close of a national convention at Dublin, on the 30th October, called to deliberate on the present appalling prospect, waited on the Lord Lieutenant with an elaborate address, calling for the interposition of government, and declaring it to be its first and highest duty to feed and save its subjects from starvation. His Excellency admits the duty, and his anxiety and vigilance to learn the full extent of the destitution, but says the people have not yet done what they are able, and before government comes to their aid, all must unite to try the effect of the new poor-law.

On the 7th of October the Relief Committee of Killmeena, Mayo County, declared that in two parishes of 11,000 people, 3,000 are now suffering the most awful privation. They have subsisted almost entirely on turnips since the government rations were stopped in August last. Among these are 3,000 able-bodied laborers, willing to work, but without employment, and now with their families, on the verge of starvation. Thousands in the west of Ireland, holding more than one-quarter of an acre of land, will die of starvation without the benefit of the poor law. On the west coast of Clare, in one district, there are 800 families without any visible means of subsistence, except by the second digging of the potato fields; and in groups of hundreds they were seen searching for this pittance. The whole county is represented as being in a terrible state, covered with armed parties. Of a population of 5,000

in a parish in Leitrim, 2,500 are said to be starving. In another district 700 have died since September and 800 more were sick of fever. In many other places, from the want of wholesome and sufficient food fevers are rapidly on the increase. This pressure is also beginning to show itself, as it did not to any extent last year, in the most frightful anarchy and wholesale robbery. Two of the most worthy farmers in the Island have been shot in open day within a few weeks. At the approach of winter, a year since, there was hope from the public works; the sympathy of the government was stronger than now; there had been no drain upon the sympathy and charity of other nations, and the hearts of all were beating warm and strong to succor a people in the last extremity of affliction. Now the sufferers have little dependence on roads or drainage; the public rations are withdrawn, the new poor law is not fairly in operation, and when it is so, will reach but a few of the thousands of the smaller tenants. There is no hope except in some new measures of government. Despair now seizes the mind of the populace, as it never has before, and to this as the chief cause, do we place the social disorder and crimes that prevail, and which, if they continue, will, sooner than famine, fill up the cup of Ireland's ruin.

The condition of the landed property is, if possible, worse. Her estates are largely encumbered by debt; the nominal are not the *real* landlords; the former are in a state of chronic ruin, and have no hope while the law of *entail* controls their property. The peasant Irish, as a nation, have little self-reliance. They depend too easily on others to guide them. A panic once created, and this dependence takes full possession of the mind. The Grant and Labor-rate Acts opened wide the arms of government. Well might the famine of '46 and, 47 create a panic, even in the highest order of minds upon which it should come. These open arms swept away every other dependence, and the millions of this people literally threw themselves *en masse* under the protection, and upon the purse of the government. It was, seemingly, the only alternative—this, or the worst of all deaths. But in embracing this alternative, they have mortgaged their entire territory, with all its encumbrances, to government. Their now deplorable condition, however, came

not of the alternative itself; it was the *form* in which it was accepted. If, instead of a Grant Act to build unprofitable roads, a Labor-rate Act to drain lands which should remain equally unproductive, a Relief Act to distribute rations to be charged upon the land, the capable resources of which have not been half developed in six centuries of the past; if, instead of all this waste, a fund of ten millions sterling had, by a no less expensive administration than the Board of Works, engaged the whole surplus labor of the nation in placing under a high order of tillage the land already reclaimed; in procuring the choicest seed, in the manufacture of agricultural implements, from the best models of other nations; in establishing model farms, on which to produce premium seed, fruit, and stock; and not less in taking from her coast fisheries but a part of the mine of wealth by which Holland became what she is; if such had been the form of a loan to Ireland, her starving millions might now have had food, her dependent and thriftless people might, at least, have had the prospect of independence, and the nation have made, if not more, the beginning of social elevation. It would have created resources for the liquidation of this huge debt, whereas now, scarcely a vestige of her territory remains solvent.

Without the pressure of a famine, the number entitled to relief under the new poor-law is nearly 2,500,000. Now the total annual rental of Ireland is about thirteen millions pounds sterling. If these paupers, therefore, are supported at—the lowest estimate—1s. 9d. a-week, the annual amount is £11,375,000, and thus nearly absorbs it. The operation of this relief act already shows what is the condition of more than one-fourth of the poor-law Unions. By an analysis of these Unions as they are at the present moment, there are more than forty in which the rated property does not give one pound to each inhabitant. In all of these districts the people are not half fed, and old age comes at fifty. The total product of this soil is more than absorbed in sustaining life; it leaves nothing for rent; and if so, and the claims of the new poor-law are enforced on property, what alternative is there but confiscation? As many more of these Unions are rapidly approaching to this condition; but in the face of all these facts, the landlords are determined, this year, to re-

quire and enforce full payments for rent. What shall be done? says the tenant; and meetings in large numbers are now holding to establish leagues of tenant-farmers to protect themselves against the universal ejection which threatens them. Another appalling famine is before them, and unless there come a radical change in the fearful prospect, the result may be one general, organized resistance to the payment of rent.

We have said nothing directly in our present writing on immigration. The famine, in all its extent and intensity, could not be shown but by a consideration, somewhat in detail, of all the meas-

ures of the British Government—of the voluntary organizations in Europe and America; the principles of the one, and the processes of the other, to mitigate its distress and to check its ravages. In all this we have a degree of power—of accumulative power—which has brought multitudes to our shores, and which will yet swell the tide of immigration to a higher point, if another crisis is already upon that afflicted people. The home evidence of this power we find in the condition of things in our own and sister cities, and this we must leave to a brief discussion in our next issue.

#### FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

"*Sicut erat*" expresses in two words the sum of the intelligence from the old world brought us by the latest arrivals during the past month. "All things are as they were;" or if they have changed, it is not for the better. What with revolutions and civil war in Switzerland, insurrection in Italy, starvation and political mass meetings in Ireland, failures and bankruptcies in England, reform assemblies and government oppressions in France, Asiatic cholera in Russia—the condition of Europe has seldom presented a more melancholy picture.

Ireland remains a prey to anarchy and confusion, so that murders—cruel, blood-thirsty murders—continue to disgrace the southern and western provinces. The question of tenant-rights is now being much discussed and agitated, from one end of the Island to the other. A kind of monster meeting was held at Kilmacthomas, and an address agreed to by the Catholic Prelates of Ireland, has been presented to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant. The present situation of Ireland is rather worse than last year. The present relief measures are insufficient to mitigate to the proper extent the miseries and privations of this unhappy people. The answer of the Lord Lieutenant is not so favorable as could have been expected. The prelates deplored the conduct of the Lord Lieutenant, and expressed a determination, should his Excellency prove unable to carry his humane wishes into effect, to lay at the foot of the throne the awful condition of this portion of her Majesty's dominion. Another disastrous campaign is before Ireland. If they look on the misfortunes of last year they find their future; all the horrors of the famine gather around them, day by day and minute by minute, in thicker and more impenetrable gloom. The Irish, like chained victims, stare wildly into the dark, despairing of all escape, foregoing all their past

efforts as vain. New and bloody riots take place every day between the hungry people, the soldiers, and the tenants.

In England the commercial distress had increased to such a degree that her Majesty's ministers took the important step of setting aside the existing currency law and thus relieving the Bank of England. On the 25th of October they addressed a letter to the Governor and Deputy of the Bank, which contained the following recommendations:

"Her Majesty's Government recommend to the Directors of the Bank of England, in the present emergency, to enlarge the amount of their discounts and advances, upon approved security; but that, in order to retain this operation within reasonable limits, a high rate of interest should be charged. In present circumstances, they would suggest that the rate of interest should not be less than 8 per cent. If this course should lead to any infringement of the existing law, her Majesty's Government will be prepared to propose to Parliament, on its meeting, a bill of indemnity. They will rely upon the discretion of the directors to reduce as soon as possible the amount of their notes, if any extraordinary issues should take place, within the limits prescribed by law. Her Majesty's Government are of opinion that any extra profit derived from this measure should be carried to the account of the public, but the precise mode of doing so must be left to future arrangement. Her Majesty's Government are not insensible to the evil of any departure from the law which has placed the currency in this country upon a sound basis; but they feel confident that in the present circumstances the measure which they have proposed may be safely adopted; and that at the same time the main provisions of that law, and the vital principle of preserving the convertibility of the bank note, may be firmly maintained."



This was acceded to on the same date by the Court of Directors of the Bank in the following resolutions:

"Resolved, That this Court do accede to the recommendation contained in the letter from the First Lord of the Treasury and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, dated this day, and addressed to the Governor and Deputy-Governor of the Bank of England, which has just been read.

"That the *minimum* rate of discount on bills not having more than 95 days to run be 8 per cent.

"That advances be made on Bills of Exchange, on stock, Exchequer Bills, and other approved securities, in sums of not less than 2000*l.*, and for periods to be fixed by the governors, at the rate of 8 per cent per annum."

The measure consists in permitting the Bank to discount commercial bills and advance money on securities at discretion, the Government engaging to indemnify them for an over issue. The only condition imposed is in the rate of interest; this is high, but the knowledge that discount can always be obtained at the Bank, as a last resort, must have the effect to lessen the panic.

The distress in the manufacturing districts continues for want of employ, and the evil is now aggravated by the dismissal of thousands engaged upon the railways, upon which work has been arrested for want of means to go on. On the 19th ult. a deputation of Liverpool merchants waited on Lord John Russell in Downing street, and set forth in earnest terms all the evils under which the town and the general commerce of the country were laboring. An advance on the credit of the country was solicited, but the government refused the application. A public meeting of the bankers, merchants, and traders of Manchester, called by the mayor, was held in the Town Hall. The meeting was numerously attended, and the following resolutions were passed:—"That, in the opinion of this meeting, the interests of the country at large, and more especially the railway interest require the postponement of new undertakings; and this meeting strongly recommends all railway companies to defer commencing new works until the lines now in course of construction are completed."

In Oldham the greater part of the cotton mills work short time, and several concerns are entirely stopped. The number of hands totally destitute of work is greater than it had been for several years, and the cotton manufactories at work are extremely small, and almost daily on the decrease. New failures had taken place in England and other parts of Europe since the 19th of October. With starvation in Ireland again, and want of employment in Great Britain, a gloomy winter impends over that country, the calamities of which the power of Parliament will hardly be able to assuage.

Late news from China make it probable that the English forces there will again open their batteries upon the Chinese forts. The English Envoy had arrived in Rome, but nothing had transpired respecting his secret mission. Sir Robert Peel was received with a public demonstration on a recent visit to Liverpool. A true bill has been found against Lord William Paget for obtaining two one hundred pound notes under the false pretence

that he would procure an equivalent place for the prosecutor. In literature there has not appeared anything new and of interest for some time.

From France, the last arrival added but little to the intelligence received previously. The French papers state that in a private interview between Louis Philippe and his minister, Guizot and Duchatel were in favor of interfering in Switzerland with an army, but the measure was opposed by the Minister of War. Notwithstanding this, it is reported that the French Government had assisted the Jesuit party and would interfere in its favor. The National and several other papers state that a hundred chests, containing 6000 muskets, two eight-pounders, and two howitzers, with a large store of artillery ammunition, have been taken from the citadel of Besancon and dispatched to Fribourg for the Catholic Cantons of the Sonderbund.

The Duke d'Aumale, son of Louis Philippe, has been appointed Viceroy of Algeria, while Prince Joinville has resumed the command of the naval forces in the Mediterranean. The French Ambassador at Rome has been recalled, as Pius IX. had absolutely forbidden him to interfere in the affairs of Ferrara. Louis Philippe has declared himself also against the Pope, so far at least as to prohibit the singing of the hymn to Pius IX. in any place of amusement in Paris. It was announced to be sung at the Chateau des Fleurs, and in the Champs Elysees, but greatly to the disappointment of the audience, the agent of the prefect of police interfered and silenced the artists.

The accounts from Switzerland are of the most gloomy character, and it is probable that, by the present time, the opposing parties have come to actual conflict. The Diet, besides 50,000 regular troops, has empowered the Government to add as many to that number as it may consider necessary to put a speedy stop to the insurrection of the Catholic Cantons. The sittings of the Diet are now held with closed doors, and new volunteers are coming to enlist every day. The present cause of Switzerland cannot be decided without a sanguinary battle, or the recall of the Jesuits from Switzerland by the Pope. The French papers announce that Pius IX. had recalled the Jesuits from that country, and seemed to be disposed to repress this religious order throughout the world. Since the abdication of the Duke of Lucca, and the annexation of that Duchy to Tuscany, a part of its territory has passed into the maternal hands of Maria Louisa, and another part of the territory is now under the tyrannical government of Modena. Those people who were lately under the liberal government of Tuscany cannot so easily submit themselves to a tyrannical one, and certainly it will cause an insurrection, or, perhaps, it will be the signal of a general revolution. The Austrians still occupy Ferrara and Comacchio, and the negotiations between the cabinets of Vienna and Rome, under the friendly mediation of the Prussian envoy, have not been crowned with success. The Pope will not agree with Austria unless this power evacuates Ferrara and the fortress of Comacchio. Ten officers were sent to Toulon by Pius IX. to purchase 14,000 muskets, and the military authorities at Toulon received or-



ders to prepare them for the Roman government. The municipal court of Ferrara has voted \$6,000 for the purchase of muskets for the civil guard. The *motu proprio* of Pius IX. on the subject of the organization of the municipal council and the senate of Rome was lately published in Rome. This is an immense reform and advantage to Rome, which was entirely deprived of municipal institutions. Another *motu proprio* emanated from Pius on the 10th ult. giving a constitution to the *Consulta*, or Parliament, which he had convoked to meet on the 15th of November. Some riots have occurred at Ferrara between the Austrians and the people, and the citizens would have sounded the tocsin and taken vengeance, but Cardinal Ciacchi interposed and tranquilized them. After the publication of the constitution the people of Rome went *en masse* to the Monte Cavallo to thank the Pope, and the same day large placards were posted on the walls in several parts of the city, containing an address to the Romans against the late government, and against Lambruschini, finishing by a proclamation against the Jesuits. "Down with the Jesuits," was the signature of that placard. In the kingdom of the Two Sicilies the revolution seems to have ended, and great atrocities are said to be committed by order of the present king. The news of these atrocities, committed by the Neapolitan government against the insurgents, produced so much irritation at Leghorn, that the populace attacked the office of the Neapolitan consul and tore down the royal arms of Naples from over the gate and trampled them under foot. In the Duchies of Parma and Modena, the population of the Apennines begin to arm themselves to oppose the troops of their new sovereigns. They have already destroyed the bridges and parts of roads to prevent the arrival of the artillery. Austria will find here again a pretext for intervention!

Don Miguel has improved in health and strength. He appears to be decided to invade Portugal, and to introduce once more in that country a bloody and civil war. The government is in a state of great financial distress, and another change of ministry is expected. The army, which receives no pay, is becoming insubordinate. For two months and more they have received nothing. The public employees were six months in arrears. Desertion had become alarmingly great, and the Cabral party was using the embarrassment of the government to augment its discredit and drive it from power. In Spain there has been a change of ministry: the Progressives have fallen and Narvaez is still the chief minister. The mother of the young Queen has returned to Madrid, and by the intrigues of Louis Philippe, she has succeeded in getting control of all public affairs. While in Madrid all is ministerial intrigue, the Carlist bands increase in Gerona, and invade and occupy cities as regular as government troops. The English Ambassador has no more influence in the Spanish cabinet. France has succeeded in overthrowing the English protectorate. It is reported that the Queen will be obliged to make a voyage to Italy, and will name her mother as regent of her kingdom.

In Austria several Hungarian, Croatian and Polish battalions protested that they would not fight against Italy. The Emperor had received a letter from Rome, written by the Pope himself. It is believed that it will retard any amicable arrangement between these powers. Prince Metternich is inclined to conciliation, and the evacuation of Ferrara, but Field Marshal Count de Radetski and the Aulic Council of War have not declared in favor of such a solution. They fear that if the Pontifical government should, as proposed, garrison the town of Ferrara with Swiss troops, there might in the present state of things, be unpleasant collisions between them and the Austrian troops in the citadel. In Germany misery and emigration are what occupy the whole thoughts of the poor. The peasantry are in a most oppressed state, under severe laws. In many parts of Germany, as in Bavaria, Baden, Nassau, and Darmstadt, the poorer class live in the most miserable manner. Their food is of the most meagre kind; rye and barley bread, potatoes and milk, are their principal articles of diet. The women work in the field without shoes. They cultivate the vine, but they dare not eat a grape, and of the wine they must not drink a drop. It all, like the poor Irishman's pork and beef, goes to pay the rent. It is not surprising that they emigrate in thousands to this country. At Munich on the 16th ult. a motion was made by the Chamber of Deputies to abolish lotteries, and the motion was unanimously adopted. In Russia the cholera has invaded the Empire, and has extended its ravages to Varsovia. The Emperor, who had started on a tour of inspection round his provinces, has determined to return, frightened, no doubt, by the cholera. Previous to his departure from St. Petersburg, the Emperor had decreed a levy of seven men per every thousand inhabitants in the northern government of the empire which would produce about 80,000 recruits. The object of this levy is said to be partly for the extermination of the noblesse of Poland, who are compelled to furnish one man for every ten inhabitants. The noble Polish ladies of Posen, and of the other States of the Grand Duchy of Posen, have collected all their jewels and ornaments, which they have sold for the benefit of the Polish state prisoners, and also of their impoverished families. The finances of Russia are in a better state than those of any other power. The revenue increases rapidly, and it is at this time above 500 millions of francs. The duty on brandy is the chief source, as the temperance society has been abolished there by the government: it amounted in 1844 to about 120 millions of paper roubles. The revenue of the customs is the second item, and since 1840 has amounted to about 100 millions of roubles. The poll-tax produces about 80 millions. The contribution imposed on the cultivation of grain is from 30 to 40 millions. The post-office returns in 1843 were 4,174,963 silver roubles, and the annual revenue may be calculated at about fifteen millions of francs. The patents yield from three to four millions, and timber the same. The mines belonging to the crown, and the duty imposed upon the washing of gold in the mines belonging to private persons, give from 15 to 20 millions.

To these immense sources of public revenue must be added that of the ground rents, the monopoly of tobacco and of playing cards, the taxes upon salt, upon the crown man-

ufactures, and many other imposts; and it will appear that the finances amount in full to 500 millions. S. DE. C.

## CRITICAL NOTICES.

*Engraving of the U. S. Senate Chamber.* E. Anthony, 247 Broadway, New-York. 1847.

The plate of this celebrated work has, we understand, been retouched and improved by the engraver, that it may yield a larger number of impressions, in answer to the increased demand. It represents the interior of the Senate Chamber, the floor and galleries occupied by about one hundred Daguerreotype likenesses of the most remarkable persons of our age and country. The scene intended to be represented, is that of the retirement of Mr. Clay from public life, in 1852. The Senators appear in their seats, while in the lobbies and gallery are many persons of distinction, ex-Senators, members of the Cabinet, prominent Representatives from the lower House, and other persons as spectators. The steel plate, on which the work was executed in mezzotint, is one of the largest ever engraved, being thirty-two by forty inches in height and length.

Some idea of the labor and preparation expended on this work may be formed from the particulars of it given by the proprietors, Messrs. Anthony, Clark & Co., in their prospectus:—

"Each likeness has been engraved from a single Daguerreotype taken for the purpose, and the various sections of the Senate Chamber by the aid of a sketch of the whole effect in oil colors. During nearly four years the enterprise was in progress, and during each session of the first four years, Messrs. Anthony and Edwards were engaged in the Capitol, taking likenesses." "This picture marks the *second* age of our country, as Trumbull's Declaration of Independence did the *first*."

This invaluable work has already attained a great celebrity in Europe, and must continue to be known and valued, as long as a single copy of it is in existence. All who wish to obtain fine impressions should apply soon for them, as the plate is a mezzotint, and will deteriorate rapidly under the press. The picture is a splendid ornament for a library or lecture room,

and every public institution should possess a copy. The heads are by Doney, the engraver of the head of Pius IX. in our last number, and of J. M. Roofs in this present one.

*The Rough and Ready Annual, or Military Souvenir, illustrated with twenty Portraits and Plates.* New-York; D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway. Philadelphia: Geo. S. Appleton, 148 Chestnut street. 1848.

This book is made up of short biographical sketches of some of the officers of our brave army, who have distinguished themselves in the present war with Mexico, short accounts of the battles, anecdotes of the war, and pieces of rhyme. With regard to the biographical sketches, they are, probably, so far at least as they concern some of our oldest and best known officers, very correct in the main incidents, and possibly they may be so in the minor particulars; though in things of this sort generally, the writers who get them up are not apt to be very cautious. On the first page we find, of Gen. Taylor—"It is said, that on one occasion he swam the Ohio river and back again, when it was swelled with the floods of March." If it is so said, no one who has ever known, from repeated personal experiment, how hard it is to swim the river in midsummer, when there is scarcely any current, would have thought the remark worth repeating. The accounts of the battles, also, cannot be regarded as of so much authority as the sad details of movements and carnage, furnished by the official dispatches; and as for the verses and prose pieces, they have not, aside from their connection with the war, sufficient literary merit to render them worthy of being transferred from the columns of newspapers, where they first appeared, to the pages of an annual.

We regret the existence of a public taste which calls out such compilations. It is an appetite which "doth make the meat it feeds on." Our people are too Rough, and too Ready; and because they

are so, they must have books that will make them more so. That the Generals, and Colonels, and Captains of the army, have earned laurels, is true; but it would be well to wait till the war ends, (if it end at all,) before they are bestowed. Let the dead be first buried; let the groans that have reached the ears of many mothers, wives, and sisters, from those arid wildernesses and deadly defiles, first die away. There will be plenty of time to rejoice in the brilliance of victories, when it shall be better known what has been gained by them; and to honor our gallant officers, when it can be done without stimulating the lust of conquest, that even now, it is no forced figure to say, counterfeits with a hectic flush the pristine bloom of our still youthful Republic.

*The Ancient World; or, Picturesque Sketches of Creation.* By D. T. ANSTED, M.A., F.R.S., F.G.S., Professor of Geology in King's College, London, &c. &c. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 1847.

The reader who, in taking up this book, expects to meet with the exhibition of fine writing generally found in works intended to popularize science, will be most agreeably disappointed. It is modestly written, clear in method and detail, not disfigured by rhetorical descriptions of the landscapes of primeval times, nor indulging in unsupported speculations; but simply attaining the object proposed in the preface, of communicating in a simple form to the general reader, the chief results of Geological investigations. The processes by which those results were obtained are not attempted to be given, but the writer was evidently so familiar with them, that they affect the arrangement and treatment of the different topics, and form an undercurrent to the volume; so that the reader, in running through it, has not merely his wonder excited, but his mind becomes tinged by the habit of comparison which is peculiar to geologists, and he feels that desire to know more of the science which a real enthusiasm for it naturally communicates, and which it is of great importance, in works of this kind, to inspire. The writer says, in one place: "I trust the reader will not suppose, when he has read this little volume, that he has learnt anything in Geology." A work written in so candid a spirit, could not fail to be a good one.

The recent lectures of Prof. Agassiz have shown how important the study of Geology has become to natural science; it is necessary to possess, at least, a smattering of it, to understand the history of the Animal and Vegetable Kingdoms. This volume merely gives some of the more

prominent of the attractions it presents to the fancy, but does it in a scientific way; that is to say, a way which encourages, and leaves room for after advancement. The general reader, even if he happens not to be particularly interested in the subject, will find it very pleasant and profitable reading.

*New Law Dictionary.* By HENRY JAMES HOLTHOUSE, Esq., of the Inner Temple. Edited from the second and enlarged London edition, by HENRY PENNINGTON, Esq., of the Philadelphia Bar.

A very useful work, both for students and practitioners of law, and as a book of reference for general readers. The definitions are not too much detailed, and are well adapted to the comprehension of the student. Thus: "a covenant" is defined to be "a kind of promise contained in a deed;" the technical and more accurate definition would be, "a contract under seal." References to English authorities are appended to each definition. To the most important, the editor has added citations of our reports and legal writers.

The omission of the title "Partnership," which must have been accidental, as it is referred to under "Copartnership," is a blemish very much to be regretted.

*Appleton's Library Manual, containing a Catalogue Raisonné of upwards of Twelve Thousand of the most important Works in every Department of Knowledge, in all Languages.* New-York: D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway. Philadelphia: Geo. S. Appleton, 148 Chestnut street. 1847.

The Messrs. Appleton have rendered a very essential service to gentlemen wishing facilities for the selection of libraries, as well as to those engaged in literary pursuits, by the publication of a work of the description indicated by the above title. It places before the reader selected titles of the most important works in every department of literature obtainable in the bookstores of Europe, arranged in such a manner as admits of the most easy reference.

The compiler has divided it in two parts.

Part I. consists of *Subjects*, alphabetically arranged, with the exception of Mathematics, Medicine and Theology, the subjects referable to these heads being arranged under them.

Part II. comprises *Select Biography*, *Classica*, *Collected Works*, and an *Index of Authors*, whose works appear in Part I.

The approximate prices are affixed in all cases, where it was possible. The work does not profess to go into the details

of American literature, both because the chief works are well known, and because there is reason, the publishers state, "to expect a specific American Bibliography ere long, in which the genius and industry of the New World may be favorably exhibited in contrast with that of the Old." Neither does it give, except in a few instances, any critical opinions or analyses of the contents of the works enumerated, it being thought desirable not to make the volume too bulky. The whole forms a book of upwards of 450 pages, carefully printed on good paper. It is sold for the very inadequate price of *one dollar*, the consideration to the publishers being chiefly, it is presumed, in the orders for foreign books which it will be the means of bringing to their already well known and extensively connected house. They state that any books found in the compilation; "may be obtained in the space of a few weeks, and at the lowest prices, through their agencies abroad. The steam communications now established between *France* and *Germany*, enable them to execute orders with as great facility from the continent, as formerly from England."

The value of such a work need not be enlarged upon. It forms a key to the world's great storehouses of literature, as complete as could be given in the space, the bibliographies of each department being included, as well as single works. Students in almost any branch of literature, art, or science, may find here enumerated the authors whom it will be desirable to consult; and the facilities of transportation are now so great, that hardly enough time need elapse to delay their investigations, before they can have the books they may require upon their desks, in any part of the country.

The publishers deem it necessary to apologize for its probable imperfections; but on looking it over hastily for the purpose we have been able to detect but a few, and those unimportant, and in departments not often examined. The style of mechanical excellence in which the work is produced, is almost a sufficient voucher for its accuracy. So much labor and care could not have been expended in the type and paper, unless there had been a proportionate amount devoted to the compilation.

#### ERRATA.

On page 225 of the September number, in the list of volunteer officers, for H. K. Goakum read H. K. Yoakum. This gentleman is now of the Texas Rangers. On the same page, for McCrury read McClung. The passage will then read thus:—"My brave fellow, how was it that your regiment stood the fire of those batteries so well and so long?" "Sir," said he, "we had confidence in our officers; wherever Davis and McClung went, we followed." Lieut. Col. Alexander K. McClung, of the 1st Mississippi Regiment, is a graduate of West Point, a near relative of Chief Justice Marshall, and was the first to mount the ramparts at Monterey, where he fell dangerously wounded, losing nearly the whole of one hand and being pierced through the hips with a musket ball, an injury from which he has scarcely yet recovered. Recently a candidate for Congress, he nearly overcame a Democratic majority of 1500 in his district. We wish our readers to understand that errors like the above are often unavoidable, from the difficulty of deciphering names in manuscript.



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